

# Vet Lungs

## Chief Keef

Glocks tucked man I up  
I ah Damage ya  
Wassup with all these fuck niggas?  
I'm sorry for the weight I couldn't help  
I was always smoking on the skunk  
Bad bitch in my truck she tryna fuck  
My necklace it be shining to my junk  
I be smokin' dope baby I got vet lungs Blood gang, Blood dripping over here  
You want problems, you can get it over here  
You don't listen, better listen over here  
If you don't, I bring them pistols over there  
I come through and put the pistol to your ear  
I come through, I put the pistol to your rib  
I was getting money I was taking it as gifts  
I'm still getting money I'm still getting it how I live  
My wrist real, real chill, I chill  
I ain't never cold bitch I feel how I feel  
I got 10 fans on and I live how I live  
I'ma plan to keep growin' and I peel how I peel  
Sorry for the W-E-I-G-H-T  
Bitch I know it's W-A-I-T, ight b?  
Aye I come through Mr.T  
White Tee and bright things  
Ain't got no cuban links, I got on a breitling  
We know drama TNT, Hercules, Disney  
We got cannons, Nicki, Nickelodeon, Jimmy  
I got that cartoon network, and that net work WG  
If you looking for me, I'm with money in a meeting  
Me and you we got money disagreements  
Can't come to no conclusions  
Cause your money ain't worth me yet  
If I upload a status I don't need no feedback  
I don't give a mothafuck who fuckin' we at  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>