Aston Martin

Chief Keef

[Hook]
On my wrist bout 40
My chain and my neck 15
This Tec with me hold about 50
Blow his block like whatcha say about little key
Comin through very foul with a referee
The only thing on my mind is money
That's why I don't know nothing when you ask me something
Been smoking on dope in the fastest car
Bought three chains from Johnny Dang
And coulda bought an Aston Martin[Verse: 1]
I got weed I don't need bitches
I got money I don't need friends
Me and B friends, Ben Franklin thats my best friend we pimpin'
Blocks, fuck with them make us put the heat in ya
With the ops
Nigga I can see the G in ya
Come in my house
We got dope all up in the weed vender
Come too our block
We gone make your dumb ass bleed nigga
Flexin' on niggas like a sucka ?
Roll up catch an opp then we gone put racks on a nigga
Then shoot up the rest of the niggas
They gone get the best of us nigga[Hook][Verse: 2]
Car go skurt-skurt
Tec go click-clak
Tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh
Letta op ride down the block like its good good
We gone tuh-tuh his windows
And my Glock on me case a nigga think it's macaroni
Smoking on a big blunt of Tooka
She wasn't on me when I was in the hood hood
Now she say she got that good good
Pistols beat like KRK
We coming through day by day
We don't want no peace treaties
We been pouring [?] thing all day
? Made me a peace treaty and we pulling off having a race

Walked in the bank with a smirk
Walked out laughing away
I'm rich now
I can buy [?] or [?] bitches now
My niggas in the field still Lam fuck niggas died
Fuck niggas don't like how I'm living now

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