

Outerspace Glo

Chief Keef

[Hook]

Bang, bang, bang

Aye, aye aye, aye[Verse 1]

My diamonds are floating

Look like slow motion

Boy you a strudel, pull up and toast you

Hit you in yo noodle, don't think I am boasting

You must not be eating if you think I am hungry

Slide down to Curry, got Pirelli on my side

Try to slide down our block then you really gone die

I was flexing on these niggas, yeah they really wanna cry

I was flexing on these niggas, yeah they really wanna die

Make me hit yo monkey ass with a arrow in the eye

Tryna run off on the plug, nigga fuck you think you Plies?

He got hit three times, I'm like aye homie, you ight?

The fuck I'm thinking, man I'm high as fuck, that boy can't reply

I tell my AK, Lil Jon to yo movie night

I call up Jon cause his ass be crunk like the movie [?]

I'm so glo'd, I'm so fucking glo'd I need a movie, right?

I call Quentin Terintino like aye name my movie like...[Hook]

This that outer space glo, I wear outer space clothes

Tell me who really in, who yo hoe go out her way for

This that Saturn dope, I get Saturn hoes

When you get some money you should fuck some badder hoes[Verse 2]

I'm sitting on Mars, smoking with Pluto

Yo hoe call my phone, she like aye papi chulo

I don't really want none cause she probably call me fu though

Let my four door hit you, he gone knockout yo two door

I'm like burr burr burr burr burr, free Wop

I'm like fugh fugh fugh fugh fugh, free shots

I'm like hugh hugh hugh hugh hugh, free Guwop

I'm like skrr skrr skrr skrr skrr, free top

Give me a 50 cal. and I am gon' go ham

You gotta high point, what you think that shit ain't Gucci

Man, you's a dead boy, I bring with me the morgue

Naw, I ain't tryna race but I bring with me the tour

How I mix the drank up, I coulda been a scientist

If my momma ain't raise me, coulda been a lying bitch

Boy you not a scientist, boy yo ass scien-fishy

Shoulda sneak dissed yourself, why you out here buying bitches
In the mall with that chicken, I'm Balmaining in my religion
And my Balmain's real, thousands on 'em, thousands in 'em
They be like Chief So he think he pounding on 'em, God forgive him
He got the devil hanging with him, that's why God not rocking with him
I treat my ten band four-wheeler like a Kawasaki
Take a step in my backyard, it's feeling like I'm in Hawaii
I'm smoking on this Tooka, that shit I need right
It got me looking alien, shrimp fried rice

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