

Bouncin

Chief Keef

Big rubber bands, I be poppin'
I up this fucking pistol then I cock it, I pop it
I talk all this shit 'cause I'm bout it
You want beef? I got Criscos, we can get it poppin'
Call me bag-head Milonakis
All I get is bags, all I get is money
Smoking big Backwoods of that funky
I pull up, get that money then I'm bouncin'I pull up hop out, I don't pop out
I got the cops out, it's hot out, I got Glock out
I up this forty Mayweather, it's a damn knock out
I ain't make it in school, Chief So was a drop out
Something something something, I forgot now
I was thinking about the guap then put my guap out
I'm Sosa Ray Charles, you can still get knocked down
It's a parade here, all you see is Glock shells
I dress myself, bitch I don't need a stylist
I got my pistol just in case the violence
I think my chopper gay, I pulled him out the closet
I call my chopper Ye' 'cause he half went to college
I call my desert eagle "Desert Storm" 'cause we be warrin'
I think my Mac wanna be a rapper, we be touring
Like Kobe, Shaq, D.Rose and Butler, we be ballin'
If you talking bout some millions, we be on it ayBig rubber bands, I be poppin'
I up this fucking pistol then I cock it, I pop it
I talk all this shit 'cause I'm bout it
You want beef? I got Criscos, we can get it poppin'
Call me bag-head Milonakis
All I get is bags, all I get is money
Smoking big Backwoods of that funky
I pull up, get that money then I'm bouncin'I pull up, get that check then I'm in to win
I got two Glock forties, them be twenty twins
Don't wanna fuck your bitch, she got a shitty wig
Shot four out the thirty, we got twenty-six
Pulled up swagging, know you seeing this
Bitch came to my crib, you know she eatin' this
She can't have her phone, hoes be leaking shit
I'm an anti-ass nigga, I don't speak for shit
Chief so got over totin' llamas
I got a HK caliber, Da Forty

I wasn't good in science but I knew my numbers
I'm ballin', ring ring, tell your bitch stop callin'

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