Chain Music

Wale

DMV up, roll up and kick my feet up
This shit was for a ticket man I call that shit that free lunch
I tell a ho to speed up
She slow and she can keep up
We know we always out
But somehow they would never see us
Peep her gold chain, hoes changed, I didn't
They say that karats help your vision
But somehow it made them listen
No this ain't silver, this is my dilemma
Arrogant when I finish
I came from humble beginnings
So it's nothing to finish
I put my hundred percent in
I put my pot in the paper
And modify your opinion
Trying to give them light and a message
But you rather have some fucking V.V.S's
She said I'm charming and I meant it
But she was talking about my pendant
I got geechi on her, came back with thirty chains
Now she attentive, I bet she listen to everything
Straight geechi on her, came back with eighty chains
Now them silly bitches calling me like everyday[Chorus: x2]
I think them broads gon' follow
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)
Silly bitches gon' follow
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)Gettin' geechi on em
Straight geechi on 'em
You talking greasy, best believe they gon' see ya, don't it
Geechi on 'em
Straight geechi on 'em
Let's keep it G, nobody see you when you being humbleLook, she so stingy with vagina
But why it open when them niggas get to shining?
I was hoping you would notice where my mind at
Put money in the book, I bet these bitches wouldn't find it
Look, okay this chain music, fuck how them lames do it
You chained to it, your brain's been, your brain has been way too influenced
I been dope, cold nigga for sure nigga

But where I'm from there ain't no love for no broke nigga
She seen that geechi shit, ain't been to church since
Pray to whoever got on the biggest of crucifix
Lord Lord forgive us, personalities clash
And my license is suspended, so I hide it
I don't spend it, did I get y'all attention?
She can't escape the chain, shoutout to Mrs. Tubman
Shout out to Maybach Music, my logic is getting money
Spitting something real, let the people know, and still love it
Shady flow, Johnny Cage, chain flow, Johnny Dang
Been balling, six bottles, talk with such expensive slang
I got geechi on 'em, now they notice a nigga
So who that chain change? It ain't both of us nigga
I got geechi on her, came back, a hundred chains
And now these geechi mother fuckers all know my name
Geechi on her, came back, a million chains
I said geechi mother fuckers all know my name[Chorus]
Broads gon' follow
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)
Niggas gon' follow
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)
Geechi on em
Straight geechi on 'em
You talking greasy
Best believe they gon' see it homie
Geechi on 'em
Straight geechi on 'em
Let's keep it G, nobody, see you when you being humbleBroads gon follow
Silly niggas gon follow
Bitch
Broads gon follow, follow, follow

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