

Blurry

Chief Keef

Ask grandma for fifty, grandma she gave me a hundred
I ran off with the money, then brought back some money
Smoking green dope shit reekin like fried onions
I take any money, hoes, money, hoes, money
I be trapping, I ain't lacking, nigga I ain't worried
I will let my Glock blow, nigga I ain't scared
I'm a warrior with a thirty, nigga I ain't Curry
Check out my watch nigga my diamonds nigga, they ain't blurry

I was in Wokcano's eating on some curry
But wanting to hit thirty-four bitch that's Eddy Curry
I'm still smoking loud even though you hear me
Bitch I'm in the field White Sox Paul Konerko
Get my hittas on you, Ronald Belasario
To that bitch that gave me head last night nerdy ho
Throwing money in the club I'm a pitcher run your's up
And I swear my watch a thot, it is a lil flirty ho
Pull up doing hits, eating on some cereal
White chocolate, white milk, red cheerios
Shoot the red guts out a nigga [?] material
Bitch I'm trapping in my trap dancing like Lil TerRio

White 'vette, pull up red interior
Engine too damn loud, I'm not hearing ya
Four nickel on my hip, I'm not fearing ya
Hollows hit your face it's bacteria

Bitch I'm trapping out the hemi-a
Bitch I'm trapping with the semi tucked
Got a thousand for a hundred pack then pick it up

Nigga said can he be Glo I'm not feeling ya
Bitch I'm in the trap I'm counting all these silly bucks
Dirty money, but it came in clean as fuck
All this jewelry on got me blinging up
Nigga want war, tell him set it up