

Cause Im Gettin Money

Chief Keef

I smell like I got 100 pounds of blocks on me
It's reakin' out the car homie
She wanna freak cause I'm a star low key
Tell me what bitch do not know me
I'm a blow this thing like Odee
Leanin off this Act I OD
Can't trust a face them niggas plotting on me
And it's all because I'm gettin' money

Got that bitch off the drugs, she a zombie
She wanna fuck with us, we get money
Bitch is you drunk, you want my Beamer car keys?
Let's see if they got Beamer taxis
Just bought Kay Kay a Beamer car seat
My boys gon' spray, let us see a opp please
I'm Sunny and you niggas coffee
But now that is my favorite mafi
Bitch I ain't with that lovie dovie
Bitch you just gotta suck and fuck me
Got a pound of that erb, it's lovely
Now I'm sparking up, climbing up trees
While I'm smoking on this dope this bitch keep calling my phone
Don't you see I'm getting high, bitch just leave me alone
I see niggas feelings hurt, tell Chief Sosa what's wrong
Bustin' like I'm dealing, jerk got my dumb ass pulled over