

## Who Is That

Chief Keef

Boy my fucking watch cost a brick  
And my favorite car, the X6  
Stop the fucking flexing boy you not with the shits  
Point this pistol at his stomach, blow it nigga shit  
Once we start taking streets, we start locking these shits  
We popping shells, same size as Budweiser 6  
Got some money still tote choppas and shit  
Knock knock at my door, I'm at the peep hole like who is that?

What you need a fucking six pack?  
Knocking on my door, is you with the damn feds?  
What you need a fucking 10 pack?  
Give me a hundred, pussy you can get that  
You say fuck Glo out your mouth we push your fucking wig back  
We got pistols in the club, fuck security we slid that  
I flow so hard, it made bullet proof shit crack  
I'm Snoop Dizzle I'm the motherfucking shiznat  
I'm rolling in that [?]  
All these hoes wanna give a kiss  
I'm smoking on that piss sack  
It smell like I just gone done taking a piss  
You smoking on that shit pack  
And it smell like you just got done taking a shit  
Imma customize a SIG MAC  
Cause you ain't never seen that shit  
She suck my dick and i gave that bitch a tic-tac  
Then told that ho to get the fuck out my shit  
They come through gates, now we coming in the back  
Catch yo ass barbecue you in with that  
Dear Mr your honor I ain't sinning it yet  
I'm just getting money I'm all in with that  
HE should've could've would've he boy you couldn't shit  
It's Back From the Dead 2, I'm zombie-ing bitch

Pull off coming back, turn you into a running back  
Pull up in New Jersey, maybe in Bergen nigga, slump yo ass  
I'm off the Henny, and the Pepsis, Xanax, and the Thrax  
In the flesh, pull up leave a nigga flat  
Leave a nigga on his back, he should've fucking had his backup  
Bullets gave him a disease, now this pussy need a fucking check  
up  
Bullets gave his ass the hiccups, you want war nigga get up  
On my auntie I paint pictures nigga, I bang nigga