Chief Keef, 2nd Day Out

Starting off my day with a blunt stuffed Pussy kept on talking he got fucked up Big black Glock and a cup of purp You already know I'm finna sip some sizzurp I'm back off in the kitchen working with the pies Say you need a half of brick give me twelve-five Fifty pounds of Gross several pounds of Midge Tadoe just brought a pretty fucking fifty My gun need a mag he happy then he mad Someone leavin' real soon, so he send his ass Hop out of that van where I tote the mags And if a nigga try me Imma do his ass I'm counting up the paper in my office room And I'm witch, bitch, please don't make me spark the broom Guns in every little cut, like a fucking savage Hear the SWAT team, come you gotta fucking have it Man I'm tired of buying jocks, I need a rocket launcher You ain't tryna incriminate it, bitch stop the camera I used to drive the foreign through my backyard Hit the dough and Imma blow you like a Saks card Sosa back bitch, yeah I'm back bitch That lil stupid ass, dirty ass, black bitch This that new shit, that fuck a jail shit Fuck nigga, no, that it ain't no in my heritage You on my shit list, you like a biscuit Granny say if it ain't broke don't try to fix it I got a sick wrist, it cost like six-six Zero zero zero nigga, come and get this I got a stupid swag please don't touch my Louis bag Pole on me nigga you gon' make me do you bad Bitch my Louis bag, that bitch Scooby snacks I need an elephant, giraffe and a Cougar cat

Bitch I end my day ten... Bitch I end my day ten in the morning You can sneak diss this bitch still is going We gon' hit his block, pull up, hit the horn I ain't talking the whip bitch, this bitch is blowing Stick a silly nigga now he's silicon Granny what you doing? She say I'm whipping corn I just bough a chopper bitch, it'll shake the storm Pull up auditorium and shake the dorm Saying you can't stand me, pussy take the seat Call 'em McDonalds 'cause he faking beef Hit the back block and then take the street Piss on his grave I got to take a leak Standing on the curb and I'm flaming dope Seventeen years old I was strangling hoes Had to grow up and make a bankroll .40 get to singing, she'll take your soul My auntie need some strips, sister need a crib Told her tie your shoes lil' baby and don't even trip I hopped up in that truck with the double cup And it can't spill I make that bitch buckle up I'm counting up bodies as they fucking drop Nigga think he had them streets we had to break his lock He got a high fade, we had to shave his top Car so loud vroom vroom, might wake the block Four Porches, nine elevens, and like eight bitches It's a horse on the seat they tryna take pictures And that pussy nigga scared, you know I hate chickens He done caught a domestic it's the state business Make them see the light and it's bright white Young boy brown as shit but my ice white

They spying on the spot with them fucking drones Tell them helicopters get the fucking on Baby I'm lowkey if I'm fucking you I can fucking don't say shit this what I do Smoke them like a kite like my cousin Ku Bullets popping out like a fucking Boo

Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah Phew, Phew, Phew Phew, Phew, Phew Phew, Phew, Phew Second Day out! Ayy! Second Day out! Ayy Ayy! Second Day out! Phew, Phew, Phew Phew, Phew, Phew