

Chief Keef, Bands

Ain't nothing good but finger licking bands
Lick off my thumb then I begin
One count, two count money counting
I left my money counter at home, I'm here to count it
Fuck that nigga, he ain't talking money
Call that nigga, he be talking about money
I be on that money shit
Nigga you be on that funny shit

Ring ring what's on my phone, it's money
Ding ding who's at my home, it's the motherfucking police, fuck
Riding in that foreign right now
Counting on these hundreds right now
I told that fuck nigga, pipe down
Fore we up these pipes, you get piped down
Gloed up, think I see the light now
Niggas snakes, I don't fuck with that now
I'm a rich nigga right now
Finna go get some money right now

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I'm running through this money quick
How could I forget not having shit
Now I just be buying shit
I'ma money making nigga you little son of bitch
Walk in the stores, I be trying shit
I try it then I buy the bitch
No I don't buy a bitch
She suck me up for free I can't deny the shit
Smoking tooka pack
Ruger on me, where your ruger at?
Finger licking bands, finger licking bands in my pants
I'm a walking lick, talking brick, talking shit
You little son of bitch get hit with this banana clip
I be popping shit, kicking shit, dropping shit
Pull up on your block, straight chopping shit
Pull up on my block and I'm chopping quick
Swerving, here the coppers is
They behind a nigga, tryna find a nigga
But I'm running nigga, they can't grab a nigga