

# Chief Keef, BANG BANG

Where I'm from you won't get shit with a hand out  
When I come through the city, niggas bring them bands out  
Sound the Semi off, it's soundin' like we brung them pans out  
I'ma hot boy, someone, please, bring the fans out  
Make a bitch work, work, work, work like Rihanna  
Stash the twenties, stack the fifties, when I look up I see hundreds  
Man, you know how it feel if you never had nothin'  
I can't know how you feel, if you never said somethin'  
Get that money, I be runnin', runnin', runnin', runnin', runnin'  
Remember on the block gunnin', gunnin', gunnin' gunnin', gunnin'  
Now I'm gettin' money, money, money, money, money, money  
You can tell by my tummy, tummy, tummy, yummy, yummy  
'Member sellin' dope out Granny's for my family  
Now I can buy my granny a fuckin' Bentley  
Fuck the rap game, fuck I look like buyin' a Plan B  
But I gotta get this money, do you understand me?  
I'ma fuck my trigger raw until that bitch sing in key  
Turn that Xbox on, 'cause ain't no bitch playin' me  
Tryna play with me you better off plannin' plan B  
'Cause yo plan it ain't workin', I didn't understand it  
Just got a call from my momma, she want another  
Twenty racks, she will always be the one that's one up  
Hop out the car, smell like thunder, I wish you'd run up  
I don't crush a lot, I can't, let me call Big Pun up (Let me call)

Bang, bang, bang (Aye)  
Bang, bang, bang (Ooh)  
Bang, bang, bang (Yeah)  
Bang (Skrrt) bang, bang (Aye)  
Bang, bang, bang, bang  
Bang, bang, bang, bang (Ayo baby)  
Bang, bang, bang, bang (Goddamn baby)  
Bang, bang

In the trap steady walkin' to the peephole  
Now I'm in a mansion, don't know my gate code  
In the party, whoop, whoop, okay hoe  
She done come through the back with a Draco  
No cash, ain't no onstage, hoe  
Pan come through the front with the bankroll  
She ring the bell and I was like, "Aye bro  
Who bitch in the front with a mango?"  
She Sosa, I'm Mufasa, Rastafari, bumbaclota  
We turn you to a water, lil' nigga, please, don't get mopped up  
Pistol Mad Max, I be runnin' round with Shottas  
I'm the alley cat and you the rat that run around with coppers  
Bitch, I'm ballin' so damn hard, I think I need a Fiji water  
Swear that money be my baby, hello Sosa, you're the father  
"Excuse me bro, do you sell dope?" Fuck you a federali?  
I'ma boss and these niggas hoe that's what he feel behind me  
I'm so fire, I'm so fire, in Hawaii eatin' Tai  
You gotta pay me for a comment and that comment might be, "Why?"  
Asian hoe say she think I'm nice, why 'cause I eat rice?  
Bitch I'm mean, go and get your things, you can't spend the night  
Bitch I flex, flexin' on my ex, with a fuckin' check  
You think you hot, 'cause you got a box, yo shit could get checked  
I'm so hard with a bitch, boss, I be playin' chess  
Oh my God, would've been raw, we hit him in the chest  
Now he dead, leave his ass red, hit him with Hi-TEC  
That mean my TEC so fuckin' hot, hit ten for six and up  
Like you was bad before Christmas Eve, bitch, that's what you get  
Like I was blind, then that happened and I don't know where you at

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(Mike WiLL Made-It)