

Laughin' to the Bank

Chief Keef

All these niggas talkin like they trap gods
Talkin like they so hard they ain't never so hard
And I know that I'm a rapper,
I'll have thirty niggas up in your yard
And I sip too much damn lean and you'll think I always had a cold,
And his bitch on my pistol touchin' shit
I'm like what you touch that for.
Unless you finish shoot some shit for
So don't touch my pistol!
Cause I don't wanna have to blow, yeah.
Cause I don't wanna have to go to jail.
I'm high as fuck like oh well Shootin' shit like hold them
They said he know me I don't know him.
I'm flexin' on these niggas no jam
Got indicted sellin' coke, and sellin' dope
I don't want this shit no more.
But you gonna sell it for me though
Don't tell nobody on me though.
I don't wanna have to move to Puerto Rico,
And change everything on my ID though
Cause I'll never snitch on my amigos
Cause when I bought six from him he came to me for more.
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I'm like what you touch that for.
Unless you finish shoot some shit for
So don't touch my pistol!
Cause I don't wanna have to blow, yeah.
Cause I don't wanna have to go to jail. Stalk me now block me now Wish a nigga would try to
follow me about
The block hot the cops hot
Finna go to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras
She a hot thot she was already drop
I'm tryna see if money love me or not
But I think money love me alot
Try to take my shit let the chopper flop like ra ra ra ra ra
Trappin' on my phone like la la like aahh aahh aaaahh
All these niggers talkin' like they trap God

Until their ass get robbed. All these niggas talkin like they trap gods
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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