

# No Hook Gang (feat. Andy Milonakis)

## Chief Keef

Milonakis bitch, there are killers in my clique  
Glo boy, dough boy, gorillas in the mist  
Your Bentley ain't shit and your 'Rari ain't sick  
I'm above money cause money don't exist  
The meditating heavyweight pouring out a fifth  
Now you see my dark side, I am Lord Sith  
Invisible watches on my fat wrist  
And if you're that bitch, you can get a fat dick  
Who you think you're working? No, not me  
I'm live-er than your internet ready TV  
I stayed Glo'd up like a firefly, firefly  
I'm higher than high, leave you lying in lie  
And I'm blowing stronger O's than Oprah  
Cause bitch I'm deeper than fucking Deepak Chopra, bitch  
My pistol come through singing on the low  
This ain't for them and you him you know  
I pull up, I come through lay 'em on the floor  
I got cake on the floor and cake up on my Tru's  
I got cake in my pocket, cake up on my shoe  
If you ain't talking about the cake, it ain't got shit to do with me  
I come through chopper G-Un  
Cause we heard you got that yayo, the bank, and you got 50 piece  
You better hire fucking Young Buck  
Come through with that Mack Maine bullet skateboard  
Weezy-We, you better have your fucking mob deep  
Cause the heat and the fees be my prodigy  
Lil boy I was up trapping when y'all was sleep  
Me and Benji we had went out to eat  
It's blood gang I'ma come through drippin' all week  
I got swag dripping out my fucking palm key  
Usually I come through in a 'Rari  
Now I don't give a motherfuck about it  
I'm a Glo boy, grown boy, what you know B  
You don't know shit, til I have my belt glowing  
Pull up pull off, why you got a slow leak  
You want beef you can have a proper hogie  
I come through clip longer than a mess on police  
I got shells that spell every letter in ho shit  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>

