

No Tomorrow

Chief Keef

I'm the type of nigga 100 shots in the Glock
You the type of nigga get smacked by a tho I'm getting all this cash, I remember selling crack
Now I got the money, now I got the sack
I can buy your building nigga, I can buy your sack Since I don't ride no Lexus, I pull up in a
(?) Shooting at you niggas and them bullets sound like Nexus
I don't stop for niggas, I'm too busy passing
Why they keep saying bang? I don't even know
That's that old Sosa, Bang 3 a hoe
I'll leave a hoe, before I beat a hoe
Pull up so fast cause I'm illegal, hoe Smoking on this Tooka, blowing this shit like a fan
Go head and unplug the system and I ain't done playing
If you can't comprehend, this chopper make you understand
Just like the Bezel Boys, stacks in rubber bands
Stop that sneak dissing boy, your pussy ass a fan
Treat you like a brick, and wrap you in Saran
She say she wanna fuck, I can't, she let me know you can't
Pull up in a van, leave a nigga canned
That mean you can't see, bullets dunk on you, KD
I give a bitch a fist, call me Doctor KC
What's up in this, Otto? Is Jojo in KC?
I mean KC in Jojo cause this bitch play crazy
Getting all this money, got my heart in this shit
That bitch is a tho, you put your heart in the bitch
Soowo rap, I put my car in this shit
Crip rap bitch, got the cuz in this bitch Flowing kinda slow just because of this shit
I'ma nasty ass nigga, wanna nut on a bitch
Bitch I'm so contagious, I can't hug on a bitch
Shoot your face like a table and put cups on your shit
I got silencer, I'm not a damn lick
I got dogs but I'm not a damn vet
Get a hammer and a nail and come and hit you in your shit
Should've got all platinum jewelry cause this shit looks piss
Tell her to hop out while your bitch on my cock
She say her man a fan, get that man off my car
'Fore I tear your ass up and hold you for some money
I know he ain't got it, I was doing it for fun
I'm smoking hella blunts and got court next month
I'ma hit GNC, Detox, yes sir
I'm just having fun cause I got it out the mud
But I still squeeze the gun, nigga tryna run
(?) the nigga, lay these bullets right on 'em
Shooting shots for days, got the semi right on 'em

Set the alarm in this bitch, hope the police coming
I'ma Be gone when they get here, they don't own me nothing
I gave your ass a pass when I saw you on your knees
20 year old lil sister, I'ma fuck the bitch for free
Bang bang, your way, you'll be ducking shells for free
When I wake up and go to sleep, the only time I'm on my knees
Chopping up the tre, that really mean peace
Getting placements with these shells, like a nigga shopping beats
Sending out this Gucci time, like the nigga Swizz Beatz
Smack the bitch cause she ain't call me So, this dumb hoe called me Keef
She called 100 times but I didn't answer
This bitch ain't shit but a freaky pink panther
Cuz say this shit right here is gon' go crazy
He talking out his neck, hit 'em in his Adam, no (?)
You pussy boy, go and play some little hopscotch
I draw out this Glock on your block, haha
This (?) go pew pew pew pew, ready to shot, grrah
Hear the cops, the car go skrr skrr skrr skrr, won't get caught tonight
Two thousand dollar plane ticket, gotta catch a flight
Like I'm a 6 and you a 1, aye, send a nigga kite
Rocking all my ice and I'm pouring up the pints
Where I am I'll never be, bitch I'm throwing up the gates
Bang

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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