

## W.A.L.E. "Chain Music"

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DMV up, roll up and kick my feet up  
This shit was for a ticket  
Men I call that shit that free launch  
Tell her how to speed up  
She slow and she can't keep up  
We know we always out  
But somehow they would never see us  
Gold chain, hoe's change, I didn't  
They say karats help your vision  
But somehow it made them listen  
No this ain't silver, this is my dilemma  
Arrogant when I finish  
I came from humble beginnings  
Thought was nothing to finish  
I put my hundred percent in  
I put my pot in the paper  
And modify your opinion  
I tried to give 'em light in a message  
But you ever have some fuckin' v.v.s'  
She said I'm charming and I meant it  
But she was talking about my pendant  
I got geechi on her, came back with thirty chains  
Now she attentive, I bet she listen to everything  
Straight geechi on her, came back with eighty chains  
Now them silly bitches calling me like everyday

Now them broads gon' follow  
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)  
Silly bitches gon' follow  
(Chain so big, can't pop my collar)  
Straight geechi on 'em  
You talking greasy  
Best believe they gon' see it, darling  
Geechi on 'em  
Straight geechi on 'em  
You talking greasy that's... go see em done it  
Geechi on 'em  
Straight geechi on 'em  
Let's keep it gee nobody see you when you being  
humble

Look, she so stingy with vagina

But why it open when them niggas get to shining?  
I was hoping you would notice where my mind at  
Put money in the book, I bet these bitches wouldn't find  
it  
Look, okay this chain music, fuck how them lame's do it  
You chained to it, your brain's been way too influenced  
I been dope, cold nigga for sure nigga  
But where I'm from there ain't no love for no broke  
nigga  
She seen that geechi shit, ain't been to church since  
Pray to whoever got on the biggest of crucifix  
L- lord forgive us, personalities clash  
And my license is suspended, so I hide it  
I don't spend it, did I get y'all attention?  
She can't escape the chain, shoutout to Mrs. Tubman  
Shoutout to maybach music, my logic is getting money  
Spitting something real, let the people know, and still  
love it  
Shady flow: johnny cage, chain flow: johnny dame  
Been balling, six bottles, talk with such expensive slang  
I got geechi on 'em, now they notice a nigga  
So who done really change? It ain't both of us nigga  
I got geechi on her, came back: a hundred chains  
And now these geechi mother fuckers all know my  
name  
Geechi on her, came back: a million chains

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