

Chief Keef "Dead Broke"

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Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
That leave your ass dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
That leave your ass dead broke
No flexing dog
It ain't no flexing dog
Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
Some of my niggas dead broke
That leave your ass dead broke

See I be high as I wanna be, don't smoke that bubbly
I smoke that kush dog, and I smoke so lovely
Your bitch all under me, she wanna suck on me
She wanna fuck with me, but I sting like a bumblebee
See I'm in my?, in my pockets a couple g's
Allergic to fake shit, get that shit the fuck from me
I'm allergic to fake niggas, get them boys away from
me
Them boys be hating me, but them boys won't play
with me
300 agency, no we not make believe
We go all day with heat, d. rose we spray his peeps
But d. rose be six hundid', d. rose will flip something
My bitches my whips foreign, and all I know get money

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Some of my niggas dead broke, that ain't no damn
joke
They might kick a damn door, you run and you get
smoked
Just like a damn newport, shots travel like passports
I smoke kush and pop?, I smoke kush and pop?
All my niggas shottas, send you to the doctor
If you talking crazy then you gon' meet my?
Your girl she don't want it, she give me head then
I'm done with it
She only on me cause comments come, be good homie
when drama come
Flexing, finessing, you know I keep weapons
Kill you in a second, you know I am reckless
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Some of my niggas dead and broke, we rob we raise
hell ho
These niggas don't play with me, we come through
we up in heat
You play you get third degree, I'm fly as a magazine
These angels can't fuck with me man, I smoke till
I'm off my feet
Chest bumping urgently, sd bitch order me
She gon' want fuck with me after she see my squad
of three
Bitch I'm no athlete but I score like I'm dominique
Excuse me, bitch pardon me
Hope that you don't step on my sneaks
We blowing urgently, man my niggas do burglaries
We eat bon-appetit, we so no casualty
Bullets need surgery, man I can't promise dead

peeps

Pockets is fat as?, savage we run the streets

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