Tony Montana Flow - Chief Keef Lyrics

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"Tony Montana Flow"

[Intro] Bro What up? Where are you? 'Fuck you at? You sound 'bout it as fuck I'm 'bout to go home, I'm tryna, tryna go to you, can I? I ain't even at the house right now So when are you gonna be at your house? I don't know, in a minute Okay, I'm just going to go home, I guess

[Verse] I just want the blue cheese and a thousand islands

Bitch, you want me to punch you, bitch, you wildin'-wildin' Might not wanna come over here, 'cause bitch it's crowded crowded Unless you Master P and bitch you 'bout it 'bout it Shorty ass a squirter, that's a talent talent

> King size beds was a palette-palette Even in kindergarten, I wasn't tattletalin'

I ain't generous, I'm not Ellen-Ellen

Life is sweet, nigga love watermelon I got green and I'll put it on yo' melon

Bad ass lil' nigga on the corner sellin' Young nigga hungry, got that mornin' belly Nigga gettin' money no matter what you selling Tell 'em you a pit, get some dog repellent Shorty got some time from an informant telling Baby bro like, "Give it to me, nigga, I'ma sell it" Baby bro gotta take it over and be smarter with it And I'm smoking on that musty call me arm pit, man I be lettin' my chain and wrist talk to a bunch of bitches You can get ya Gyro'd, nigga, no Tzatziki

At your head, no Medusa ('Dusa)

You know I be with gorillas, nigga, ucka (Ucka)

Even when I'm by myself, I'm a noodle knocker Pulled up, shittin' on 'em, nigga dooka-dooka I know I ain't gotta do it, but I'm a pistol toter Just in case the opps see me and be like, "There go Sosa" Got a warrant, the cops saw me, like, "Let's go, Sosa" What the fuck you was just doin' up in Mexico Sosa? Shorty said, "When the last time you been in Chicago Sosa?" She like "When the fuck you gon' stop smokin' that Petrol Sosa?" She like "You smokin' gas but first was that red stuff Sosa"

> [Outro] You drunk? Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

