

ROCK OUT - Chief Keef Lyrics

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"Rock Out"

Yeah, yeah

We let it rock like a band (rock)

Shooters pull up in a van (rock)

I spin the block in a Lamb' (rock)

Know it's all white like The Klan (rock)

Yeah, the streets hot, get a tan (tan)

Step on that boy, he an ant (ant)

Wanna be me, but he can't (bitch)

We could play who's Dirty Dan (gang)

Hop out the foreign with Glock in my hand

Got that rock in my sock, I'ma hit me a bop (woo)

Lame-ass nigga act like he wan' rob

Let this shit rock like a motherfuckin' band (rock)

Big bro say he wan' play with the drum, rock out gang, keep drumsticks
(sticks)

I'm a big dog, you niggas some pups, make that boy roll over and sit (sit)

Pop out with the gang, you know that it's lit (lit)

Pull up with the mob, you know that we thick

I came from the trench, as real as it get (get)

Pourin' up dirty, it's muddy as shit

Woke up this morning, was fuckin' your bitch

He from the 'burbs, we from the bricks (bitch)

He hit the gym, we hit the lick

He hit the puff, I hit the spliff

I'm in the Lamb', he in the Lyft (damn)

He is a ho, I am the gift (damn)

High like a jet, he high in a blimp

Real deal stepper, that nigga a simp

He think he a pimp, but he a trick

She get on that dick and she doin' some tricks

Chopper to your face, pop it like a zit

Coppers in the place, now I gotta dip

See the stars, Double R in this bitch

Spaceship, go to Mars in this bitch

Big Blood, blue hundreds like a Crip

Big bird, real deal fly shit (ah)

Dogs with me, I'll make 'em sick (grrt)

Lambo', it cost a grip (skrrt)

Color egg, gon' make 'em sick (skrtr, skrtr)

R.I.P. a nigga off the rip (skrtr)

500K off a trip

900K off a flip (yeah, yeah)

Nine million dollars off of spliff

Made that in 2012 (Sos' Baby)

Oil money like Israel (huh?)

Gold statues in the crib (huh?)

Chief Sosa Gang like for real (skrtr)

Hit your block, you can't make a seal (du-du-duh)

God told me to give 'em hell (huh?)

If it's smoke, nigga, ring the bell (go, go, go)

On FaceTime, couldn't even tell

Sendin' shells like Google mail (grrah)

In jail, I got beaucoup mill' (huh?)

Beat your block like two-three-twelve (skrtr)

What you smokin'? Got a dookie smell

I could show you how the tookie smell (dope)

Nine million dollars off the lean (huh?)

Flashlight on top of the bean (skrtr)

Cherry 'Cat like top of some cream (skrtr)

He in the trap on top of a fiend (du-du-duh)

Muhammad Ali, bob and weave

Make it hot, now we weavin' the scene (skrtr, skrtr, skrtr, skrtr, skrtr)

Justin Bieber on me, he with a song (skrtr, skrtr)

Nigga tweak, now I'm makin' him sing (skrtr)

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