

# Love Sosa - Chief Keef Lyrics

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## "Love Sosa"

Fuckers in school telling me, always in the barber shop

"Chief Keef ain't 'bout this, Chief ain't 'bout that"

My boy a BD on fucking Lamron and them

He, he, they say that nigga don't be putting in no work

Shut the fuck up, y'all niggas ain't know shit

All y'all motherfuckers talkin' about

"Chief Keef ain't no hitter, Chief Keef ain't this, Chief Keef a fake"

Shut the fuck up, y'all don't live with that nigga

Y'all know that nigga got caught with a ratchet

Shootin' at the police and shit

Nigga been on probation since fuckin' I don't know when

Motherfucker, stop fuckin' playin' him like that

Them niggas savages out there

If I catch another motherfucker talking sweet about Chief Keef

I'm fucking beatin' they ass, I'm not fucking playin' no more

Know them niggas roll with Lil Reese and them

(Young Chop on the beat)

Love Sosa, bitches love Sosa, huh?

Let them know then, 'Raris and Rovers (huh)

Ayy, lil' Cobra, ayy, ayy

Bang, bang-bang

God, y'all some broke boys, God, y'all some broke boys

These bitches love Sosa, O end or no end

Fuckin' with them O boys, you gon' get fucked over

'Raris and Rovers, these hoes love Chief Sosa

Hit him with that Cobra, now that boy slumped over

They do it all for Sosa, you boys ain't making no noise

Y'all know I'm a grown boy, your clique full of broke boys

God, y'all some broke boys, God, y'all some broke boys

We GBE dope boys, we got lots of dough, boy

These bitches love Sosa and they love them Glo Boys

Know we from the 'Go boy, but we cannot go, boy

No, I don't know old boy, I know he's a broke boy

'Raris and Rovers, convertible Lambo's, boy

You know I got bands, boy, and it's in my pants, boy

Disrespect them O boys, you won't speak again, boy

Don't think that I'm playin', boy, no, we don't use hands, boy

No, we don't do friends, boy, collect bands, I'm a landlord

I gets lots of commas, I can fuck your mama

I ain't with the drama, you can meet my llama

Ridin' with 3hunna, with 300 foreigners

These bitches see Chief Sosa, I swear to God, they honored

These bitches love Sosa, O end or no end

Fuckin' with them O boys, you gon' get fucked over

'Raris and Rovers, these hoes love Chief Sosa

Hit him with that Cobra, now that boy slumped over

They do it all for Sosa, you boys ain't making no noise

Y'all know I'm a grown boy, your clique full of broke boys

God, y'all some broke boys, God, y'all some broke boys

We GBE dope boys, we got lots of dough, boy

Don't make me call D. Rose, boy, he six double-O, boy

And he keep that pole, boy, you gon' get fucked over

Bitch, I did sell soda and I done sell coca'

She gon' clap for Sosa, he gon' clap for Sosa

They do it for Sosa, them hoes, they so off of Sosa

Tadoe off that molly water, so nigga be cool like water

'Fore you get hit with this lava, bitch, I'm the trending topic

Don't care no price, I'll cop it, B, and your bitch steady jockin' me

These bitches love Sosa, O end or no end

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'Raris and Rovers, these hoes love Chief Sosa

Hit him with that Cobra, now that boy slumped over

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God, y'all some broke boys, God, y'all some broke boys

We GBE dope boys, we got lots of dough, boy, ha

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