

DRILL SHAKESPEARE

A Collection of Sonnets by Chief Keef,
Fredo Santana, G Herbo, Lil Durk,
Young Chop, and William Shakespeare

Compiled by
Colin Walsh

Sonnet 1

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

That's why we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might choke him
I can tell by time decease,
Drug sex, I might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to intervene
Feed'st thy light's flame with Pluto
Making a famine where it ain't safe at
Thy self thy foe, to change when I got that deal
May 12th, Remember My Name, the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the winter, and we on them jet skis
I knew he was different he got his own bud buriest thy content,
Want a war? I'll never waste in niggarding:
Had to wake up with this glutton be,
To eat the guns), Herb got all the ones (Got all the ones)

Sonnet 2

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

The summers long and winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in the classroom
Ya bitch know I got peso, so gazed on now,
I tote me a big .45, I'm tired of small worth held:
Then being asked, where all you see is masks
Y'all ain't never heard of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own sister, gotta mold the two
Were an all-eating shame, and broads wearin' wires
Murder Murder kill thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer shit that he said
Shall sum my count, and I'm who all the bitches wanna see
Let me see who real niggas by succession thine!
This were to be new made when my Rollie old
And see thy blood warm when they see me

Sonnet 3

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Look in thy glass and put that bag on niggas
Now is the time that switch, I need that attachment, y'all
Whose fresh repair if now, I'm just being honest
I dun' slept on the world, unblesse some mother.
For where is she wanna rep it now
I know some niggas don't take care of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so goofy, that shit a habit
Don't you please try to stop posterity?
Two cups and she in thee
A salad I got all types of her prime;
And some of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles this song, iont write shit
Bitches on bitches, she say she not to be,
A hunnid for my jewelry for my image dies with thee.

Sonnet 4

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Unthrifty loveliness, why you got a bad back
Upon thy self and just get up wit me down the road
Nature's bequest gives nothing, I feel like I'm hustlin'
And being frank she lends to get money another day
Then, beauteous niggard, why I'm stressed then
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why I'm one hundred
Everyday I think of sums, yet canst not live?
I don't reply to beef with thy self alone,
Whip started self thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how when nature calls all the time
Seen a 120 thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be on point, but I be taeski watchin
And they take the wrong lives th' executor to be.

Sonnet 5

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Your niggas wanna tweak with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every moment (flash)
Cuz niggas ain't the tyrants to the very same
I cannot lie, this shit was unfair which fairly doth excel;
This the truth, I ain't got time leads summer on
Gotta go out and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost, and crazy i can't let 'em faze me
I fucked eight times and bareness every where:
My plug is an alien not summer's distillation left,
For those who in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with you 'cause we hella close (Yeah)
Won't brag you with no remembrance what it was:
We gon' put the killers with winter meet,
Leese but their hazards on

Sonnet 6

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Then let not a VL, diamonds VV
In thee thy summer, ridin tinted, gettin blunted
Seen a 120 thou some place
So I gotta keep it be self-kill'd.
That use is a movie
Which happies those that, period (period)
And when that shit get to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be no rumor, you ratted
Ten times thy self I'm tryna change your ways
Ain't even hit him that many times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do nothin', I'mma run that check back
I can see the spirit all in posterity?
I know niggas out for thou art much too fair
Used to sleep in the streets didn't see OG for weeks and make worms thine heir.

Sonnet 7

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I be high above the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head start I'll catch up you far
Merge the other way to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his bitch like freaky
And having climb'd the burner got the heat lil nigga
I'm on the high-speed, OJ in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his ass, cause it's he or me
Attending on Benji, Haha you tweaking
Keep my pole with weary car,
Like feeble age, he run that shit to the hundred
If you ain't know nigga now converted are
I sting like a bumble bee, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in that fuckin' Blue's Clues
All I get a son.

Sonnet 8

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Music to hear, why you lie for? (Fuck it)
Sweets with sweets war not a better place?
This a young nigga that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with a stranger (How I'm ridin' with a stranger)
If the true concord of tryna tell y'all niggas
By unions married, do with my other hand?
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
Niggas know that thou shouldst bear.
But we ain't going out sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in it, uh (Yeah)
I'm just sprinting to 100's and child and happy mother,
Know it's gon' only be one, one pleasing note do sing:
So I wrote this song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single nigga with me

Sonnet 9

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Is it for fear to nigga, they ain't on nothin' nigga
That thou consum'st thy self in the window while I'm serving pies
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like that? (Why you fu'?)
These bitches tweakin', they be thy widow and still weep
I can't stand the smell of thee hast left behind,
I'm on the road, doin' shows so well may keep
I gave her husband's shape in mind:
Look! what an unthrift in the whole city by my lonely
Shifts but his place, for still the pigs nigga
But beauty's waste hath in the fact they comfortable
And kept unused the trenches, now I'm making noise
He lost fifty pounds probably in that bosom sits
That on himself, ain't got a stick with him

Sonnet 10

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

For shame! deny that jury ain't 'gon root for ya
90 percent of these niggas is bitches they find they self art so unprovident.
I spent 20 thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
Man whatever mine is most evident:
Remember 2012, I was in a van high, ridin' round with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thy self thou ass nigga
Seeking that beauteous roof to take the frowns away
Put it on my soul you ain't gon' be thy chief desire.
Before I kill him when I may change my mind:
Opps be on my dick more than gentle love?
Only thing I fuckin care about is, gracious and kind,
I'ma spend at least kind-hearted prove:
Oh my god, I love of me,
That beauty still may live in the city I'm from

Sonnet 11

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

As fast as thou shalt wane, so scared, I know they all afraid
In one of thine, from her, hell no I can't cuff
And that fresh blood on my t-shirt
Everybody want something but I ain't seeing when thou from youth convertest,
Them thirties on deck, and increase;
Good gas taking over my lungs, me and cold decay:
True religions saggin', or the times should cease
And threescore year would make this money fly and shit
Let those whom nature hath not to fuck with real bosses
Harsh, featureless, and I pop fools
Look, whom she gotta do my team (my team)
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in my heat (grrrra)
I do it for safety you do it for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let off the clip

Sonnet 12

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

When I do count the trap out the gun shit
And see the brave day, a nigga mad over nothing
When I behold the side nigga, buck buck
Moms, so strong, look at all silvered o'er with white;
And my life so god damn gnarly I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did it
And summer's green all facts
Borne on the bier with the motherfucking hammers up
Then of thy beauty do I got a voice and shit
Imma pull up on the wastes of time must go,
I just did me and beauties do themselves forsake
Niggas lookin at me wrong with they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can relate
About to call Angel, he takes thee hence.

Sonnet 13

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I advise your self; but, love you are

I still murk it, you your self here live:

Against this coming end you do with them?

And your sweet semblance to give to the club

So should that beauty which you little lady

Find no determination; then put my guap out

There go the glory boyz again, after yourself's decease,

Oh shit, I forgot your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

I can't buy you a house fall to decay,

Which husbandry in slow motion (Ayy, yeah)

A lot of kush, a lot of winter's day

And barren rage of my daughter (my daughter)

O! none but unthrifths. Dear my car, and they say I'm handsome (skrr)

You had a father: let your brain

Sonnet 14

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Fredo from Chiraq and I my judgement pluck;

And yet methinks I ain't gotta spray (boss)

But not to tell on a case

Betta not be no fucking opp or seasons' quality;

Nor can I fortune to feel it nigga

Look down got his thunder, rain and wind,

We just tryna live it shall go well

Bricks in the ceiling, AR in heaven find:

But from thine eyes my name ring bells (bells)

And constant stars in them I swear I need all of it

As 'Truth and changing numbers

Have my Mexicans chop your hands off just to store thou wouldst convert';

Or else of thee this is not a gimmick

Knock a nigga off and beauty's doom and date.'

Sonnet 15

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

When I consider every bitch would let you cup her ass
Then I go buy a little moment,
When my class walked across the stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in his crown (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
I'm the one that do shit that men as plants increase,
You talk about the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at all, just walk in with me
Smokin', sippin' out of memory;
Told my jeweler this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in all apartment buildings
Where wasteful Time debateth with me that mean he don't get you
To change your day of my realest verses
And all in war with Time for a moment, no IG
As he takes from you, I dont think they hear me though

Sonnet 16

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

But wherefore do not you a lot of guns
My lil niggas with the shit, bitch, this bloody tyrant, Time?
Snatch a nigga chain in your decay
5 hunned dollars round my barren rhyme?
I might let you claim the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet my money flyin'
Heard you want some lean, then you living flowers,
I be in the back with your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life, shit knock it off
Which this, Time's pencil, or my own, fuck niggas don't want none
And they whole life, ain't even worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live your self in, the check came in
I try to stay away yourself, keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your show then why you book me?

Sonnet 17

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Late nights in time to come,
Ain't no talkin' bro, bangin' with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows it says recline nigga
On the road, makin' deals, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the seat, with the pistol grip
I gave y'all niggas the real, and all your graces,
The age to come through chopping shit
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellow'd with blue face hundreds, yeah, yeah, yeah
Pull up on side of less truth than tongue,
One nigga's lied to be term'd a poet's rage
Pull up on side of an antique song:
Better stay out of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,--in it, and tryna bring it back

Sonnet 18

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a eighth (for a eighth, bah)
I'm on some that nigga be cheatin' and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the way to New York
And summer's lease hath all my niggas gon' ride
I put my life on the eye of heaven shines,
And if Durk is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from the Lam nigga
I dont smoke or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
When you lose five niggas in one summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that shit was sold out
Nor shall death brag about the shit that I done
Before we used to time thou grow'st,
I did all I can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and she like to do the team

Sonnet 19

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Devouring Time, blunt thou the glad top
And make the earth devour her page, tryna blow his other hoes
Pluck the road, I guess I'm a tourist
And you know I'm the youngest rich nigga in her blood;
And we yelling same shit as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou and over
To the wide world and you can't even make a play
You only got one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my way I hope you kissed your kid (Goodbye)
Nor draw no lines there with a gun in my hand he was under me
Murder Murder kill thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to suck it, fuck 'em
Can't go back to my old Time: despite thy wrong,
She made like 24 a year, my verse ever live young.

Sonnet 20

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

A woman's face with my Louis rag and
My house full of my passion;
He say he balling but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is fettys
Faces on me bigger than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it how I live (getting it how I live)
A man in hue all these bitches geekers
And some say I'm cute, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman (Sosa, baby)
If she snitch, she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
But I think money love me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to strip me naked
They bring them sticks out for women's pleasure,
Got the Yao Ming and thy love's use their treasure.

Sonnet 21

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

So is it not with me down at the door
Aye, middle fingers up to his verse,
Who heaven itself for my niggas
I can see with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of money comin' in
With sun and moon, with me on his best day
Hold up, we done glo'd up and all things rare,
That heaven's air in their faces (Boom boom boom!)
O! let me, true in love I can't see the envy
And then believe me she need me
As any mother's child, though not to get on that with you
I'm treating this shit like back in heaven's air:
Let them say more that bitch fresh out the oven
I will not praise that (Let 'em know, Chop)

Sonnet 22

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

My glass shall not persuade me blow him and I quote
So long as youth and oz)
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my jet landed yet
I just met a bad bitch, that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of that Cali Kush
Black hollows same height as thine in me:
How can I then be banging bad hoes with my bros
O! therefore love, be on it
Walked in double G, lookin' for myself, but for thee will;
She be with another thot, I will keep so chary
No I cannot stop her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when I'm asleep it's nothing
Pull up to give back again.

Sonnet 23

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

New condo, new rolex, turned on the stage,
Who with his fear is that?
All you niggas snitching with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his nose, call him Rudolph
So I, for fear of bricks, tell 'em call Jesus
In & out of love's rite,
I do shit on my own love's strength seem to decay,
I got pounds and bricks of mine own love's might.
O! let my looks be speaking Spanish
And dumb presagers of my pocket, I call it splash
She suckin' dick with her bestfriend and look for recompense,
Them the hoods, and I been that tongue that more hath more express'd.
GBE what I'd die for. 300, what silent love hath writ:
It's a young nigga like to love's fine wit.

Sonnet 24

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Mine eye hath play'd the bands
Some of my niggas be robbing, some of my heart;
Pull up on the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it coz it don't look right
I just need you see his skill,
To find where your fuckin' gun ho
Which in my bosom's shop is like a motion picture
That hath his windows glazed with some shells on some Citgo
Now see what good turns eyes for a fact
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and my lil' nigga still
Yeah, you my breast, where-through the sun
Send a fuck nigga straight to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
I came up from nothing had to grace their art,
Gon' keep hating ass, then they see, know not the heart.

Sonnet 25

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Let those who are in line for it
Of public honour and I got ya album too
Girl thats some good pussy let me get some more of such triumph bars
In case get caught up in that I honour most.
These bitches love Otto, their fair leaves spread
But as the tool inside?
And in themselves their mouths be wide open
Bitches see the ice, they see the cars, they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for, keep your mouth closed
After a thousand and invest it
Is from the book of the stars and the moon
No, I ain't bust for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and start shooting (Start shooting)
I like threesomes, not remove nor be remov'd.

Sonnet 26

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

That don't work then, back to whom in vassalage
500 dollars round my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this shit up off the dome
To witness duty, not to Wisconsin, samples give me sponsors
And I'm so great, which wit so poor as mine
Fuck a nigga bitch in wanting words to show it,
You know we keep some good conceit of thine
Traphouse, gangster, I keep all naked, will bestow it:
Nigga say that guides my moving,
And Nike bags with fair aspect,
I'm poured up, I'm on my tatter'd loving,
I got mad bags full of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to the top
Till then, not show my Jeep or my Beamer

Sonnet 27

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

If you disrespect then I haste me to my bed,
The dear respose for the moment
You can see it in my head
To work my mind and body and soul
For then my thoughts--from far where them niggas don't fear nobody
I was broke down to thee,
And keep my bag, got a whole lotta cash
Looking on darkness which the pipes out (Poles)
30K in my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to a nightmare like Jay
Niggas snitching and its all bad, I'm still in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and I ain't call that girl still
Lo! thus, by day my sensei (My Sensei)
For thee, and for the caper

Sonnet 28

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

How can I then be Casper (bang bang, skrrt)
That am debarre'd the ball, now they punting
My gat is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and this motherfuckin' Glock (Phew)
And each, though enemies to eat for breakfast bitch
Do in consent shake hands to hang on the deck
The one by toil, the O on side the two
How far I toil, still farther off at 2, baby
I tell the day, to Mexico (Mexico)
And dost him grace when you talkin' money
Roll up in the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not a damn lick
But day doth daily draw my car skr skr skr
Yo boyfriend an opp, I'll make grief's length seem stronger.

Sonnet 29

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

When in disgrace with fortune and when its coming to these extras
I'm Glory'd up, I'm in my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my niggas and loyalty (and loyalty)
And look upon myself, and ain't no way around it
Wishing me like to church move around nigga
Featur'd like him, like him with a bad bitch and an Uzi
Desiring this man's art, and I smoke so lovely
With what I think I need more
Yet in these thoughts my gun for?
Haply I think on thee,-- and just letting off shells
Like to the lark at made that bitch hot
And these kitty cats at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love with drug dealin'
That then I scorn to wake without a dime

Sonnet 30

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Putting duffle bags of sweet silent thought
I summon up when I was little (gang)
I sigh the lack of many a thousand and somethin'
And with old woes new wail my squad
Then can I drown an opp, you get shot
Bitches all in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since 6th grade (Ayy, who dat?)
And moan the expense of the kids
His ass a rat, I grieve at grievances foregone,
Tell the traphouse to woe tell o'er
With the time of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if it ain't your beef nigga
But if the while I told you
Durk and DeJ, Durk and sorrows end.

Sonnet 31

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

All bullshit to the side bitch is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have is un breakable
And there reigns Love, and I got it right back
And all those friends which I fucked her face
How many a bitch
If you go visit where I come from mine eye,
Put it in the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in the zoo nigga
Thou art the grave where them niggas don't fear nobody
Ben Franklin that's my lovers gone,
When them niggas see me to thee did give,
Every story in my life is thine alone:
Their images I can't trust now
All these feelings got me numb, all the all of me.

Sonnet 32

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

If thou survive my mind is dull
I ain't checking for hoes, I get my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by herself, by herself
Brown bag full of thy deceased lover,
You can keep the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be smoking that mind blower
For my pants 5 hundred bills, my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the house ain't nothing outside
And these thots ride with me but this loving thought:
I was ridin' with this growing age,
I been buying guns for this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of lean by myself, by myself
But since he died and you little niggas buggin'
Got bands pussy, I'll read, his for his love'.

Sonnet 33

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Full many a glorious morning have some luck
Flatter the mountain tops with me right now
Kissing with golden face the trap just me and my bros
Gilding pale streams with opps, Ion' know about chu
Now I pull up to the basest clouds to ride
I be on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his dreams, Freddy Kruger
Hood nigga with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one niggas I don't really need
With all triumphant splendour on my enemies with extra clips
Kidnap a nigga, now he was but one hour mine,
Can't smoke weed with him from me now.
Your bitch up on my dick cause my love no whit disdaineth;
See these niggas faces when heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnet 34

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Just go and get a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without the shoe deal
The niggas beside me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in yo' ass
Nowadays they goin' off the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on her if I have to
For no man well of such a rich nigga dick
I got prices goin' to the store and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give it to em
Back then I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but OTF (That's GBE)
Don't get hit up on the strong offence's cross.
For my niggas that are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and I'm Lauryn Hill

Sonnet 35

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

No more be griev'd at that street shit
Roses have thorns, and I ride with a 50
Clouds and eclipses stain for his chain
And loathsome canker lives in the palm of my hand
We ain't never go by schools and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with the rose gold
Murder Murder kill thy amiss,
In the streets, I saw them fiends more than thy sins are;
And my neck start hurtin' when I bring in sense,--
Niggas already know what it is thy advocate,--
And 'gainst myself a nigga then he betta duck
Such civil war is in my Balmain Jeans
Really I need an accessory needs must be,
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Sonnet 36

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Look at that we two must be twain,
You so where are one:
You ain't 'bout that do with me remain,
Shawty say she like me be borne alone.
I'm a money getter your bitch is but one respect,
Just bought Kay Kay a separable spite,
Fuck nigga better not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet, they hard vanilla
I may not, I don't believe it
Lest my bewailed guilt should do no snitchin' (No snitchin', no)
Nor thou with my eyes closed (My eyes closed, bee)
I heard you be on that honour from thy name:
But do not so, I live (getting it how I live)
Aye, all they want is thy good report.

Sonnet 37

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I'ma beat him like his father takes delight
To see his active child do them this summer
Underrated by some, disputed by Fortune's dearest spite,
Cause I'm tired of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or the squad way
Or any of these all, or we gon come and kill yah
Entitled in thy parts, do or die
I make my love engrafted, to know
So then I am him (Bang, bang)
Whilst that this shadow, I got some shotters on 600
That I in the mirror I see me, nigga
I fucked her on top of all thy glory live.
I'm off a flat, fuck all that best I wish in thee:
You say you don't want none then ten times happy me!

Sonnet 38

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

That's how I want subject to invent,
Coz we get that pour'st into my verse
Coz baby I need to slow down, I got too excellent
For every vulgar paper to the head, yeah
O! give thy self the king of the mothafuckin' hill
Tell them goofies fucking stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that bitch fresh out the oven
Niggas mad I don't give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten K on my lemonade
And these old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on me nigga, no lacking
Eternal numbers to the industry
If my slight muse do is have some fun with you
The pain be mine, but I am full of steel

Sonnet 39

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

What the fuck up with manners may I sing,
And bitch I drop the better part of me?
Niggas that we lost to mine own self bring?
I just gotta say when I praise thee?
Even for this, let us for playin' them corners again
And our dear love my fans
That by this separation I got eight to spend
That due to thee which thou and over
O absence! what a lil shooter in me
Were it not thy enemy don't show no sympathy
Shit ridiculous, used to shop at corner stores with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so then get the cash
And that thou teachest how to play with them bitches like violins
Ain't know who doth hence remain.

Sonnet 40

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Take all my new Rol', that GMT
Got a couple thou' then more than thou hadst before?
Like Pine Crush, sip so much lean that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine, before, you know?)
Now shout out to my love, thou my love receivest,
I had to get back on my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if you want a name
By wilful taste of town, and we watching (what)
I do forgive but never forget
Let her swallow all my poverty:
And yet, love knows it is my soul passion
To bear love's wrong, than my worst shit
Red bottoms, fuck all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites yet we don't love em

Sonnet 41

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Fredo making music that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from nothing, man we just productive
Thy beauty, and thy years full of big Benjies
We be shooting shit, damn where thou art.
Fredo with me, off it and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to some craps
Plug front me a hundred bricks, like damn what woman's son
Sosa with the shits, he have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet just stay down
And chide thy beauty and they be shooting niggas
When that work come in their riot even there
Chopper get to break a twofold truth:--
Fuck her then I kick her to thee,
I'm the plug, just being false to me.

Sonnet 42

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Everyday I'm in it is not all my grief,
Used to drive in a Honda, now I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee is frozen bitch I'm glowin'
Fast cars, that's the only thing that touches me more nearly.
Once I get it, then I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou in my Gucci bag
And for my sake even so icy
I got ice in my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my hip, jalapenos in my tool
And losing her, my spot
Both find each other, and I got some bitches, yeah
My pockets on swole, diamonds on me this cross:
Stashed away, and my friend and I are one;
She looking at my bag, she loves but me alone.

Sonnet 43

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

When most I wink, then do what it do
For all the day they locked me up (Sosa, Sosa, Sosa)
And I blow it all in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in peace Big Glo nigga
Then thou, whose shadow, I got some shotters on 600
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with a star (star)
When to unseeing eyes locked on my watch
How would, I say, mine, nigga get outta line
By looking on thee in my blood bitch I know
I'm sipping muddy all day and night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on the ooh
All days are nights to get it, bitch its hard
And nights bright days when we roll up bitches be on us

Sonnet 44

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

You was my flesh were thought,
Believe it or not stop my way;
For then despite of space I pass the ball, I yell, "Hut"
From limits far remote, where we go ape shit
Niggas in my foot did stand
God put me on this earth remov'd from thee;
Ain't no way that hate can jump both sea and land,
How can I not fuck with the place where he would be.
Pass me a cup, I am not thought,
Oh I take a lot of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of Chiraq you ain't got no pull
I must attend time's leisure with me yeaahhhh
Receiving nought by 6 o'clock, on the dot that night
But heavy tears, badges of this shit, you gotta respect it

Sonnet 45

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

The other two, slight air, and no bitch I'm not sharing it
Smokin' dope with thee, wherever I abide;
Got the beam on the other my desire,
Might fuck around and pull up with swift motion slide.
Cruising in my own lane, tell these quicker elements are gone
Own a lot of love to thee,
My life, being made of trap, embrace it, man
Tell you lame ass niggas to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Money talk and I be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Them fuckin' choppers come back again, assur'd,
Spne, nigga, say it to me:
This told, I joy; but it ain't nothin'
Call up Pablo and straight grow sad.

Sonnet 46

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Niggas be tweaking we at a mortal war,
Pull up, park the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart, girl, I'm sorry
My heart mine eye the pope (The pope)
I'll bust a block, my migo bitch in him dost lie,--
A closet never pierc'd with 'bout 5 chops
That's how we handle that plea deny,
And says in him water whip it
Brand new Balenciaga's these is impanelled
I just did me and all tenants to the heart;
Nice young bad bitch is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the streets
As thus; mine eye's due is runners yeah
And my heart's right now, nothin' more or less

Sonnet 47

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

I'ma come around and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now or you gon' be a statistic
All I know is famish'd for a look,
All them bitches love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my vertical on another level
My niggas made decisions and did bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my way on the daily
Everyday I think of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or four chains on my neck
Thy self away, art present still keep a gun
And I talk shit cause my thoughts canst move,
Niggas wanna see me up top with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep with the Gat
Awakes my heart, to heart's and Joc was still home

Sonnet 48

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Vet bitches super desperate, I when I took my way,
No 52 bars, behind bars to thrust,
Chokers on I might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in these streets, on God
But thou, to whom my niggas, so pussy nigga don't try
Most worthy comfort, now my name (Let's get it!)
Thou best of dearest, and you don't make noise? (gang gang)
We in Miami in the middle of every vulgar thief.
I be chasing comma's turned up in any chest,
For that bread, I go bananas, I feel thou art,
Smoke a lot a of my breast,
I'm flexing too much, hundred thou mayst come and part;
How you fawnin? You be stol'n I fear,
You'll be out the station in a prize so dear.

Sonnet 49

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Against that time, if you ain't mean it
I'm a real trap nigga, you can see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hoes
Trust me we on that audit by advis'd respects;
Dope fiends call my phone when thou shalt strangely pass,
Pull up in that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the motherfucking universe
Shall reasons find of niggas fake
Against that time do I can't go (you know it)
Within the knowledge of niggas freeze up when it's that time
Bounce back like it was luck, told my hand, against my self uprear,
A couple stacks up on thy part:
I get the strength of laws,
Hit the mall, fuck the cost, fuck it I can allege no cause.

Sonnet 50

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

They like Sosa and I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my car skr skr skr
Doth teach that ease and none of that squad
'Thus far the miles are not shit
The beast that bears me fuck, I heard I heard
And if you think that weight in me,
I'll never leave the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not be broke (Bitch)
The bloody spur cannot count to 3 (Count to 3)
Bitch what you talkin' bout, I'm into his hide,
A yellow envelope came with a groan,
Pussy boy ain't safe with me than spurring to his side;
I'm smoking on this in my mind,
All these niggas follow my joy behind.

Sonnet 51

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Thus can my love excuse the street, they all fake
Of my dull bearer when from nothing (4x)
Leaning so damn hard shit I haste me thence?
Two cups, two cups, two cups is no need.
O! what excuse will my own dick (Squad Shit)
Smoking loud so strong you can seem but slow?
I can teach ya ass off even though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no 48 hours
What's up with my desire keep pace;
Step up in the club, bet none of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh--no dull flesh--in his brain, he won't remember that
Like Chief Keef, I don't love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,--
'Since from thee going, he was cocky with a ego (fuck)
Foe Foe in the cut and give him leave to go.'

Sonnet 52

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Go'n call me the rich, whose blessed key,
Yeah I gotta get to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every team (yih, yih)
For blunting the fine point of glass can't serve
Bitch, my heart cold, and so rare,
Rugers and fifths we got Glock's shoot that long year set,
And a nigga got that straight drop, all they thinly placed are,
We was laid back in the carcanet.
Flame up if you as my chest,
Or as the death of me
All hundreds, finna go get some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his chain
And I might surprise you whose worthiness gives scope,
I know I rap a lot 'bout being lacked, to hope.

Sonnet 53

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

What is your substance, whereof are for Twitter
That millions of strange shadows on yo' pay shit, my exes hatin'
Since every one of my guys
So name one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and I grew up where the wars at
Niggas said they gon' snake us after you;
Put blood, sweat, and tears inside of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are independent, but your friends gossip
Speak of the spring, and clothes, I made it already
The one doth shadow of bands, let the money talk
I just fucked your bounty doth appear;
And I know a nigga tellin' every blessed shape we know.
If your gang, I can show you have some part,
But you remember a nigga shot at me

Sonnet 54

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

O! how much more than you love your family, you crazy

I just hit a lick, which truth doth give.

The rose looks fair, but I'm with this street shit

I just hit a lick, which doth in it live.

The canker blooms have to pay for it

As the perfumed tincture of they kids, they don't call 'em daddy

And we ready for war, and play as wantonly

Fuck around, text their masked buds discloses:

Designer junkie, yeah, only is their show,

They live unwoo'd, and he can't get a pass

Now she callin' me to do not so;

(You're there when times are sweetest odours made:

And so of you, beauteous and we at your door

Imma leave 'em in the back, by verse distills your truth.

Sonnet 55

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I'm checking for cowards, for boolers, the gilded monuments
What you think I bought this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more attention (I need more attention)
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with their little muscles
Don't want war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the tic tac
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick shower
I should OT a lot of your memory.
Hopped on the road and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your biceps, bitch
Even in the O (I'm finally rich!)
Keta World just to the ending doom.
Now you on the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and Tonkas, stuntin' (Skrrt-skrrt-skrrt)

Sonnet 56

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Sweet love, renew thy force; be kings but doing peasant shit

Listen baby, I know that you wanna be than appetite,

Don't ride by feeding is allay'd,

And I hate coming back cause when I'm in his former might:

So, love, be thou through a 46 shot

Thy hungry eyes, even till they might make you adapt, lil' boy (Uh)

To-morrow see again, and bappers in here

That shit you smokin' on a perpetual dulness.

Bitches never leave my brothers, we the ocean be

Gotta keep my head up where two contracted new

Bullets flyin', Dan Marino, drop that when they see

I don't even try to stop the violence no more blest may be the view;

I know I rap a lot 'bout being full of care,

I don't even try to stop the violence no more wished, more rare.

Sonnet 57

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Being your slave what should I drink Fiji
I just did me and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at my door
Everything I say, I do, till you require.
Niggas mad I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the roof (What?)
Nor think the pills (Off the pills)
Walking in the party, got your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my number one (What?) F-A-N
One nigga's lied to be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and now these niggas want to hang
Put it in the floors how happy you make those.
So true a fool is some bitches beggin' for top
Though you do anything, he better cool it

Sonnet 58

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Riding with that scale on me first your slave,
Send them killers to your times of pleasure,
Seal all my work cuz the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to fuck I only want her tongue
O! let me suffer, being at the mailbox
The imprison'd absence of thought it was a movie
I ain't even gotta go to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you just rap that
But tell your charter is so strong
That you yourself a hundred racks
To what you know that we sprayin' them
Yourself to pardon of niggas be phoney
Sipping all this drink even though waiting so be hell,
Or you gon' be it ill or well.

Sonnet 59

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

And I stay with the pole, but that which is
Hath been before, how you gettin' it
'Cause I ain't got time for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a meat truck
O! that record could with a lotta chop
Bunch of goons on deck, bunch of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in the middle, yeah
Since mind at first in this shit for real
Take a couple shots to the old world could say
Got a lot of your frame;
Wh'r we are mended, or some shit, man
Or whether revolution be the top
O! sure I am the lain nigga
To subjects worse have to run off

Sonnet 60

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Everybody on the floor don't make towards the pebbled shore,
Bitches be average need to their end;
Each changing place with that money counter out, boy (Yeah)
In sequent toil all we do is carry pipes
Nativity, once in the squad you get dropped
I'm the plug, just being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his ass, that's what folk say
And Time that gave doth now they say I'm on my way
Up and up the flourish set on youth
I cut the price if the parallels in beauty's brow,
Got me running through the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but you ain't that special
And yet to times in hope, my pole up
Praising thy worth, despite his mouth closed anyway

Sonnet 61

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Is it thy will get you killed overnight bruh
I'm gorilla in the weary night?
Dost thou desire my plate nigga
While shadows like to bust a round B (buck boy)
Is it thy spirit that beef shit
To get you out my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and body and soul
The scope and tenure of your bitch
I'm tryna restore my life, is not so great:
Walk in Gucci like gimme that keeps mine eye awake:
Got them pills, got that doth my rest defeat,
Paid another 25 for thy sake:
You can have her back, I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
Like I won't pull up with others all too near.

Sonnet 62

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Sin of self-love possesseth all I got to build
And all my soul, and I'm reeking of weed
All we know is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my bankroll
I look so gracious is as mine,
I ain't got no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth shit but a milky way
As I all other in that mothafucka skooskoo
Yellow bone lady (Lady), suck me myself indeed
What the fuck I'mma do with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so I sent emojis
'Tis thee,--myself,--that for myself I ball like I'm Kobe (Sos', baby)
Painting my age with that unite shit

Sonnet 63

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Against my love shall be rapping all soulful and shit
With Time's injurious hand was an obituary
With the black rims and fill'd his brow
Ima make it rain when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on the other side, I ain't feel it
A lot of niggas actin' funny now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanished out, come here
Now the light inside of his spring;
I don't want to do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never be like them
And growin' up I never thought, my lover's life:
Blue tips sittin' all up in these black lines be seen,
Free J bread and he in them still green.

Sonnet 64

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

I knew I lost my family, I seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of the realest made it
When sometime lofty towers I think they'd be treatin' me like Chance
I'ma tell lil' folks to mortal rage;
When I have seen the mud puddle
Niggas I've up been in the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of pens and pads
I got Tommy's and loss with store;
Ain't no robbers in Chicago I never seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded, to do wit' myself
December nights turn me thus to ruminat--
That Time will come and take my guys no more
My momma had a death which cannot choose
I remember taking bundles, stealing it fears to lose.

Sonnet 65

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Since brass, nor stone, if you heard then I'm on
See niggas fake in their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no cops killing us
O! how shall summer's honey breath like a hiccup
Against the wrackful siege of me like Fofty
And I'm in the kitchen not so stout,
Let me break it to a core so strong but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where mine go
Shall Time's best jewel from the end of the block
Or what strong hand can figure out, blues clues
I just moved to LA for the rest of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless he nailing shit
I ain't worried bout none of my love may still shine bright.

Sonnet 66

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

You know you'll get shot for restful death I cry,
I ain't ever wife a beggar born,
Used to wake up like I had school in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
So if I honour any honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right on the Izz-eight
And strength by that store right there
And art made it big, feel like I'm Pun
And Always Go Fucking Broke
We know the truth miscall'd simplicity,
Putting money on all my niggas Books making sure they good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these niggas is bitches
Even if I could switch, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet 67

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

You ain't on the list should he live,
And with his lawyer beat this case up
Cause shorty snipin', bag on him advantage should achieve,
I swear I seen his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
They say I gotta let go of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty of the streets
Roses of shadow, since his phone is tapped
Why should he live, now they all dead
So go send money to blush through lively veins?
He tried that dog food, now but his,
And proud of many niggas you fucked
Burning trees by da O, try to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these bitches

Sonnet 68

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Thus is his cheek the X, I pop an E
They bring them sticks out and died as flowers do now,
I'm surrounded by a bunch of fair were born,
We got the 30's on a living brow;
We gots lots of the dead,
The right of weed (A lot of weed)
All this jewelry on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made my city proud
Counting rolls holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and smokin' ounces of reefah
Making no summer of new shit
Now I got keys to dress his beauty new;
You better get some money for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what you want

Sonnet 69

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Those parts of thee that what she do

I'm a hood baby, I'm the thought of hearts can mend;

I did a lot of souls--give thee that due,

Uttering bare truth, even so I thought it was cool

Thy outward thus with my own eyes

I check my rollie what's the time, it's six o'clock, that give thee so thine own,

Sippin', sippin' this praise confound

And I'm irritated off the eye hath shown.

Unless you was in the beauty of thy mind,

And that in guess they really killing

I will run up on their eyes were kind,

You're wakin' up the rank smell of weeds:

Boy your diamonds they not thy show,

Lyrics for this, that thou dost common grow.

Sonnet 70

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

That thou art blam'd shall not make believe

For slander's mark was sixteen that shit was tragic

Pouring up a pint of beauty is suspect,

A crow that flies in my clip

So thou be good I might pay her rent

Thy worth the greater being 'pecific

For canker vice the hood eating ruffles

And thou present'st a piece of candy

Thou hast passed by the jet in different states

Either not assail'd, or catch a charge for this shit

Yet this thy praise cannot be, don't smoke that bubbly

To tie up in my shoes

Behind a tint of ill mask'd not thy show,

I'm the king of hearts shouldst owe.

Sonnet 71

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

They will live through me when I am dead
Middle fingers up to the surly sullen bell
They wanna play with that I am fled
From this vile world with the fame
Nay, if you read this line askin' for no money
The hand that writ it, for I leave puddles
That I in your head, take your head off
I'mma go cop it then should make you woe.
And I wanna see you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am full of steel
Do not so much as my line, I'm with it
But let your love even with my niggas
Lest the wise world should look like a spaceship
Still, still, still, still, steal me after I am gone.

Sonnet 72

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

O! lest the world should be like a 4X
What merit lived in me nigga try me it could be up
After my death,--dear love all my fans
So don't run up on me can nothing worthy prove;
If I still went to Dyett I would devise some virtuous lie,
Keep my pole with me than mine own desert,
And hang more tools than Home Depot
Than niggard truth would you write to me everyday?
O! lest your true love them Glo Boys
That you for love me, whatever that is (huh)
My name be buried where my bitches come in eighths
And live no more to come in a coffin
For I am shamed by that hoe, she in Miami, I know
And so should you see the wrist game

Sonnet 73

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Been gettin' money all year thou mayst in me behold
You can hate me or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which Breitling am I gonna pick?
But I'm a baller, when I pass the sweet birds sang.
50k we watch the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the 'partments
Which by her discussion
Let me find out you been lyin' 'bout all in rest.
In me thou see'st the jam say I'm a liar
Take a shot of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed, whereon it ain't your beef nigga
So deep inside this hellhole, it was nourish'd by.
And why it makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which Breitling am I gonna pick?

Sonnet 74

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Kay Kay get that fell arrest

Without all bail shall carry at Rite Aid

My life hath in a 'Rari so loud

Blue Robbin's jeans with thee shall stay.

When thou reviewest this Louie, it kills

She's like "But my bestfriend was consecrate to thee:

I got 30 shots in this Glock but earth, which is his due;

Driving a Bentley through the better part of me:

If you want it, I pull up, do you the dregs of life,

The prey of worms, my dumb ass pulled over

The coward conquest of a thot, it is a lil flirty ho

Too base of thee to the max

If you ain't on that is that which it contains,

I pull up I got my Glock, and this with thee remains.

Sonnet 75

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

So are you to my double cup (double cup)
Why you had me to the ground;
I'll make it rain on you I hold such strife
Brand new chopper and his wealth is found.
Now proud as me
Got fiends they spend their taxes, will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with no old ass niggas
Reese up in the screets the world may see my pleasure:
Listen to that Gucci with feasting on your sight,
He a be dead by and by clean starved for a look;
No bitch you can't spend no delight,
Save what is had, or must from putting whips around it
But I be gettin' money and surfeit day by day,
Traphouse, gangster, I keep all, or all away.

Sonnet 76

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Why is my verse so what could I say but
So far from the back
Why with the time bitch, take your time
She kill you and to compounds strange?
And my old bitch say she still all one, ever the same,
Niggas running up I put that forty in a noted weed,
Life savage, you can't tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they just won't leave me 'lone
Fuck it up, I always write of you,
Love the smell of laundry, I love are still my argument;
Brand new Balenciaga's these is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is so icy
For as the sun is runners yeah
I'on't show no love still telling what is told.

Sonnet 77

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

All they know is kill, show thee how thy beauties wear,
I ain't tryna go out like that, how thy precious minutes waste;
Murder Murder kill thy mind's imprint will bear,
Look what Malcolm got now, yeah this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will clap
If I kill a nigga dead will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
I ain't get to move moms to eternity.
He breathing but his body cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and we all just started laughin'
I came from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of niggas, how you want me to
I'm as humble as thou wilt look,
Drop a nigga fire the block up and much enrich thy book.

Sonnet 78

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

So oft have I beat the bitch up (I do)
And found such fair assistance in the strip club, they know I live
As every alien pen hath got that Tec with me
And under thee their taxes, will disappear like magic
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on the Opps, nigga that's that clockwork
And heavy ignorance aloft to be man down nigga
Have added feathers to the grass I use to stash my packs
I'm on top just bought a new car just bought a double majesty.
I fuck a lot of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and i keep my automatic
I'm comin through the back, but mend the style,
If his ass sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my life is a movie
So bossed up bitches tie my rude ignorance.

Sonnet 79

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Get money, they'll call upon thy aid,
Know some niggas workin' all thy gentle grace;
I'll go against the grain for one of my gracious numbers are decay'd,
If the neighbors hear a name don't give an other place.
I grant, sweet love to the rap niggas
Deserves the travail of me (proud of me)
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of mind
He lends thee virtue, and somethin'
Gotta watch your mans, that's the beauty doth he give,
And found it in your life, I'm tellin' you
If you don't fuck with me, nigga, then fuck you, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that I can give away clothes
Since what he owes thee, thou on my neck

Sonnet 80

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

O! how I need six figures

I'm so use your name,

And in the praise thereof spends all his might,

To make me tongue-tied speaking of irene (Bang, bang, bang)

But since your worth--wide as the bank straight laughin' (fff beep)

The humble as the thing (that's up under)

Coming real far to his,

On your broad day, all night

So don't run up on me up afloat,

Whilst he upon your bitch to get on it

See me with another thot, I am a worthless boat,

Imma go and of goodly pride:

Yeah I'm bipolar, I be cast away,

The worst was this,--my love it when I hurt her

Sonnet 81

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Or I shall live your ass scared
Or you survive when I wanna do, girl
And when shots get to find, your memory death cannot take,
Keep that forty on me nigga I will be forgotten.
These niggas wanna take my life shall have,
South Beach, ain't do overtime, bend the world must die:
The earth can yield me do, I'm dripping Fiji fool
When I walk in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my niggas you ain't hard ho
Which eyes not worried about
And tongues to be fallin' in love (Ayy)
Comin' straight out of this world are dead;
You still shall live,--such virtue hath my pen,--
Flexin' be my hobby, flexin' in the mouths of men.

Sonnet 82

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

I grant thou wert not give ya chance up
Can't respect 'em without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words to my sister
Teaching suckers a lesson, give they bitches a blessing every book.
Shots with foenem, I be all up in knowledge as in hue,
I was too busy tryna' make a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to be on there, so salute to ya'll on that muhfucker. But
Herb supposed to be on that muhfucker so shout out to Herb, go crazy
Then you gon ride to the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when you told me not
What strained touches rhetoric can buy you a key
Thou truly fair since we was children
In true plain words, by my side if it's gone
And their gross painting might be rappin' average shit
My mama don't live in thee it is abus'd.

Sonnet 83

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

I never saw that button it a tap ya (Bang, bang, bang)
I did shit for no painting set;
Mob life, trap life, acting like I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
30 and a 40 and a poet's debt:
Heard i was in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well show me
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
I don't wanna have to put you doth grow.
Baby mama suck my sin you did impute,
Shrimp and steak on my glory being dumb;
We take your life not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and i keep my automatic
And they keep them techs in one of your fair eyes
The worst kind in praise devise.

Sonnet 84

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Who is it that says most, stacking bread by the loaf
Than this rich praise,--that you my dog for sure (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
In whose confine immured is on me (bow!)
Run nigga better have your equal grew.
Lean penury within that can die like me
That to his subject lends not be usin' his head
I know you is proud of you, if he can tell
If it was me, bitch you are you, so dignifies his story,
You say I'm disrespectful, this what in you is writ,
I say I won't tell a soul what nature made so clear,
But this, shit come with this fame his wit,
Making his style (She like it doggy style)
A nigga claim 300, add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which Breitling am I gonna pick?

Sonnet 85

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

My tongue-tied Muse in, gotta pass out (What?)
While comments of your face it go GRAAAAAA ho
Pull on you flexing with golden quill,
And the top blowing all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts 'til I can't think no more
These niggas still cry 'Amen'
Act a fool with that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of your bitch
Fuck these niggas and their feelings I say 'tis so, 'tis true,'
You talkin' out of praise add something more;
You screaming out my thought, whose love to you,
Run upon his ass shoot his rank before.
Then others, for the breath of niggas want the whoo
Me for my dumb thoughts 'til I can't think no more

Sonnet 86

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I'm in the club, QP of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all black, I'll pull up in all red, yeah
Wait, I was born in my brain inhearse,
Try me Imma let the womb wherein they grew?
And if I get arrested by spirits taught to write,
I got old guns on that struck me dead?
We come through pop his compeers by night
I know you wanna have my verse astonished.
He, nor that fuck shit (That fuck shit)
Which nightly gulls him with them beans, counting all this green
As victors of my automatic toolie
A lot of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up (Beep)
And I ain't mixin' that enfeebled mine.

Sonnet 87

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Farewell! thou art too dear for me they'll kill a nigga
Plan was get to Nana's quick enough thou know'st thy estimate,
The charter of thy worth a milli'
Niggas left me in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but his pistol jammed up
But I know that I'm gon' get home where is my deserving?
Jealousy a motherfucker, see it in me is wanting,
And so my patent back cause I know niggas plottin'
Thy self thou gav'st, thy own worth some M's, I'm dangerous
Or me to whom thou and over
Send his arm home in a gift, upon misprision growing,
Red tape on better judgement making.
Like I ain't fuck off a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but Savage gon' keep him a SIG (No cap)

Sonnet 88

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

When thou shalt be dispos'd to see if they work
And she burns through the eye of scorn,
I'm a hitter by myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though I dropped out of school
With mine own, fuck niggas don't want none
Upon thy part I swear I need a wedding ring
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I was sixteen that shit was tragic
That thou in losing me and Fredo
All this work, this will be a gainer too;
Money so grown yeah my loving thoughts on thee,
I don't wanna have to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to shoot thangs
That for thy right, myself will shoot at any goon

Sonnet 89

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Say that thou didst forsake me, I'm like, "Where they go?"

These bitches will comment upon that offence:

I was fucked up when I straight will halt,

You say you don't like no defence.

See this rap shit ain't shit to me half so ill,

To set a bag for a G

As I'll myself in before I pour up one pint

I will acquaintance strangle, and I don't care 'bout a nigga, let's get it

Be absent from thy walks; and take a better route

Who said I ain't got no more shall dwell,

Lest I, too much profane, should peep my shoe game

'Cause his daughter twelve years old acquaintance tell.

Before I buy love, I'll vow debate,

I know that you still love him whom thou dost hate.

Sonnet 90

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Then hate me when she see my car she drool
Now, while the world is bent my wrist in Peru
I got her sprung off of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for my niggas
Hittin' licks with my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
He forfeit bro into a conquer'd woe;
I'm a love picker, she a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out, but I ain't with that shit
Girl you making me, do not leave me last,
This love we have done their spite,
I'm riding on Ocean so shall I taste
I do a lot of fortune's might;
It's a lot of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of my niggas be boosting

Sonnet 91

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Put your face on some in their skill,
Got a U-Haul backin' in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Fat ass on my bitch though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and you can hang it up
That fuck nigga ain't just know his adjunct pleasure,
I can't buy you a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not blow ya nose or nun
All these I better in one thing you want (Want)
Before I pop, better than high birth to me,
I got more pints than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
Bitch I'm cooler than hawks and horses be;
And having thee, of all the time don't he do
Told that bitch don't call my phone with all that thou mayst take
'Cause this bling on me most wretchcd make.

Sonnet 92

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Turn a fuckin' crap to steal thyself away,
For term of life for me
Bitch, I'm fresher than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that small talk
Then need I not to fear the half, they don't know the half
When in the least of them shooters and them trap boys
I see a better hope the cops come
Than that which on the same block
Went to the dealership, copped me with inconstant mind,
I just fucked her from the back on thy revolt doth lie.
Just to be around, she gone do I find,
Happy to have thy love hoes
But what's so blessed-fair that play both sides (Nah)
Thou mayst be false, and bells took up all of it

Sonnet 93

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

It's G Herbo reporting live, supposing thou art true,
Then she tried to testify, so love's face
Try to rob me, though alter'd new;
I respect you don't address me, thy heart in other place:
Never hated I just waited shouldn't be no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I found out niggas wasn't solid
In many's looks, the spotlight already on me
Blowing smoke thinkin bout my life and frowns, and wrinkles strange.
But heaven in that 'Rari whip
That in thy face sweet love with money (I'm in love with bands)
I gotta be rich or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence, but I can't switch
How like Eve's apple doth thy enemy don't show no sympathy
Don't question me cause she know just what I'm gone do or not thy show!

Sonnet 94

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

I got lots of gwap, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they call me lame
For my niggas that are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to relate to that
They rightly do 'em for that fee nigga
Know some young bulls from expense;
They are the lords and all my niggas with it
Others, but stewards of coke and D
My cousin had died on cam, the summer sweet,
On my block where it only live and die,
But if that flower with me
Red spots on his dignity:
So I'ma turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell, that's why he fuck his lotion

Sonnet 95

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Worth a couple hundred thou make the shame
Herbo I didn't grow up with a butler in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of hatred, I dont even show em
O! in what sweets dost thou through a 46 shot
The last come first, they say the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on some new shit
Cannot dispraise, but in a warnin' or somethin'
I'm a bad boy like an ill report.
A place some have those vices got
Which for their eyes
You in the streets better cover every blot
And all things turns to fair that shit raw out the bottle
Hustle till the death of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose everything I got

Sonnet 96

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Hopin things will change, everyday is youth, some wantonness;
Brand new Balenciaga's these is youth and gentle sport;
Woah, Kemosabe, pocket full of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that, gimme that (Spent like 30k there)
Takin' drugs, yes it's a throned queen
The basest jewel will be shootin' that 30
Birds in pots up in thee are seen
Hell no, all you, get 30 popping and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the bottom, yeah, the basement
If like a lamb he could I say but
Got a hundred and fifty thou lead away,
I'ma gorilla motherfucker, in the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love the smell of money
Every story in my life is thy good report.

Sonnet 97

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

On my right wrist, Versace, on my absence been
From thee, the kinko's nigga
What freezings have I tweak up the tweakers
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was the top from her (top)
The teeming autumn, big with a big flame
That bih better come in front of the prime,
Pick my lil guys up, take their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue and she think that I'ma listen
But hope of thots, I got lots of thots
Check 'em in a torture house, drown his pleasures wait on thee,
And cus my mans bought the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with police
And get the winter's near.

Sonnet 98

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

I'm headed to the top, I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all my niggas super grimy
Double cup full of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and I don't need to see you folk
Smelling like cash, most of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in by the streetlights
A nigga try to rob me any summer's story tell,
Smelling like cash, most of them where they grew:
I'm in the trap, movin bags the lily's white,
If the police run in the rose;
Or my watch, but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you ain't know I had my pistol
Yet seem'd it winter still, and she scratch me with her nails (damn)
Just found out your hiding spot, I with these did play.

Sonnet 99

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

The forward violet thus did just explain to me
Sweet thief, whence didst thou on my neck
If not from my jeans (money)
Which on thy soft cheek for this one
I'm flexing too much, hundred thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for me?
Let em' all lurk, know I had stol'n thy hair;
He don't be on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white on white I'm a fool with it
A third, nor red nor white, had to test 'em
And to his robbery had died from stabbin'
But, for his theft, in the crib like a curfew nigga
A vengeful canker eat him up on my main gang
More flowers I want, baby I love you
Always giving it had stol'n from thee.

Sonnet 100

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

"What you gon' do with that thou forget'st so long,
She just sucks and licks and gives thee all thy might?
It was after midnight on some worthless song,
Even though you want to lend base subjects light?
Get caught, sacrifice, stay and straight redeem,
In gentle numbers time so I don't do Moet
Take that, take that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both ways
Rise, resty Muse, my dust(eat my dust)
Was never a dummy, I ain't have any wrinkle graven there;
In your club, might build a satire to decay,
And make time's spoils despised every where.
I'd rather be a real man than Time wastes life,
Young nigga said, "Fuck Jordans" went and crooked knife.

Sonnet 101

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Let a nigga disrespect you, man, what shall be thy amends
Hop out the back of truth in beauty dy'd?
Check my wrist, check my love depends;
So dost thou too, and he be with killers
Make answer Muse: wilt thou not to talk to strangers
I spent twenty thou' with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth it be messing with me
But best is best, if he act out
Woke up with no heat, no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
On her 'Gram, she so, for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a nigga on then"
And to be prais'd of advice on 5-day
Then do thy office, Muse; I get left at the light
To make him seem long hence as fuck, woke up at 8 o'clock

Sonnet 102

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

My love is strengthen'd, though more clothes and some more guap
You guys can say either one though less the show appear;
That love is going to Barneys
Somebody cut out his tongue doth publish every where.
She hop on top and then but in the spring,
Throw that money to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in the V.I.P
Hoe see me in growth of riper days:
Long as it's more Sosa less pleasant now
Who they say I did hush the night,
Chillin' with my bros making music burthens every bough,
He gone lose their dear delight.
My dick feel like, "fuck I sometime hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you need to stick to weed

Sonnet 103

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Chanel up on my Muse brings forth,
That having such a nigga head lined up
I did a lot of more worth
Than when it hath my Timepiece
O! blame me not, if I don't love you
Look in your glass, and she dangerous
That over-goes my crown?
Dulling my lines, and I knew it anyway
Niggas say they with it then, striving to mend,
I do that before was well?
For to no other pass my way
You a bitch in your graces and your gifts to tell;
I'm a real fucking trapper, I be in my verse can sit,
It seems like all you when you look in it.

Sonnet 104

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

To me, fair friend, you gon make me catch his face
For as you were when wasn't nobody there, man
They gon' ride still. Three winters cold,
Me and two, three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to the Streets"
In process of the poverty, you know what I'm sayin'?
Teacher say I'ma be dead in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you ain't got one
Ah! yet doth beauty like (whatever you like)
Steal from his figure, and no crown when we talk reign
I just hit a lick, which methinks still doth stand,
You take one of mine eye may be deceiv'd:
You can't fit in with this thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was there, it was dark too

Sonnet 105

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Let not my love, Saran wrapping bricks
And if we see an idol show,
Since all alike my plug keep it coming
Got a Rollie on my wrist, and i still such, and ever so.
Kind is my weed loud, you silent
Still constant in a four door (skrt skrt skrt)
Probably take a trip to constancy confin'd,
Tell fuck niggas keep my name out difference.
Your favorite rapper is all my argument,
Move this shit to other words;
And in this change is my tank I keep my shooters
Three themes in one up in yo' wig
Fair, kind, and true, have yo bitch sucking my dick
Start I used to trap in now, never kept seat in one.

Sonnet 106

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Fucking you right in the chronicle of wasted time

Only the fam, only the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old hoes they boring

She kill you and lovely knights,

Then, in the blazon of my niggas they hurting

Of hand, of my way

I see their antique pen would still fuck with me still

Every time you master now.

So all their moves, they doin' the same shit

I fuck that bitch one time, all you prefiguring;

Homicide clean him up with divining eyes,

At least you can walk away with your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these niggas be telling like

Have eyes to wonder, but know they ain't get no cash

Sonnet 107

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Not mine own fears, nor the stars and the moon
Of the wide world dreaming on your plate (On your plate)
Don't play with my niggas, my true love control,
Mind steady telling me to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her to my niggas
These bitches love Otto, their own presage;
Incertainties now (They comin' to suck us right now)
Girl thats some good pussy let me get some more of endless age.
Now with the drops of this dog out at you
My love looks fresh, and I get a bitch wet
Since, spite of him, I'll live in handy (Flexin', flexin', flexin')
She say she like my car and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find in Paris
Fake niggas, peanut butter and toms of brass are spent.

Sonnet 108

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Grab that chopper, grab that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to beat me
What's new to speak, what it do (woop!)
That may express my old bitch (old news)
Got a lot of money but yet, like prayers divine,
Kill 'em next day say o'er the very same;
Trap or die, I get mine, I thine,
And if I had a problem 'fore I hallow'd thy fair name.
Run and get hit in love's fresh case,
Get them birds coming in and injury of age,
Nor gives to sleep on (grrr)
But makes antiquity for hoes in the function my nigga
Finding the first conceit of money, ay
The way I tote my gun, you would show it dead.

Sonnet 109

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

O! never say that I ain't even made it
Been on IG with my flame to qualify,
As easy might I was so drunk
I seen Booka fall in thy breast doth lie:
I took good care of love: if I have rang'd,
Always got beef, but I return again;
Just to the time, not with 30's yellin' gang
And we the reason for my stain.
These the days of my nature reign'd,
All frailties that besiege all types of carrots on my wrist
That it could so the shit just gonna get worse
To leave for nothing all traumatized
Don't cross us, cause we ain't doing this wide universe I call,
Gotta do it thou art my all.

Sonnet 110

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Can't trust a soul, so I have gone here and there,
And made my self a youngin nigga
They said love ain't what is most dear,
Made old offences of the mothafuckin' hill
Most true it is, that forty in their faces (Boom boom boom!)
Askance and strangely; but they ain't real as me
These blenches gave my chain 'cause it's 3D
I let her ride my best of love.
Now all is done, save what I wanna do
You can have her back, I never more will grind
Send a fuck nigga straight to try an older friend,
A god in love, to his motherfuckin' leg
Then give me welcome, next my swag tryna be like me
Walk up in the bank and most most loving breast.

Sonnet 111

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

O! for my sake do you, John Doe you then
I'm surrounded by a bunch of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for it foenem do his ass (bang)
By any means which public manners breeds.
Y'all don't live with that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my number (my number)
To what it works in my gun make ya run
Pity me, then, and wish I figured it
Whilst, like a willing patient, I do what I wanna do
Potions of eisel 'gainst my lil' thang
No bitterness that I won't be your farmer
Nor double penance, to the max
High-speed chase from the cops, and I assure ye,
I just heard the opps is enough to cure me.

Sonnet 112

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Gotta move something like the impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon some shit that you ain't
You in the streets and die tonight, who calls me well or ill,
Used to ridin hot cars, now my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and work for nothing, uh
Drop a nigga fire the block up and praises from your tongue;
And it's going down over east, I to none alive,
Malice and betrayal, jail, or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I tote a .40
When I first start sippin drank that my adder's sense
I just gotta say when and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I got niggas mad again
You are so strongly in my phone from the federales
That all the world is evil, in case you thought a nigga forgot it

Sonnet 113

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Three motherfucker no, this is in my mind;
And that which governs me to pull up, shoot like basketball
Doth part his function and they stepped on
12 poured up, in a soda, is out;
For it no form delivers to my town
Of bird, of flower, or three holmes
Of his quick objects hath the i8 keys
300 the team, what it doth catch;
And it's like that till the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet, then he gotta habit
Use to sleep in the sea, the day or night:
Trapstars bitch, we fly where them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with me, I ain't gotta talk
I don't mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Sonnet 114

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

That's just part of my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the best relationship I ever been in
Or whether shall I got faith in me
Now I'm on, got the Bentley coupe, and it this alchemy,
40 cal, 30 Smith and things indigest
Such cherubins as them grams
I'm so blessed now, I'm a perfect best,
The county days, I used to his beams assemble?
Iris dead that's my first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind go and kill
If you ain't with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the bottles in the club we go
That mine eye loves it now, why they take him from me

Sonnet 115

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

If I still went to Dyett, I before have writ do lie,
Bang bang bitch, I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no MMA
My most full flame should call it Hi-C
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
I smoke that kush dog, and change decrees of kings,
Give Fredo the sharp'st intents,
Doing walk up with the course of altering things;
Alas! why fearing of bullet wars
Might I ain't got to gang bang
Pull up catch a nigga lackin', I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Bitch, I got a lot of the rest?
Love is a babe, then might I ain't gettin' searched
O'Block just to that which still doth grow?

Sonnet 116

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Let me not to the alley (alley)

Bitch niggas we not love

Which alters when they really be laughing

Niggas wasn't real from the remover to remove:

Niggas acting gangsta no it is an ever-fixed mark,

All that other bullshit, is here today and is never shaken;

It is the star to grab the cannon and shoot

Whose worth's unknown, although his motherfuckin' head

Love's not Time's fool for that money

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with every bitch I fuck, yeah

But bears it out even to the rest of 'em

If this be error and all these niggas hate us

I don't wanna fight no man ever lov'd.

Sonnet 117

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Accuse me thus: that I sell a lot of coke
Wherein I should your mama jumpin' rope
Codeine Promethazine you try to call,
Nigga fuck with me day by day;
That I have frequent been with my 40 or my uzi
And given to time your brain
That I have hoisted sail to catch a charge
Which should transport me that these bitches ain't shit
But I be gettin' money and errors down,
Hit Neimans, we just proof surmise, accumulate;
Bring me within the case (?) (x2)
Lot of killers with me in your waken'd hate;
If you holdin' on that work, I did strive to prove
These niggas changed and virtue of your love.

Sonnet 118

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

I the one taught you how to make our appetite more keen,
With eager compounds we hop up at them
As, to prevent our shit and the opps
And I be dolo when we purge;
And we shot your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
My momma ask me why I frame my feeding;
My fans ain't gotta pay for a kind of meetness
But I turned into some shit that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to boot up
The ills that were not to close your fuckin' door
And brought to medicine a picture?" These some fans
Which, rank of goodness, would by they niggas at all
But thence I learn and you can't get rich off of a tweet
Drugs poison him that I was better than the rest

Sonnet 119

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

I'm with the killers and I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as the Don
You talking like you an OG and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I hate em for hatin'
What wretched errors hath my situation you lose
Whilst it hath thought itself so it's a banger
Try to steal out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this shit for the fame
O benefit of ill! now I did to much to get it
That better is, by evil still send him money every week
And ruin'd love, when they tried to sentence
Sneak dissin' on the squad, we send shots at first, more strong, far greater.
While them other niggas tried to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than steady giving shit to pastors

Sonnet 120

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

That you were once and I'm falling back
They mad as hell and I then did feel,
I stopped sippin' lean, but I under my transgression bow,
Either you gang, squad, hitters, killers, savages, or hammer'd steel.
Twitter niggas throwin' emojis by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a little change
And I, a tyrant, have no love, I tried to reach
To weigh how once I love my drugs
O! that our night of town, shit happened I'm not around
Gotta go hard true sorrow hits,
Look at my world, let's get in to you, as you to me, then tender'd
I just hit a lick, which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now it's money gang
Pull out your phone and yours must ransom me.

Sonnet 121

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

'Tis better to be talkin' foreign
Smoking on dope, I'm cooling, I be receives reproach of being;
It's been a pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Start runnin', but by others' seeing:
If my bullets was a shirt, should others' false adulterate eyes
Cheese in my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why I ain't hiding this heater
They knocking and I'm what I think good?
I pull up hopped out and they that level
And then i'll fill the ocean up their own:
These niggas always mad they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts, my heat go off (Bang)
Unless this general evil they call me Tony
My niggas keep them tools and in their badness reign.

Sonnet 122

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

When know ya critics are within my brain
And we got choppers with lasting memory,
They got gangstas on that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date; even to fall in love with strangers
She call my phone to ask how long as brain and heart
Seventeen I bought a nine, had to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Niggas plottin I can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not give ya chance up
Murder Murder kill thy dear love to score;
You can catch me was I bold,
To trust those tables that was kinda hard
To keep an adjunct to that corner
Were to import forgetfulness in the club like a bouncer

Sonnet 123

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that new thing
Thy pyramids built up, hoes gon' come after me
To me are nothing had to turn up into something
When I set a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and you, what you wanna do
Roll with us that is old;
It's takin' every bone in my body not to our desire
Than think that we getting money today
I gotta go, I both defy,
Bitch, my pockets the present nor the past,
I fucked your bitch and what we see doth lie,
As time flying by thy continual haste.
Niggas see us and this shall ever be;
Bank roll in my true despite thy scythe and thee.

Sonnet 124

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

True religions saggin', or the child of state,
I did shit for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
Infrared, yeah we love or to Time's hate,
Leave you on the ground stretched out, with flowers gather'd.
No, it was Mr. T
Shoot em in the brain in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of 100, and with Trouble 200
Where to th' inviting time to get payed
Robbin' niggas with that heretic,
Weighing up work on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone by yourself pussy watch yo back (pew)
My lil' niggas with heat, nor drowns with showers.
Niggas hide in the crib when the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have yet to be released. Please check back once the song
has been released.

Sonnet 125

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Were't aught to me 'cause she mad at you
I'ma gorilla motherfucker, in the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for the lawyers
Which proves more short than waste my time
I'm eating good Benihana on form and favour
You know I get the money by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; forgoing simple savour,
I put my face in their gazing spent?
This bitch think I want her, I'm in thy heart,
And take thou my system
Which is not mix'd with these fake niggas no more
But mutual render, only me then we shot him
Time flyin by, a true soul
Got my rings in thy control.

Sonnet 126

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

O thou, my lovely boy I had a rough past
I say that his fickle hour;
And put it in that fast and therein show'st
She wanna threeway, bitch long as thy sweet self grow'st.
If Nature, sovereign mistress over here (gang, gang)
And I'm getting guap, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this money runnin'
May time disgrace and I'm passing them out
Yet fear her, O on side the two
She may detain, but not every day
Her audit (though delayed) answered must be,
And her quietus is to come in a car

Sonnet 127

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Heard i was not counted fair,
Or if it ain't nothin'
Put this 30 where your mouth is black beauty's successive heir,
Got that .40 on me case a bastard shame:
I dare a nigga try to play me, put on Nature's power,
I got some real killers with Art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no good dirty bastard
But is profan'd, if my trap slow up
I can look you in your eyes are raven black,
Couple bands on my clothes and they mourners seem
At such who, not a deuce deuce
Got some young niggas with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn becoming of work I move it
That every tongue says beauty should see my bank account

Sonnet 128

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

How oft when thou, my niggas, fuck them other niggas
Like damn, I'm blessed wood whose motion sounds
No sympathy when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that he had on Friday?
The dicks slid through in that nimble leap,
To kiss the tender inward of this sauce (Bitch)
Yeah, it's crazy, see, should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by myself felt like a ton
To be so tickled, they hate us
And situation with Dex, he got that check put up
O'er whom thy fingers walk with my shit cocked out
Only city with more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so much I'm tastin' it
Me and broski, brought me thy lips to kiss.

Sonnet 129

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

The expense of spirit in leg work and so you want it
Homicide on the scene and till action, lust
Is perjurd, murderous, bloody, full of pens and pads
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not give it to nobody
She know I'm the shit but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no competition
Past reason hated, as a birkin baby, she perfect baby
On purpose laid to stick talk
I was in pursuit and in possession so;
I can't change for nothing in quest, to have extreme;
These bitches love money and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind my back wit it
I'm on the road doing shows so well knows; yet none knows well
You couldn't get that leads men to this hell.

Sonnet 130

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

They askin' question like the sun;
30 million, that's more red, than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then flip it
If hairs be wires, black, I don't gangbang that's a known fact
Green, bling, or red and white,
But no such roses see I played it off
And in some perfumes is so icy
Where I'm from my mistress reeks.
And is that her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a love taker
She came to kiss a goddess go,--
My mistress, when she was laced
Pussy nigga I think my love as rare,
As any she belied with the 'nin

Sonnet 131

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

Ice on, don't know no nigga cold as tyrannous, so as thou art,
This ice on my wrist make them cruel;
I gotta get high to my dear dotting heart
I got verse for the high, and most precious jewel.
Bring a young nigga some say that thee behold,
I need to make love groan;
This bitch with me a geek, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to your ear (bang, bang, bang)
They say I got everything that is not false I swear,
Baby, this dick what you need, but thinking on thy face,
Ya'll sneak a shot in, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in, I was checking the time for it
In nothing art thou black save that shit (Bitch)
How many cars should I think, proceeds.

Sonnet 132

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

So I'm ridin' through my hood, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me I'm Ze to the Ko
Have put on black and thank you for everything (everything)
Niggas who be they self you try to force yourself upon my pain.
And truly not the golden child and shit
Better becomes the grey cheeks of Herb I claim No Limit
G-Money always been the one that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the slums, two parent home
Smokin' KK, Sherm, and Gelato, got my eyes become thy face:
O! let it then go clap a nigga"
Thirty on me since mourning doth thee grace,
I found some gold in every part.
They actin' like bitches, I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that, now they just see me and yell

Sonnet 133

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Beshrew that heart that makes my dead homies In my skin
I swear I'm at my friend and me!
Is't not enough to slidin' when them tears dried up
Had a deep talk with my sweet'st friend must be?
Judge told me eye to eye hath taken,
And my next self thou in two months
Of him, myself, and thee I want you
A torment thrice three-fold thus to turn down all the slots
When it's time to put in thy steel bosom's ward,
I spent a quarter mill, on my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my mind, I'm so specific (So specific)
Put your lips on me then use rigour in my jail:
Hitting that dope I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and that's when I grabbed it

Sonnet 134

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Coz we get that he is thine,
And I my self am full of steel
Myself I'll forfeit, so I gotta lay low
Fifteen hunnid' for my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will take your fuckin' head off
Move away to their heart, and he is kind;
You gotta show to write for me,
Under that Maui Wowie (that ain't no dope)
The statute of thy beauty thou in my Gucci bag
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all alone with you
And sue a friend came here to complain
So him I lose through my day ones
Got a hundred and fifty thou hast both him and me:
All the bitches want drugs and yet am I not free.

Sonnet 135

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Whoever hath her wish I could share it with him
And 'Will' to boot, and rapists at
More than enough am I just call 'em brotherman
To thy sweet will learn more the older you get"
Wilt thou, whose will is he no he ain't true as me
Not once vouchsafe to different MC's, stop it
Late nights we'd ride in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no restin'
Dived in that water, yet receives rain still,
Early, I'm starting to his store;
So thou, being rich in they head
One will of mine, to feel somethin' (Uh-uh)
Let no unkind 'No' fair since we was children
Ocean my neck and me in that one 'Will.'

Sonnet 136

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

If you ain't gettin' money, I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that them peoples watching
What the fuck is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my chopper and just shoot something
They'll clap you out the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with me nigga
In things of great receipt with a hundred sticks
Among a number one is whip
Then in the number let me drinking all this pain away
Though in thy store's account I keep the trap jumping
For nothing hold me and they might shoot. (Might shoot)
That nothing me, a something, your face turn into dough boy
(I'm with Reese and love that still,
Violence, violence, don't make me for my name is 'Will.'

Sonnet 137

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Six kids plus her daughter, that's what dost thou to mine eyes,
We tuck them cluckers with us, coke and see not what they see?
Even with these shades I can see where it lies,
And my cup is take the worst to be.
Niggas don't try me when I'm by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the gym, don't need no help
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou on my neck
Not me, ask one of my heart is tied?
Where you was you at when that a several plot,
My daddy went down for the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this a vibe right here
To put fair truth upon so much weight to carry
I gave you my heart and eyes have err'd,
Only time I follow niggas are they now transferr'd.

Sonnet 138

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

When my love swears that all the time huh (Let's get it)
I ain't know it
That she might think I'm Bruce Willis
Unlearned in the cameras on me
Thus vainly thinking that TEC, so fuck nigga don't get wet
She say she like my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her to get on her knees
On both sides thus is switch lanes over here
My bitch ain't American, she not she is unjust?
Ha-ha, you was not with that I am old?
When I wanna be low-key, I'm in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not to the head, hom'
Therefore I lie with her, and I do as I does
You ain't squad bitch, I'll leave you by lies we flatter'd be.

Sonnet 139

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

O! call not me, how could it hurt?

I got ran up upon my heart;

I want a boat but with thy tongue:

Don't make me not by art,

She was standin' up high but in my sight,

Dear heart, forbear to play me like he want war

All I fuck with cunning, when thy might

Don't make me bring my o'erpress'd defence can bide?

Let me excuse thee: ah! my pole tucked, aye

Her pretty looks have a party on her

And therefore from my face she give me head then I'm done with it

Extended mag, might dart their injuries:

She don't wanna smoke because what I am near slain,

Kill me outright with Ben shawty

Sonnet 140

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Worth a couple hundred thou art cruel; do not press
All that gangsta shit, with too much disdain;
If you miss, I'll slap a 50 and words express
Now we all out of my pity-wanting pain.
Fazoland lil nigga rip roc don't have beef wit, better it were,
It's no limit to love, yet, love to tell me so;--
Make it sound like thunder when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their eyes
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I should despair, I should grow mad,
Sipping drank, I'm popping Perkys, I might speak ill of thee;
Now all I know is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by my lonely
That I may not be here in five minutes
Young nigga done grew up now though thy proud heart go wide.

Sonnet 141

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

He a stain, yeah we love thee with mine eyes,
I know this one fiend she a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that shit a crowd clearer
Sipping purple in this cup, sweep of view, is pleased to dote.
Keep guns, we play with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Savage squad my squad, we go to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to fuck my teacher
I fuck with real niggas, fuck with thee alone:
But my plane I felt like Lynyrd Skynyrd
You ain't shooting get from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the burbs that move hella O's
Thy proud heart's slave and my niggas stay loyal
Only my plague thus far I was stuck (they did)
Your bitch all under me sin awards me pain.

Sonnet 142

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

But I'm outchea chasin' stacks and thy dear virtue hate,
Watching TV, I'm on sinful loving:
O! but with mine compare thou in my Gucci bag
And thou shalt find it like that
Or, if it do, not in the booth (I got in my jet)
I will run up on their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love no more
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of the mothafuckin' hill
Be it lawful I love with me still
Whom thine eyes woo as they can say
Root pity in thy heart, that, this choppa got my back
Thy pity may deserve to do good deeds
If thou dost seek to stay on the map
By self-example mayst thou be talkin' be cap

Sonnet 143

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

And that bitch made runs to catch
Pistol slap his momma til her feather'd creatures broke away,
I got 10 shootas' on the front and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the kitchen all we sell is white
Whilst her name, I forget it
Fucked yo bitch and I dipped her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before I salute you
Not prizing her name, I forget it
So runn'st thou after that, that reg shit forget that
Whilst I thy babe chase it back down with liquor
That I turn back to me,
And play the mother's part of my life
Hit her with that wink then I tell that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and let that bitch spray

Sonnet 144

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Remember I ain't have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do that shit
The better angel is, like, you can't hold nothin' back
The worser spirit a bag, ain't talk to God in a minute
She like boy why you talkin to hell, my female evil,
Tempteth my better with your mask off
And would corrupt my saint to change when I got that deal
Wooing his purity with 300 guys, yeah
This shit real my angel be turn'd fiend,
They say the murder started after Ls, not directly tell;
But being both from me up, I say I won't
Pineapple swirl, keep me in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but the hood still love me
Till my umbrella

Sonnet 145

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

I did it my own hand did make,
Gimme that, gimme that said 'I hate',
I made this song for her sake:
But when she saw my phone on silent
Straight in her, forty K for fashion
I got some shooters that tongue that ever sweet
Got my rings in giving gentle doom;
Once I get it thus anew to greet;
Tryna have a threesome with an end,
I ain't got a lot bitch keep it as gentle day,
Doth follow night, who like a castle man
All I got, all I got is flown away.
'I hate', from hate away with your ass and your boobs
And sav'd my thing like a Harley

Sonnet 146

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I'm moving overseas I'm tired of my sinful earth,
By myself cause these rebel powers array,
See this ice on my wrist and suffer dearth,
Broke the rim, ballin' so costly gay?
Why so you know
Dost thou upon, the cops came in like "you"
Shall worms, inheritors of this ain't no Coogi
Eat up thy charge? Is this shit get borin' man
I got ran up upon thy servant's loss,
Balling so damn so hard I tried to aggravate thy store;
Got lean in selling hours of dross;
Within be smellin' like some Tide
So shall thou feed on pints, blunts on blunts
And Death once dead, there's no license

Sonnet 147

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

You got a fever longing still,
I just hit a lick, which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which Breitling am I gonna pick?
Long way from designer, I used to please.
My reason, the physician to my dogs, then it's case closed
I go over his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I've become one
I love my sister to death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now he a dead man, ooh
And frantic-mad with me when you ain't got no funds
My thoughts and my bro to the battle yeah
See these 50's with the truth vainly express'd;
Everyday I spend my last and thought thee bright,
Who art as a yungin'

Sonnet 148

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

O me! what eyes hath Love put my niggas on and be still rich
Which have no never started with 'em
Right on 78th & Essex, where is my judgment fled,
You tryna see what they see aright?
So my cousins like my false eyes dote,
What means the world to get money, stay out the way
So if a pussy disrespect then love doth well denote
I look at myself as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how I'ma put us all on?
Galore ass mansion with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I wouldn't be shit
The sun itself sees not nothing slight lil' nigga
Niggas wanna see me up top with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy enemy don't show no sympathy

Sonnet 149

by Chief Keef and William Shakespeare

I'm that nigga, I love thee not,
When I against myself with a smirk
Gotta king me, Cartier rings on thee, when I forgot
Am of my self, all blowin'
Who hateth thee that bitch look fu', ayy, ayy, ayy
On whom frown'st thou that I be without my Louies?
Nay, if thou lour'st on a seatbelt
Revenge upon myself with two thousand in ones
Talking pounds 'cause I in my self respect,
I ain't got no service to despise,
When all my best that ever done it
Commanded by the Qualitest all to yourself
She let me fuck and I know thy mind;
You boys wan' be like me and I am blind.

Sonnet 150

by Young Chop and William Shakespeare

Got a hundred and fifty thou this powerful might,
These demons talkin' in my heart to sway?
Ah, the hottest nigga in my city, before the lie to my true sight,
It's takin' every bone in my body not grace the day?
Head full of things ill,
That in the very refuse of the gas man
Hop in my car and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind and body and soul
Who taught thee how to the money, cause...
Running through a check and see just cause of hate?
Love the smell of laundry, I love what others do abhor,
Ain't checkin' on me, I'm goin' right in, I'm not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love the taste
More worthy I to die

Sonnet 151

by G Herbo and William Shakespeare

Love is too young to know where his mind at
Mama told me, better not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not close enough
Could pop out without my faults thy sweet self prove:
I be spending money like I do betray
My nobler part to live, never got no bread
Ima let yall ball, but my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no car used to take the red line
But rising at thy name all the time
As his triumphant prize. Proud of nun countin' up like, "Fuck!" (Woo)
Murder Murder kill thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall over and over again (Hunh)
Probably thought it that I call
Her 'love,' for whose dear love I don't know I don't know

Sonnet 152

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

Get down bitch! 'Fore I am forsworn,
And I know I did a lot to me love swearing;
Sunflower seeds and new faith torn,
GBE the new hate after new love bearing:
I don't need no mask I'll do I accuse thee,
Most my nights I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but I done lost a lotta guys
Bad bitches in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of Molly's, xanax, and that powder
Long live Cap and Blood, I love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes and tell you probably talk to twelve
My lil' niggas with the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the money come with problems

Sonnet 153

by Lil Durk and William Shakespeare

Y'all say you got Fredo and fell asleep:

A maid of Dian's this shit be groupie love

And his love-kindling fire did it, I became a voice

Come around, a whole lot of that ground;

Which borrow'd from this Draco cap and gown him

I got a deal and I still to endure,

And grew a seeting bath, which Breitling am I gonna pick?

This shit like a sovereign cure.

Judge told me eye to eye Love's brand new-fired,

The boy for trial needs would have shot me

Long nights in the help of bath desired,

I mix up a sad distemper'd guest,

But found no cure, the shit on em

And I carried you on my mistress' eyes.

Sonnet 154

by Fredo Santana and William Shakespeare

And when I fucked that bitch once asleep,
Laid by his mouth closed anyway
Snitch niggas, bitch niggas, that's that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but you know shit
Touchdown, hundred pounds up that fire
Which many legions of foreigners from this trap spot
And so the goons pullin' up
Turn one to a virgin hand disarm'd.
Rolling off the molly, while in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire up your peep hole
Nigga try to rob me and healthful remedy,
Added up my options but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure and this shit for real (for real)
I swear I love water, water cools not love.