

Back At It

Chris Travis

Boy I'm back at it, bitch I'm back at it
Give em cinemax, [?] then I run back at em
Got a big quote, throw it right at 'em
Bitches niggas hoes, tryna get close
I can't fuckin' go, gotta do my thang
Still switchin' lanes, knew a cop, knew a brain
Still stay true to name, don't matter how deep in the game
Still pack with it, still pack cities
Big bands 50, have you lookin' silly
Bitch my foot down, still steppin' on 'em
I don't look down, I'm high as heaven on 'em
Watch me pour a drop, I can't talk to cops
Even if he good, I'm quiet like a fox
I know they play the game, can't take me out my spot
I know these niggas hate, that's why I gotta watch
Shit, nigga still in the M
Niggas hate in my city cause I don't even fuck with them
Niggas still spark the woods, every mothafuckin' day
Bitch let's get that understood nigga
Thought you had my back, bitch I got my own back
And I'm always in attack, watchin all my fuckin' racks
Watchin' out for fuckin' snakes, I'm a lion in a jungle and you
lookin' like bait
Take a cleat to yo' face, have a seat, you get sprayed
Tryna ride, but you hate
Cause I made it out the way
Bitch I stay up out the way

You [?]
Bitch nigga run up and get hit
Shut up yo' throat will get slit
[?]
Droppin' that bitch and till [?]
I'm known to [?]
She probably under my [?]
I'm probably chasin' a mill, bitch