

Color Blinded

Chris Travis

2014 shit, nigga
How y'all motherfuckers feel about that?
Everytime I drop a project
Create new sound, give me my shit right back
Niggas boosted y'all head up, thinking you on
No, but that shit whack
Everytime I see a black car, catch me in that motherfucker
Smoking good weed in the back
Ain't got shit on my mind but stacking all my money to the ceiling
I ain't doing shit, motherfucker, but eating good and fucking living
Nigga, don't complain what the fuck is wrong?
If y'all don't like me then leave me alone
Because I'll still set foot right into your home
And leave everything bloody with the lights on
I'm so God damn cold, nigga, you know
Fuck a bitch I just met at my show
I don't even know her name, but I know she a go
She having second thoughts, telling she not a hoe
I don't claim that I'm real, I just thought you should know
I don't claim that I'm paid, everybody go broke
I'm just sitting at the top, looking down below
Ain't nobody fucking with me, I just thought you should know

I'm just living, shawty, I'm just living
I'm just living, shawty, I'm just living
I'm just living, baby, I'm just living
I'm just living, baby, I'm just living
I'm just living, baby, I'm just living
I'm just living, baby, I'm just living