

Commotion

Chris Travis

I do this shit, you know what I'm sayin'
I won't never stop doin' this shit, nigga
No nigga can make me stop the hustle

This shit ain't over til' I say it's over
I keep on scopin', I don't do commotion
She dropped the pin but lil' bitch I ain't open
I'm makin' music, I gotta stay focused
Thank my supporters, they keep me in motion
Keep the good green and OG when I'm smokin'
I'm not the one for the braggin' and boastin'
But I do them numbers, no draggin' or hosting
Hop out the plane then I head to a five star
Chop off your hand, and your shit up in my jar
You cannot keep up cause your shit is sub-par
I make you freeze like Sub-Zero in [?]
Came in this bitch and I'm lookin' like Matlock
Pass me some heat, I might sing over guitars
Bitch
Froze up your bitch got her lookin' like Nardwuar

Hop on the stage, bitch I'm in rage
Fuck up the people, go back to my cave
Don't do no sequels, I master my lane
Lift up your mind, like it's stuck on a crane
I enter cheat code, cause life is a game
Outgrow you niggas, my life is a strain
Walk with a limp like I walk with a cane
Talk to your bitch but I don't know her name
Keep me on substance, I might go insane
You do not know what go on in my brain
Take out my mess it get ugly like Kane
Sparkin' up bitch, with no room [?]
I go where ever, give a fuck 'bout a fame
Got a big heart if you cross me - you slain (bitch)
Bitch
Got a big heart if you cross me - you slain! (bitch)

No, I don't need a bitch
No, I can't see that bitch
No, I don't need that shit
No, I can't ever switch
That hoe - she a sleazy bitch
My flow - make 'em fiend for this
You know - you can't clone this shit
You broke - get that money, trick

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