

Control

Chris Travis

I don't need no control
Ay, look

I don't need no control
Lies and tales told by a hoe
Fuck that she got attached quick
This what happens when you legit
Run through my [?] I blank
Till the the day come bitch I rank
Top till on shit, and you sink
I don't smoke cigs bitch I pint
I don't give fucks that's fasho
You's a fuck-boy and you know
All my niggas fucked that hoe
Woke up too rich in my robe
No that cannot take my soul
No that cannot take my soul
Dig it up bitch I'm out here
Fuck the world, it's nothin' that I fear
I'ma come through and control
These pussy niggas emos
They be so jealous of me
Twenty-five soldiers its a lead
Ran it up bitch got a house
About the business boy fuck clout
I done got sauce on my coat
I'ma eat bread with my folk