

## Fruit Pack

Chris Travis

Smoking packs, smell like fruit  
Pull up bitch, [?]  
Hit a lit, fuck a crew  
She gon' move, how she move  
Hashish sticks, up in school  
Now I hit it, to the moon  
Got your bitch, out this room  
Now she headed, to her doom  
And I kill like ?50K?  
Niggas slaves, niggas bait  
And I keep my business straight  
Bigger plate, fishy steak  
And fuck with all bitches  
It don't matter, any race  
And I keep a large limit  
Fuck what any nigga say

Tell, like, B, who the fuck you be?  
Nigga, yeah, that's me  
For some beep, niggas swoosh and sweep  
Bitch is bitter sweet  
Hit my phone, lil bitch what you need?  
I can't help your niece  
On my own, with my family tree, my niggas different breed  
Think you tough, think you bout that, push and scout back  
Fuck a bitch, I ain't bout that, where the cash at?  
Staying loyal, I won't doubt that  
Blowin' flat pack, losing screws out your [?]  
Get the fuck back

I'm on a move  
All you niggas lose  
[?]  
Got your [?]  
She might [?] my shoes  
Green in livin' room  
Coming soon  
All you niggas lose  
Fuck the game, no rules  
I'm the truth and I play my jewels  
Like I went to school