

Highdration

Chris Travis

Bitch I'm chilling
Where the water at?
Come into my water
You will die from my shark attack
Rap niggas try to, but they never make it back
Touch down, touch down, rap game running back
Break a nigga ribs
Hit stick to your fucking chest
Say they hard body
What the mean if I'm in your flesh?
Pump to your stomach
Make a weak nigga reminisce
Fell in love with her cause her pussy had a magic scent
Chris fucking Travis
Thank the lord that I'm heaven sent
I'll turn a porn star out
Make her celibate
Smoking backwoods got her higher than a pelican
You a lame nigga, yes the opposite of relevant
I'm the same nigga, still grinding for my relatives
Now I eat at places with good proper etiquette
Send them bricks over
Yeah them bricks of that medicine
Feeling kinda sick, I'mma need a dose of high-tech
Bitch watch out, I'mma need a bout five steps
I don't wanna love you, I'm in love with my self
Not worried about you, only worried about my health
All up in my business, concerned of my wealth
Bitch I'm the best
Nothing more, nothing less
Tell a bitch king me, like I'm on a game of chess
And she give me great head but on to the next
Play for games with my squad
But I ain't done yet
Pussy