

Hold Me Up

Chris Travis

I fuck out her brains
Now she wantin' my name
I don't know how to change
She, don't fuck with lames
I, taught her the game
I, fought through the pain
I, fuck on her brain
I leave her shakin' away

Feel like I blow a thousand every fuckin' week
So I gotta work harder every fuckin' week
She wanna show it so I tell her lemme get a peek
Suck my dick and little bitch took all my energy
I'm the young nigga from Memphis, Tennessee
Say he know me but he don't know the real me
Bitches wanna plot up, can't touch me
I don't give a fuck about nobody
I blow a hunnid dollars for my black tee
I know spendin' wouldn't make me happy
These hoes don't love, they attack me
Pick her up now we fuckin' in the backseat
Head home to the sound of the silence
Had to think 'cause I felt a little tired
These bitches ain't worth my mileage
These niggas can't match my style, yeah

I'm back on it man, fuck it I don't pour it though
Can't let it get away, can't let it go
Tryna eat off my plate, I'ma let you know
Never felt insecure, I just roll a 0
I'm back on it man, fuck it I don't pour it though
Can't let it get away, can't let it go
Tryna eat off my plate, I'ma let you know
Never felt insecure, I just roll a 0

Lately, lately
These bitches say a nigga crazy
These hoes be so lazy
Wanna fuck and I get paid, bitch
I just slowed up, so what?
Drownin' in this ocean
Cause I can't even hold myself
I can't even control myself

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