

I Think I Got It Bro

Chris Travis

Like it or not bitch I be killin the game
Fuck with me I'll go insane
I'm like a plane
Take off I'm lifted I'm flyin
I am the one to blame
Stay out my place
Can't tell what's real and what's fake
Maybe its right or its fake
I make the plays
Quarterback trick and I pass it your way
Now bitch make the play

Murder this, murder that all in the sky
I don't go out I sit home and get high
Still on my feet mothafuck the police
I'm doing me while I'm over the sea
Never gon fall and I'm never gon stumble
My thoughts be so heavy like pounds in a bundle
You niggas be hatin but keepin it under
Pull up to your place and I'm takin you under

Two hundred grams
I got two hundred grams
I got too many grams

I won't ever stop
Headbang when the bass drop
Dreads got me lookin like Scar
Extract a nigga like he on WinRAR
Ya'll are the keys I'm the damn spacebar
And I'm gettin high while you at seminars
Bitch I'm on Mars
Blazin at the stars
Tryna get a mothafuckin ticket on this card
Now look where we are

Don't notice my pain
Really just keepin it sane
Living my life in my lane
And if I changed hope you do too
And accept my new ways
Used to fish in a lake
Now I'm just ordering nun but gourmet
Nigga look how I played it
You feel like I'm breakin the pavement
Tourin the world without a damn agent
Walking around, the wind is my fragrence
Nigga, look how we made
Niggas thinkin we made it

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