

# 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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