

Live from the Creek

Chris Travis

Smoke good weed till my face turn numb
Bitch I'm by myself like your fingers from your thumb
Niggas wanna hate but I already won
Can't be like me or the man I've become
I'm a alligator you're a fish in the swamp
Can't fool with me trick, I'm equip from the junt
Get beat on your back with your head to the sun
With the blood on your chest
With your teeth on the fronts
You a real nigga, have yet to seen one
You a drug dealer, have yet to see something
Yeah you got bitches that I already fucked
Yeah you got weapons that we already tucked
Fuck nigga pull up, if you feel a little tough
See your girl back scope cause she wanna nigga rough
Two twelves in the trunk make your eardrums bust
Put a nigga in the trunk
Let him live with the dust
Let the people know I'll put him in his place
Let a nigga know this be your last day
Chris fucking Travis on the way to escape
I don't need nobody, just a blunt to the face
Play by the rules or your ass get played
Wanna live that life till your ass get sprayed
Watch for the lights when you drive on the way
MPD hot on the damn P way
Niggas getting shot just for walking in the streets
That's why I can't trust the fucking police
Bitch I'm a beast
To the souls I speak
To the ones that hate
You lost and your weak
Can't relate to a boy that's live from the creeks
Can't hate the boy that change the world at ease
See you look my way
Can't tell you know me
Watch me go high, come down slowly
Bitch