

# Memphis Niggaz

Chris Travis

Yuh  
I got crystal colors, I discover, whole tent gon' eat a supper  
Fuck these niggas, fuck they mothers  
I get money, fuck a lover  
Little mane my haters suffer  
I can't go I'm like no sucker  
Walk up and I'm causin' ruckus  
Pussy nigga you is nothin'  
Ring around the rose I go  
I want nothin' but the dro  
Give me weed, I ain't talkin O  
I can't talk these niggas broke  
Third eye open, bitch I'm woke  
Well then bitch I run my flow  
Comma AK with the scope  
Try me pennywise you'll float  
[?] easter pink  
My bitch got a pink she lean  
Bank account it look like Brinks  
Stacked up chips in yo sink  
Cuban wrapped around in creaks  
Your diamonds fu you rockin zinc  
Bitch I rollin' like it's Brinks  
I make that shit go start to shrink  
Pull up to yo place, pussy nigga you is fearin' me  
Inchin' through the race  
Ion even gotta steer this shit  
Ion need a case but get the rest, the lawyer clearin' it  
I need all my [?] cause I work hard and I ain't hearin' it  
Bitch, I be on your street  
Beef, that ain't what you eat  
Me, turned into a beast  
She, suck me when I preach  
Beat, stomp you in some cleats  
Freaks, shake ass when I speak  
Sleek, sliding with my heat  
Memphis nigga, bitch don't reach