## **No Purpose**

**Chris Travis** 

Bitch I'm in the streets when I'm never not working Working every second So I don't see the purpose You ain't in the streets Little nigga stop lurking You ain't making money Might as well join the service Everybody quiet Chris Travis just surfing Everybody ride But they live by my surface I don't need receipts cause it's longer than serpent I'll buy it all Give it back to the worthless Bitch I walk around Like I'm something to worship See the whole world as a God damn circus Don't peak through the wrong God damn curtains Try to start shit Leave you laying in the dirt bitch Coming up quick Other niggas on the hush list Labels ain't shit Need a mil just to touch me Bitches ain't shit Rather chill with a blunt man Ho you wanna fuck? Cause I know you got a boyfriend I don't let sluts in my mothafucking spot man Keep it real cool cause you know that shit is hot man Swinging through the pussy Boy them hoes call me Tarzan White man looking I'm a young paid black man On 6th street with my weed on my right leg I'm a Memphis nigga so I came out the wasteland Know your bitch looking like she really wanna taste man I don't want features unless we talking about my rates man Money coming fast But we keeping up If the money coming slow Then we speed it up And if a nigga got a problem we can meet it up And fuck talking Come swinging when I'm pulling up I'm at the office Getting head with the windows up You in the office riding tasks in a journal book You buying weed Boy I'm buying new furniture You still living with your mom I ain't heard of ya Boy you talk real tough Who scared of ya? You can shoot guns But you not a murderer

Never trust who you by Like Disturbia Bitch I'm creeping, midnight, like a burglar With my foot on the gas Break necks when I pass And I'm headed to the pad With a sack on the dash And a bitch hair long Down her back to her ass If a nigga wanna fuck Then she texting for cash Bitch