Chris Travis

I came through and I killed it these niggas didn't know You need to learn from your bitches to hit up my show Early morning, I'm chiefing and 'bout to pass out Getting texts from some people I don't care about Making changes I'm clearing up from my last route Looking at me she tell me she 'bout to crash out

Hold up, die down Hold up, stop playing

I know my limits, you know I know I'm different, you know Pick up the phone and I go somewhere that you wouldn't know Leave me alone you see me I'm in my zone And I don't mean to sound cliché, baby let's go and roam Put it together, know I do it better this my weather Know this I'm 'bout my cheddar no time for niggas to catch up Pistol up by my side, no reason for me to let up Really gon' have it hard thinking I'm easy to setup I stuff woods and deuces to all my soldiers We gon' get hotter in weather, the world colder I 'bout my city, just hoping they see me over I'm pushing down on these horses that's in my motor I kept it smoking forever I keep it going These niggas talking they notice I'm off that old shit They notice I'm off that old shit Lil' bitch I keep it going

Fuck the talk, fuck the talk, look at ya'll On the road, blowing grands at the mall Get her right, grip her tight yeah she right Yeah she might fuck you over any night

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Never needed nobody but ya'll can fall through We can argue and shit, bitch I'ma call you Pick up, you're telling me, "this rough" Big puffs, adrenaline gets stuck Big bucks, I'm tryna' get big bucks You try your luck and try to get tough We get em' up its nothing you amateurs Come through she tripping and handle her

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My soul shining I glisten up as the night sing
She her blinding, she open up as in my queen
It's crunch time fuck it all the time, ay
You fuck boys need an empire
Grape vine through the grape vine
Heard that go to date if you take mines
That's a message I'm clearing out through the bass line
You niggas you better wait bruh