

## R Rated

Chris Travis

Water, Godfather  
The great man, the author  
Bitch I don't know you so I will not bother  
I got a thing for these bitches, imposters  
Come through my city they might try to rob you  
We do not mean it but my city greedy  
Take what we want and we get what is needed  
I'm never stopin and I pop-lock-and-drop shit  
Pop, lock and drop, watch your head hit the concrete

Oh - oh, oh - no  
Twenty thousand for the whole show  
Let's go, Let's go  
Niggas really actin like they know  
No bro, no bro  
I'ma get that mothafuckin dough  
And nigga you broke, you joke  
I'ma sneak past ya witcha hoe  
Niggas really think they flow is hot  
I'ma make em stop like a watch  
Fuck him, watch him drop  
All I know is drop, drop, drop, drop  
On the beat can't flop  
Bow down to a G  
Niggas fall from they peak  
Then crawl on the knees  
I'ma stand tall  
I don't gotta have two feet  
Tryna see double g  
Tryna see double d  
Tryna get a mothafuckin peak  
On this beat, R.I.P

Baby girl say that I'm crazy  
She noticed my music, my lyrics R-rated  
Don't really know who your bae is  
I'm tryna fuck you and yo friend on a spaceship

Don't know no runners  
My niggas they hunters  
We feast on you niggas then hide in a bunker  
My phone steady jumpin with talks about nothin  
Leave me alone if you not about money  
Niggas ain't killas, these niggas is victims  
Thinking they hard but they scared of the system  
My mind is not closed bitch it's flowing like rivers  
The shit that I talk probably give you the shivers

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