

Try Again

Chris Travis

Drinkin' on water I'm smokin' this in
She wanna' fuck me bitch do not pretend
I was in Memphis I'm cookin' pinch
Now you niggas just wanna' be friends
Holdup I'm taking this in
New to the shore, and I've been for the win
Can't love a hoe, I'm not holdin' no hands
I just might [?] right at the rim
[?] some grams
Fuck up my set cause' I'm smokin' my strength
Niggas be talkin' but don't got no hands
I don't pretend cause I know who I am
Damn she said that I'm weird
All of the niggas she with disappear
Coppin' the Porches, switchin' the gears
Through with my money wipe up my tears
Sippin' day through the night, live in the light it make you blind
Grindin' day through the night and if you ain't don't waste my time
You can fake it if you wanna' I'm myself and I don't mind
She can tell me where she wanna, but her soul is all mines
Bitch, I'm a tick, give a fuck bout' this shit
Been at war myself, since a kid, won't forget
Bitch, I'm a tick, give a fuck bout' this shit
Been at war myself, since a kid, won't forget
Beat on your bitch with a malice
[?] bandana
Sparkin' that pano
My bitch she need a beretta
Speed in a foreign I left with, back to the schedule
[?]
Pockets on work bitch, I'm whiter than than Texas
Niggas don't want it they [?]
All of these hundreds, I don't gotta' stretch it
[?] pop out the cut like I'm Freddy
Taking your bitch in a second
Nigga be ready
Imma' get hit in a second
She comin' back for some more because she's ready for seconds
I want that car, like Bentley
I turn you up if you let me
[?]
Hotter than the motherfuckin' concrete I'm great
Drinkin' on that promethazine like a shake
You niggas ain't built and you made out of shape
And I'm running laps around you I won't ever take a break
Hopped in my car I was headed to the bank
Lookin' at the stars all a nigga had was faith
Imma' keep it plain you niggas ain't the same
Tryna hop up in my lane be a way to get exchanged