

What You Wanted

Chris Travis

Really ain't what niggas wanted
But fuck any nigga I'm honest
I'll do a nigga real bad
Wait for the feds till I start running
Bitches claim that they be bad
Like Pharrel, tell that ho stop frontin'
Promoters at the shows getting mad cause my fans said they feed
us like monkeys
Eating up beats since a youngin
Now I'm grown and I got more hunger
And I don't really speak to nobody unless they offer me some mo
ney, bitch
Worry about nothing but your spot there, hold my comfort
So keep your thoughts to yourself, before I leave your head low
er than your tummy

Riding one deep cause my niggas on they own
And they know how to get nigga, fuck your opinion
Gridning for a minute, gon' grind for the century
Any nigga wanna get it
Shoot his ass like a penny
I'm the owner little nigga
You more like the tenant
Shit, I'm what the rap game been missing
Been gone from my city
Niggas think I went missing
But I'm in another city trying to make life different
So fuck what's coming out your mouth
You boys ain't what you talk about
And shout out to the region coming out
And yeah fuck boy that's the south
Put it on my back, we back, but never left
Nigga that's a fact
And I don't fuck with rats
I'm a snake and I like to hiss my tongue at cats