

# Where My Money

Chris Travis

I'm like the leaves in the fall never blend or dissolve  
Orange paint on my walls, blue lights in the hall  
Thinking big, never small, ass, tits and her jaws  
Paying rent for your home, paying rent for the zone  
So damn deep when I'm on the creep  
Still got drugs but I never sleep  
Still got plugs when I'm in the east  
Pocket full of money, but we ride on e  
Water Boyz for life everything on me  
I'm too bright probably make your eyes bleed  
Flow so sick turn a nigga chinese  
So lowkey where they won't find me

I don't give a fuck about you  
Bitch where my money?  
Smoking blunts up in her house fool, cause it's too sunny  
Promise I can't fuck with you  
I know your game  
Promise I can't be with you  
You fuck with lames

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Bitch I'm a grind 'till the day that I drop  
I'm a die then come back as a raindrop  
Hype-beast ass niggas  
Y'all so flip-flop  
Baby catch up bitch  
This not hip-hop  
I don't really give a fuck just playin' hop scotch  
On the beat cause it's easy for a nigga  
Why not?  
Smoke blunts till I fall and my heartbeat stops  
Beat a nigga in the hall 'till the teacher came out  
Didn't even need to smoke  
Now I gotta keep an ounce  
And I smoke with my niggas when they all money down  
And you already know boy I'm comming through your town  
Like Jason Voorhees  
Here to shut shit down  
Phone worth about a mil cause the verses in my pad  
East Memphis vet bitch  
That's somethin' you never had  
All these girls on my dick bruh  
Shout outs to my dad  
Claim you smoking on new shit harder than brass

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