

Why so serious?

Chris Travis

Bitch nigga talk shit
Get hit with the Darth bitch
I can't fall in love
I ain't got no heart bitch
Boy you is a scrub
You won't make it far bitch
Pull up in the car, [?] bitch
Hold my lungs bitch
Hold my drumstick
Hatin' nigga run up on me?
Then he done quick!
Niggas wanna be friends -
I ain't the one bitch
Pull up to yo' front door
(Doo doo!) at yo' lungs bitch
I am not the one you niggas wanna fuck with
Indestructible, bitch I'm king you never done shit
I won't ever lose, if I do - it's to the sun bitch
You won't get a bruise, tryna scratch me - not the one bitch

Fuck you bums
Hop out wit' a drum, ay
Number one, but fuck a number one, ay
I play chess, but nigga I don't play shit
At yo chest, but aimin' at yo head bitch
At yo chest, but feel it in yo neck bitch
More respect? Then boy you better take it
Ay I'm done, so there's nothing you can say trick
She want my dick, I told your bitch she gotta take it!

Like a [?]
I got yo' bitch naked
New plates, in the crib, look amazing
[?] gracious, you niggas outdated
You want angus, but you ain't even famous
Nigga nameless, chieffin' till you're brainless
On the danger, the sergeant gon' need training
You want the percs, but boy you can't sustain it
Fuck everybody I'm the truth and I remain it, bitch...

(Ay, BITCH!)