

Gimme Brain

Travis Barker

Travie, where the drums at?

Uh, put your titties on the glass, bitch
She got a pussy printed like a Memphis
She said she don't suck dick 'cause she a Catholic
But she can't get her cat licked and that's just tragic
Oh and if her man trip, that be his last trip
He could get the AK or get his ass kicked
Put him in the body cast or a casket
Dogs barking like Travis on some Brad Pitt's solaces
Clappin' asses, laps, and dances
Coke white as Marilyn Manson, American Anthem
I'm handsome with finances with all the answers
Gettin' brain like I scans it, brain damage

You a drunk bitch with a big butt
I'm a rich nigga with a big gun
Turn around, I'mma watch you like a sitcom
I'mma smash, I'mma smash like a fist bump
Full gun clip, full gun clip
Gimme brain, gimme brain, no dumb shit
Full gun clip, full gun clip
Gimme brain, gimme brain, no dumb shit (Maybach Music)

I hit the booty club and treat it like a holiday
We takin' all the parking spaces they can tolerate
Clean coupes, street money, dirty sedans
Dirty bitches in the crib and that's word to my man
like she's no avail
Gucci slippers, look at her sippin' on a cocktail
Funny money, I should call it, that's how the bitches giggle
All up on me like Armani, I split it down the middle
Can't be talking, cash shit writing bad checks
Paying in advance, damn, put you in the past tense
Yellow Lamborghini, missme with that red shit
Versace underwear, hunnid million I'm after

You a drunk bitch with a big butt
You like a long clip in a big gun
Turn around, I'mma watch you like a sitcom
I'mma smash, I'mma smash like a fist bump
Shotgun lips, shotgun lips
To the head, gimme brain, no dumb shit
Ooh, shotgun lips
Double barrel pump lips
To the head, gimme brain, no dumb shit
Ooh