

Ape Boy

Chris Travis

Fuck with my set, push yo shit back
I'm in the front, you in the back
I got a knife, its on the strap
She got a friend, fuck when she nap
I'm from the south, fuck bout a rap
Come to my house, won't make it out
These niggas hoes, running they mouth
Straight with these hoes, fuck what they bout
These niggas wack, just want some clout
Fuck all this shit, where yo accounts
Fucking this bitch, right on my couch
Ape on my draws, with dick in her mouth
Came out the M, made that shit out
I run up on him, knock his ass out
Now he ain't talking no shit from no app
Pussy ass nigga you know that you child

I pull up on that bitch and she a dub
That I was gon fuck but she can't budge
Fresh as fuck like ice up in the tub
Molly circulate in her flesh
Gucci pink roses on my vest
I ain't have to answer for no sex
She just gave me top and then I left
Goyard on my belt, this shit is felt
Ima buy a choppa for some help
Niggas can't even be themselves
Bitch that's why I'm mobbing to the death