

# CHIEF {1997}

Chris Travis

Hit the fucking corner store  
Watching my rear views spotting fuck niggas  
Cause you know they try an kill you  
Don't ask for shit but for you to keep it trill fool  
Riding down Lemark with my bitch on the wheel fool  
Hit the strip club an throw the whole bill fool  
Ducking, bucking, fucking, sipping on that Robitussin  
Slide into my nigga apartment  
Just to pick up that green substance  
Lucky my nigga show me love  
Threw me a fat sack of that purple sour stuff  
It's all good so fuck it, my nigga keep it jumping  
He also get to dumping, if you niggas acting funny  
You niggas get to running, bitch we cause a homicide  
A nigga simply words now his ass paralyzed  
Don't fuck with them guys, try an seek a better life  
H pills and Oxycontin took them niggas fucking minds  
Higher than a bitch brain gone like I'm Frankenstein  
Smoking on that A of purple grape vines  
Imported strain from the fucking phonkey town  
Get the bitch high an take her to the devil's playground bitch