

Come Over

Chris Travis

Her Naked when she show up and she sober
I ain't even hit her mane she just be comin over
I be smokin pain away, it's stories I ain't told ya
See me getting bigger
But don't act like you don't know us
Sex
I showed up flex
I slowed up, I'm next
She know bruh, we sex
Foot long Bruh them checks
Them callers on deck
The charms on my neck
See me on and she wet
Water Boyz on Deck

I'm coming through she wanna choose
I'm like what's up? Shit what it do?
She like, "just clubbing with my crew"
I'm like let's go I fuck with you
I got some bottles and some juice
And I don't drink but that's on you
We can head over in a few
Got hundreds tucked inside my shoe
Shawty she left her crew
But they on the same shit as you
Tryna find a nigga too
But mane that shit is stupid too
I hate the fuckin club
I just wanna smoke a blunt or two
And hoes I don't know
I'm just tryna fuck as quick as you

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