

# Control

Chris Travis

I don't need no control  
Ay, look

I don't need no control  
Lies and tales told by a hoe  
Fuck that she got attached quick  
This what happens when you legit  
Run through my [?] I blank  
Till the the day come bitch I rank  
Top till on shit, and you sink  
I don't smoke cigs bitch I pint  
I don't give fucks that's fasho  
You's a fuck-boy and you know  
All my niggas fucked that hoe  
Woke up too rich in my robe  
No that cannot take my soul  
No that cannot take my soul  
Dig it up bitch I'm out here  
Fuck the world, it's nothin' that I fear  
I'ma come through and control  
These pussy niggas emos  
They be so jealous of me  
Twenty-five soldiers its a lead  
Ran it up bitch got a house  
About the business boy fuck clout  
I done got sauce on my coat  
I'ma eat bread with my folk