

Drive

Chris Travis

Fuck a damn job, Imma' get mines
Mind over matter and I don't got no time
Slidin' down vine, with a bitch she fine
Got a show at 9, I'm bout' to make em' die
Bout' to get on high, yeah that hypnotize
Watch your left and right, I got both sides
I got dope rides, really dope in em'
You the police, you's a joke nigga

Aye, aye, ok
Aye, aye, aye, Young Kenshin
Huh, huh, water, water
Some real Memphis shit mane
Already know
Aye, aye, yuh, Young Kenshin
Aye, aye, aye, Young Kenshin
They get it

Hundreds, thousands, bitch, they pilin'
Look I'm smilin', came up out the alleys
Speedin' like a rally, I don't need a salary
Baby I need it all, anything big or small
Think I count it up, but I just don't fall
I gotta' keep it real, with my fuckin' dogs
Gotta' keep it real, with my fuckin' dogs
Gotta' keep it real, with my fuckin' boss
Time after time niggas wanna' see me lose, but I can't cause' I
fly
Niggas burn bridges, I ain't gotta' burn shit but this blunt th
at I light
I ain't here to be liked, I'm here to fuck the moolah this shit
was too bright
I ain't here to say hi, she came home with me and looked you de
ad in the eye
Cause I'm right, cause I'm right bitch
I'm a young nigga, thirty year old bitch
Smokin' backwoods, fuck that other shit
I don't listen to nobody, I'm on some other shit
Aye, aye, for real though, I don't need nothin' but to chill br
o
With a mill' do', ain't hard to ask for
If you need me, I'm workin for my cash flow