

Fallenleaves

Chris Travis

SESH etched on my water, bitch I'm purified pimpin'
I got Voss by the box, I got woods by the brick
The return of the pimp, hair ties on my wrist
When I got to pin it up and break it down into bits
Break it down for your bitch, no brands on my shit
Snow white, long sleeve, baptize me in bleach
Blunt guts hit the ground like the leaves in the fall
Woodgrain, switchblade drawn, walkin' down the hall
The brake lights flash, then we break like glass
Comin' down like Sting, face painted with the bat
Orange peels on my lap, smoke dope and take a nap
Wake up and count some money then I do it all again

All I'm really after is love and affection
But I can't, cause the money give me erections
Born shinin' hard, don't look in my direction
Find me in the section, with drugs in my possession
Can't cross me, won't make that intersection
Look me in my eyes and see the soul, so reckless
Pass me a blunt if you will reach out my protection
I'm lookin' so good and you're lookin' so helpless
Yea my hair messy, but bitch I'm worth a million
You dumb ass niggas thoughts won't even reach my ceiling
Yea I make the killin', just by killin'
You lame ass villains to occupy my livin'
Bitch