

Flip Shit

Chris Travis

Nigga's keep asking shit, nigga's keep talking
I don't ask for their two cents
Bitch you cheap talking
Boy I'm always alert, even when I'm a sleep walking
But I'm never sleep walking, cause I'm wide awake
Bitch, I'm getting to the money, just text don't call
Nigga's fallin' off the top, get a grip, don't fall
I'ont ever carry cash, so I make withdraws
Like a motherfuckin' lean addict, an they sippin' on qual
I done been through the game
I done ran through this bitch
Like a slut tryna fuck every nigga that there is
Nigga's tellin' me to chill, I don't know what the deal is
Smokin' in the hills, asking bitches where my meals is
Put it on the table, watch a young nigga kill shit
Still with my nigga's on some silly ass clique shit
Bitch I'm on fire like your thumb made a bic flick
Posted with your bitch, thinkin' about making a big flick

Hol' up
Talk shit bitch
Get a big lip, show up
Give me four zips, make the shit flip
Smoke up
Got grams hanging out the tips, big blunts
Bitch you smoking trees by the damn limp
(Bitch an we smoking trees by the limp)

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You have that bitch, she fucked up
You lucked up
Only one me, I'm good nigga, like so what?
Hoes on me from Japan back to the Nova
Waterboyz bitch I promise we swimming global
Put this shit on me, have an option when it's ova
Put yo' hand on me, I'm cuttin' shit off your shoulder
Havin' bad days, just when I'm sober
Bitch I'm independent but I'm getting plenty of exposure
Nigga's be spitting, but they timid, they really ova
Young Chris Travis, I'm drifting along the coast, bruh
Being on team, made em'
A couple posers
A couple years later we showin' up on your posters
Bitch I'm poppin' outta the tomb, just like a toaster
Beating ya, so get what ya want, so try an start something
Either way I'm in a cocoon
They tryna sprout something
So don't fuck up my mood, if you around us

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