Get Em

Chris Travis

Yeah, yeah, bitch, yeah, yeah, bitch

Bitch I'm gone run up
Fuck you talk bout we gone get 'em
Like a cable cord we split 'em
Left his britches in the river
All my old bitches bitter
Say you real ok, I'm realer
Bitch I'm empty, got no filler
This shit hit without no system

I ain't came with pretending
Give a fuck about yo image
Bitch I came from the trenches
Well secluded up in Memphis
Let me speak and keep yo distance
I'm on point I trust my senses
Fuck these hoes I need my riches
Powerful and well committed
Aye I'm deep up in the game
Stand bout talk bout what you say
Bitch I'm straight now get away
I'm at the bank not at yo place
Smoke an eighth straight to the face
I can't conquer and display
I'm a dog won't go astray
Hit yo picture, throw away
You know my play bitch

You know my play, aye
You know my play, bitch
You know my play, bitch
You know my play, bitch
You know my play bitch
You know my play

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Without no system
This shit hit without no system