

Given Orders

Chris Travis

Walkin' through the world given orders
You can't understand how they act disloyal
I go my own way if I gotta' cross the border
You look my way and I'm over you soarin'
My compadres need attendance and enjoyment
Never in my time do I need to report shit
Step in my way and I'm gonna' have no remorse bitch
Bitch you see my Friday and I'm at your front door bitch
Bring it my way and I never have to force shit and if I do bitc
h nigga that shit was important
I slide up, I tell her can't find us
We somewhere just higher
Ya'll little like minors
Drop that bitch I'm gone, I head out alone
All these rappers wrong, need to clear their songs
Headbang to my songs, adrenaline gone
Bitch I smoke like Cheech and Chong one hit then you gone
Fuck you to my haters your vision and danger
I been focused since a baby ain't shit that can change me
Niggas get up what they rackin' and think that they rackin'
I'm just gettin' what I want then go straight to my banker
Fuck nigga what I'm makin', the fuck is you thinkin'
Drop your heart down in one second, you think that your racin'
Ride like this, you can't, you pussy, you ain't
Doin what you say, boy these rappers be fake
Snappin' everyday I snap when I can't
Doin what I want, cause' who said I can't