

Groovin

Chris Travis

I'm poppin' bitch, just check your shit when you go down your f
eed
Ain't never need that girl for nothing but to roll my weed
You can't describe me
But it's one word that you can't say, greed
I'm out in Vegas with my rounds breaking down a T
I pull up low suspension, and this car like Need For Speed
A country boy up in the city, this ain't what they see
DM that bitch on Instagram and she ain't even see
She seen me out in public now she wanna follow me
I'm a walkin' [?] machine, now she gon' swallow me
Got them choppas on deck for niggas following
Drank came in clean, this ain't what they see
Louis bag full of hundreds, this ain't what the see
I'm a walkin' don-dada, like my women mean
I got shit I just invest in when I wanna fling
I don't pay 'em no mind, give them hoes a dream
I've been workin' overtime shit, I barely sleep

Bitch we steady groovin'
Ain't got no time for these hoes, they steady choosin'
She walkin' in this bitch, you fuckin' up the movement
Boy, we will beat your ass for acting like a goofy
Boy, boy don't come around actin' like a groupie
Boy, don't come around thinkin' this shit stupid
Told my ex-hoe to keep watching the movie
Told them fake niggas keep watching the movie