

I Remember

Chris Travis

I just want to go to a place I don't know
Candles lit by me while I play my favorite song
My heart beat jumping when I hear that ringtone
I'm only talking money, I don't like no bad calls
She wanna read my mind
But it lock, like my jaws
And these niggas sorry like a pillow on the wall
My call log jumping from the dusk to the dawn
And I don't ever cry cause I'm happy I'm alone

Ten thirty-three in the morning, bitch I'm smoking
Creations get abnormal, bitch I'm focused
I note this
Got you on a, but you open
Niggas bite my persona
They wanna clone me
And ain't no slave, (naw) you can't own me
Self employed, (Ye) at the moment
And if you're trying to get it, got it on me
Wanna get it off me, that's gon' have to cost G
Turn into a boss now
These niggas wanna off me
Shoutout to my family
Raised me right and taught me
Never trust a soul in the streets
People plot things
I don't want to miss you girl
Cause the feelings start things
Bitch you I'm coming to your city
Know they feel me
Shout out to my niggas
And
Shoutout to my real queens
Shout to my city and, all them niggas chilling
Shout out my supporters know ya'll watching me progressing
I'mma keep it true for the music, it's a blessing
And I'm not trying to preach
I'm an artist not a reverend
But I gotta lead all my squads in directions
Follow as we mark off all the ejections
Bitch