

Invoice

Chris Travis

I ain't never ever been no bitch boy
Leave me a invoice
You lack like androids
I cannot fuck with niggas
They do not stand up
To everything they say
So pussy man up
Aye get your bands up
You want a feature?
I see you looking at me
She say excuse her
I move like rulers
No you can't swoom us
Aye don't you lie to me
Good luck

Change up my fit like I change up my bitch
Catch me banging and shit till my eardrums explode
Talk like you loaded we know that you rubbish
Don't come around me boy I do not condone
Hate me, I know it
You ain't even on shit
These niggas be talking but don't even own shit

Pull up by myself and Ima show ya
Nigga I got my Draco like I'm Soulja
Like Costa Nostra, put me on the mothafuckin posters
I get more love but I ain't even worry bout a hoe love
Higher than oh duh
Niggas get fucked up
Drug out the club
Two years now I'm up
Four years now I'm rich
Go and take a piss on your bitch
Fuck nigga go and make a hit
While you sit around talk shit