

Lights Off

Chris Travis

Tell me how you feelin', I'll tell you if its mutual
With the lights off, we performing sex rituals
Young Chris Travis I prefer, bad Dominicans
With they own house, own car and own dividends
Shawty come with me, you can bring the gin, and yo friends
All them niggas lame, all they ever do is just pretend
All my niggas getting bitches this is just where it begins
Hood on, hair down, let my shit blow in the wind

Ride around she know I get it, money on me watch me spend it
Water on me watch me sip it, Fiji Water steady dripping
Bitch you know I'm double dipping, ion know, why you tripping
Bitch you know I'm never slipping, working hard, for my living
Niggas talking so silly, 'till I slap they ass sisters
Yeah I'm kinda re,lentless, I feel like my life is endless
Baby you can come and get it, only if you ending wit' me
In my world, ain't no interest, no way out bitches