

# Mad At Me

Chris Travis

Used to be local but now shit is global  
These niggas get mad and we getting over  
Box of Backwoods, bought 'em fresh out the store then I ran through that box, went and bought me some more  
Fuck do you mean, we set the trends and we don't even mean to  
All these fake niggas is see through  
I am just me I can't be you  
Stay out my lane and just you  
Lil' nigga you is just seafood  
I'm from the city [where] they'll eat you  
I'll show no pity I'll leave you  
Closed in their feelings, I see through  
I cannot take all these people  
Fuck out my way 'fore I speed through  
Why do you think I'm so evil?

I can see the hate, don't bother me, but it's great to see me make them mad at me  
Promise me a way, you gotta see what is great for me today, she proud of me

No I'm no fella, my bitches is richer and richer and richer than all of you niggas (Pause)  
Tell that [?] get it out of they system  
She like to play for the whistle  
I like to uh, and dismiss her  
Used to creep up off a [?]  
Hit that little store with some nickels, didn't have a damn thing to give 'em  
Fuck what you cannot remember  
Now I do me, it get me and my date in December  
No I'm getting bigger, no I'm getting smarter  
Watch out for the snakes cause they head in my garden, whoa