

## Misty

Chris Travis

I be smoking Kush in a all white castle  
Fine ass bitch but she give me a hassle  
My music get weird but I'm getting weirder  
But I'm still a G so it wouldn't make a different  
See I'm the instructor and these niggas just listen  
Shouts out to 8-Ball bitch its Space Age Pimpin'  
On the three point clutch bitch I'm Scottie Pippen  
Listen to the sounds as you hear the water drippin'  
Feeling like the moon man  
Five blunts in my hand  
With' a whole pint of lean fresh from Actavis brand  
Niggas try to take my style but they ain't brutal, damn  
Chris fucking Travis smoking weed sent from Amsterdam  
Fuck is you talking 'bout bitch I go fuckin' HAM, just to get m  
y bread and I don't need no fuckin' jam  
But I be taxing call me Uncle Sam, for my fam or Mr. "Roll-  
up a Blunt out of Three Grams"

Still 'bout the city that I'm from, I'm not leaving  
But still I gotta watch my fuckin' back from these demons  
A I be on the creep cause you know a nigga chief off that stron  
g ass kush that will make your clothes reek  
I be on another level I think I done reached my peak  
If I'm hungry as fuck I get high and eat a beat  
I got plenty different flows and they all so unique  
I got 20 different hoes and they all fine as me, huh  
Smoking on this weed and it got me high as fuck  
Nah, I ain't paranoid but my brain on a rush  
Goddamn, where I'm at?  
Goddamn, what the fuck? [\*sigh\*]  
Roll another blunt, bitch I don't give a fuck  
Watch me smoke  
And watch me choke