

My Own

Chris Travis

Ay, I spark up like the lights
Ay, I go so through the night
Ay, you niggas not in sight
Ay, we war off but we fight
Bitch my style not nice and Id rather you not like me
Blinded, I'm coming through, I'm thugging shit in my Nikes
Do the right thing bitch I'm living like I'm Spike Lee
Waterboyz forever we be water like we Bruce Lee
Hold up, where the money, if it's none exclude me
Bitch I'm in New York, I need a tight one not no Lucy
Remove me, you can't do me or you can't see me
You moving like I'm moving, but you hate me
Inspire you, no desire to but you neglect it
My harmonies and my melodies sent from heaven

No flexing
Watch me pull if I'm my protection
No question
If I fuck with you, you respect it
No stressing
Smoking woods till my mind ejected
A blessing, what I am
I'm really getting blessed and...

Ay, I smoke my own dope
Ay, I fuck my own hoes
And I make my own money and I make my own clothes
See I'm cooling, yeah you know, like I'm sledding in the snow
See that bitch she all on go and she already know

Yeah we get it left and right, see it all day and night
In the morning got a flight, imma probably miss that flight
I'm in her mouth just like some ice
She ride it, motorbike, then fall beside me say goodnight, I know she sleeping right