

# Night Ryder

Chris Travis

Nigga I don't give a fuck about you  
Get yo ass beat, no identity  
But bitch you gon' remember me  
Comin' from the roofs of the mother fuckin' memphis streets  
Mark my spot everywhere, the legend of the century  
Hands over chest as I lay you to rest  
No need for events, bitch I'm comin' for your neck  
Dig deep in your flesh, then out of your [?]  
Then down to your leg  
Bitch you fuckin' with the best  
Hold up bitch

You can die with yo niggas  
If you ride with yo niggas  
I will murk all yo niggas  
Then disperse all yo niggas  
I do not fuck with niggas  
I can not fuck with niggas  
I don't need to pull a trigger  
I'll blow you up nigga

This ain't no game bitch  
Leave your head brainless  
Leave your chest heartless  
Hold your bitch hostage  
Then give her oxy  
Y'all can not stop me  
Bitch don't try and help me  
Need to help your family

ERRR  
ERRR  
ERRR  
ERRR

Damn, I done came up  
Now everybody watch me  
See me doin' me and these fuck niggas copy  
I'll burn yo ass like some hot morning coffee  
Then leave your coffin in yo boss office  
No evidence, bitch I clean the scene flawless  
Why yo boy lookin' like his whole world lawless  
He a robot, he don't go to sleep often  
[?] on your own, that's what my momma taught me  
Seventeen, buyin [?] like [?]  
Shootin' [?] at school til the damn people caught me  
Say the good die young, tryna keep the reaper off me  
Creepin past the office, puttin' weed in my locker

Bitch, I'm a rider