

Oh No

Chris Travis

Only competition that I see is myself
Came on the prowl like a mufuckin elf
Change up the sound
Got you niggas thinking left
You don't understand cause you just understood
Read fuck niggas by the way that they move
Boy I'm moving up and you niggas can't move
Yeah I know I rap with a slight attitude
But I'm getting money fuckin rain, still sunny
Got these bitches at the top feelin like they finna vomit
On the thirty second floor
Tryna fuck, bein honest
I don't really got time for the chat and discussion
Niggas say my lyrics nothin
What the fuck means somethin?
Something everybody out lie to ya
Lil nigga be something
Pause on a mufuckin bitch, stop bluffin
Put a blunt in the air, fuck niggas I'm coming
Run through the pussy like I'm George of the Jungle
Run through your city boy I feel like Obama
Niggas ain't talking man they ain't sayin' nothing
I don't stand for numbers just know I stand for somethin
People be talkin' but they don't want drama
Snare rolls on your crib
Pull up and start drummin
Flow super charged like a V8 runner
I'ma spark up the fire you see it when I'm coming
Eyes all lazy from the weed and the fuckin
Yawlks on call when I need them boys nothin
Backwood smoke if it ain't then it's nothing
I don't wanna smoke with you if you ain't honest
Y'all take notes just watch the instructor
Bitch I make a play just call me a?
She don't get shit but a "good-bye" I fucked her
She don't say shit but a "hello, let's cuddle"

She just wanna get high
Wanna fuck me til my head's in the sky
Oh no I'm not that guy
Oh no I'm not that guy