

On A Tee

Chris Travis

I ain't fucking with you Niggas, give a fuck bout how you feel
Put my heart and soul up in this shit lil' nigga this shit real
I hate niggas, cross me bitches, cross me fucking them, let's w
ave them

You ain't posted by my side just wish and hope and I will bill
Pull out two, turnt up lil nigga I could never be the real and
I put this shit up on me bitch I'm always gon' preveal
I was runnin up in class just posted tryna make a seal
I had pull out wit a tape bitch ima give them hell

I'm on this shit cause it's murder he wrote
I run it up and I still turn up cold
Clothes on the table the guns on the floor
Can't let a nigga come through bankroll
Got the whole rap game reppin' my flow
It wasn't easy but he did the most
Cause I did what I did and made em' behold
These niggas a fuckin' with me cause they old

I gave my all to this shit and I took it the most (took it the
most)
Niggas fall for this shit buy imma go ghost (imma go ghost)
Ima put the Glock to yo face nigga speak up some more (speak up
some more)
He was dissin' yesterday but he ain't speaking no more (speakin
g no more)

Bitch I don't fuck around I put yo ass on a tee
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Highschool they callin' me strange
But they ain't know I was ahead of the game
Now all you niggas be lame, stealing my swag
Tryna make songs like I came
Y'all told me Chris never changed
I went and bought a new chain and I don't feel the same, I put
this shit in my name
Nigga don't play, I'll set this shit in some flames
(Bitch)