

Reflections

Chris Travis

Why the fuck these niggas bitching, blame it on some bitches
Money on my mind, and my mind on the riches
Gotta watch my back, can't let the devil get me
And I ain't never been scared cause I know God with me
Chris Travis be a mortal angel, God sent me
Blunt in my hand, with a shot of dark whiskey
I'mma let that bullshit slide
One-hundred rounds in the trunk, we will let it ride
Nigga do you wanna die
Or would you rather be paralyzed
Lately I been fucked up mentally
Please forgive me for hurting bitch niggas physically
Fuck niggas can't get to me
Your girl ain't at home cause that bitch with me
Let that bitch breathe

Staying true to myself, fuck everybody
Staying true to my wealth, I got everybody

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Never do you wrong, always keep it real
Is it right to die, or is it right to kill
Because I don't really know how to feel
Under pressure, all bitch niggas do is squeal
Heart dropping, eyes stopping, that's a stand still
Bitch nigga I'm on the kill
So nigga gon' try your luck
One time we'll fuck you up
I leave your soul with the doves
Now killing always ain't the choice
But motherfucker I still won't show remorse
Come and beat your ass while you on the porch
Then light up my blunt with a torch
And speed off in my '99 Ford
It's all good, cause I ain't have to use my sword

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