

Secrets

Chris Travis

They say I work too much but I just tell 'em keep up
In my sneakers, smoking reefer, ass shaking, ass seizures
Bitch you know I don't believe ya' paranoia when I'm creepin'
Never sleepin', fuck the sleepers, wide awake I get to dream (a
ye)

Nigga's know my name, and I ride with the same clique
Waterboyz ENT, when it's my shit
When I get played, everybody get to moshing
Fuck boy talk, but they ain't gon' start shit
I don't fucking wanna dive in yo' pockets
2015, bitch I'm blowing like a rocket
Backwood lit, like the lights in the lobby
Hotel shit, with your bitches, sukiyaki

She said

I love yo' ass and how you do yo' thang
When I met you, I thought you would never change

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Stop killing shit, stealing shit
I don't really care about your opinion
They gon' remember this year
Bitch, you seeing this
When the motherfucking lights off, these memories
Ya, when you touch shit down, never selling it
When the show done, bet yo' ass gon' remember me
Bitch, can't call, if ya' ass ain't feeling it
Won't be long till they take a nigga serious
But I'm in my home, smoking weed, feeling curious
Bad nigga, perchin', just know he gon' live this shit
Mind don't slow, like a California nigga, bitch
From the 10-4, you can tell how I live the trip

Let's get intimate, let's get intimate, my division is to get v
icious, the way I see you is, the girl on the hill

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