

The Message

Chris Travis

Money go-getter
What's her name, I'll get her
Fuck the fame, just came
I'm a young Memphis nigga
In my Jordan flip-flops with my hair in a knot
With a knot in my socks
And my chest in a slot

Nigga
All I fucking know is sex, money, and to rob
In a all white charger looking like the fucking Rock
On the block with the pot
Looking hot
For the cream of the crop
Don't stop
Fuck a cop
Do it till your heart drop

Pussy nigga I'm the realest
I don't gotta act tough
Pussy nigga I'm the chillest
Riding in a black truck
Full of bad white women
Niggas wanna act up
Leave his ass dissected
I'm that nigga, act like you get the message
Boy you not shit so stop flexing
Yeah, I'm the boy that your girl texting
If you want something
Little nigga fetch it
Imma have to give bitches lessons

Your face is your essence
Your body when naked
It is a blessing, to see you
It's my pleasure to meet you

Niggas really wanna keep up
Your style don't change
Can you please speed up?
I create things
Just wet my feet up
Most niggas made things I don't wanna speak of
I relate things that you wanna dream of
Standing in the rain with a blunt and a mug
The pains in my songs
I don't really need love
I know how you feel
But I don't need us
Baby