

# The Sand

Chris Travis

Money, sex and drugs I know she like that  
Rock and roll on a road to get it right back  
Smoking ounces of green I'm finna night cap  
Dreaming about the green I'm finna cash out  
Wake up it's time to get to the bands now  
Travel to the moon and then I land down  
Trapping with your goons and then you crash out  
Over shit that ya'll probably going to laugh about  
Shit crazy man  
Niggas hate the game  
Never ever used to talk to my neighbors man  
Walk outside colder than a mother fucker  
Niggas probably mad that a young nigga made it man  
I ain't even made shit  
Still grindin' every day  
Just so I can live  
Still on the same shit  
Nothing changed but the years  
Still trynna make bills just so I can chill  
And break bread with my niggas  
And take you to  
To the ocean and chill you know  
She say I'm physical  
I'm riding slow smoking weed with my eyes dozed  
Fuck rap I flow harder than a rhinestone  
Nigga I can just relax and kill nine songs  
Quick as hell watch me switch up time zones  
Swift as hell I be moving with my mind gone  
Try and kiss shit ah baby I'm on