

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