

Tonight

Chris Travis

I remember days when we got paid
Middle school, shootin dice
Thuggin in the eighth-grade
Lied about free lunch so I got it every day
Niggas said that I changed since I moved up mane
Been the same since the game
Switched up when I came
Hit the lanes then I bang my hits
Not a shame
You a lame and a drain
Washed up with a name
Yeah I really feel the pain when they talk about you mane
You the troop, boy salute
Ain't nothing left the to prove
You the greatest and they hatin
Why they wanna take your food?
Boy these other niggas fu
Keep your eyes on your loot
Keep your hands on your girl and a nigga that'll shoot

[Sample - Phil Collins "In The Air"]

Now I gotta get it
I gotta get to the cake though
Niggas keep rapping and snitchin until the case closed
Bitch I'm out here workin I gotta get to the pesos
Memphis young nigga
We comin up bout to explode
Hit me on my line
She tryna meet at the Citgo
I don't got no time the city really lit though
Yeah she looking fine and yeah she's so thick, oh
I don't waste time you know it keep ticking hoe
Wake up bitch
I'm smokin up every mornin
By the time that you yawnin, I'm goin straight to the hundreds
By the time that you joggin, I'm probably sittin in a office
Rollin up fat blunts just thinking bout the profits
And she don't do this often
I know these hoes be lying
And she tryna intervene
Hold up, shawty rewind
Hold up, nigga recline up out my fuckin seat
You can't ever sit here
Boy this shit for a king nigga

[Sample - Phil Collins "In The Air"]