

## Why so serious?

Chris Travis

Bitch nigga talk shit  
Get hit with the Darth bitch  
I can't fall in love  
I ain't got no heart bitch  
Boy you is a scrub  
You won't make it far bitch  
Pull up in the car, [?] bitch  
Hold my lungs bitch  
Hold my drumstick  
Hatin' nigga run up on me?  
Then he done quick!  
Niggas wanna be friends -  
I ain't the one bitch  
Pull up to yo' front door  
(Doo doo!) at yo' lungs bitch  
I am not the one you niggas wanna fuck with  
Indestructible, bitch I'm king you never done shit  
I won't ever lose, if I do - it's to the sun bitch  
You won't get a bruise, tryna scratch me - not the one bitch

Fuck you bums  
Hop out wit' a drum, ay  
Number one, but fuck a number one, ay  
I play chess, but nigga I don't play shit  
At yo chest, but aimin' at yo head bitch  
At yo chest, but feel it in yo neck bitch  
More respect? Then boy you better take it  
Ay I'm done, so there's nothing you can say trick  
She want my dick, I told your bitch she gotta take it!

Like a [?]  
I got yo' bitch naked  
New plates, in the crib, look amazing  
[?] gracious, you niggas outdated  
You want angus, but you ain't even famous  
Nigga nameless, chiefin' till you're brainless  
On the danger, the sergeant gon' need training  
You want the percs, but boy you can't sustain it  
Fuck everybody I'm the truth and I remain it, bitch...

(Ay, BITCH!)