

With My Fye

Chris Travis

Walk in the club with my fye
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He was off when they arrived
Run up on me boy you fried
Thought he would lose but he tried
Now he sit facing the sky

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Walk in this bitch we on hickory hill
Ain't from the city, that boy from the [?]
Hop in the booth and I give you the chills
Ain't backing down from no nigga, we kill
Bullet to bullets this shit be for real
I prolly spend me a couple of mil'
Got that shit back and I stacked it for real
I couldn't believe it that shit felt surreal
I'm 'bout some money, can't sit round and chill
I'm sippin' pink, boy yo' shit looking teal
Send that shit back boy you know that ain't real
Ay, ay

I'm in this bitch and you know that I'm loaded
Gotta stay focused and keep shit in motion
These niggas hate but they cannot control it
Fuck out my way bitch, I run through no loafin'
300 spot is we ready, no fightin'
Fry out the beef and we turn into bison
OMB nigga that's where I resided
Shit on my mind, I can't do shit but write it
Slap me a nigga think that I'm Mike Tyson
Eating organic this shit ain't from Tyson
Droppin' her panties, she see that I like it
Kick her ass out once I'm done bitch no wifin'

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