

Chynnas Thoughts

Kur

This scary as fuck now
Use to brush him off now I let it play out
Every other instance its a chopper and I'm spraying out
Getting chase by coppers, til the cops'll come and lay me out
What the fuck is happening, why they after me
Checking every toe tag, praying every bag is me
Actually, these my fathers situations and my brothers
And my niggas and my lovers conversations
Cause everybody knows when a nigga come out
With a fresh new tant not a scratch or a dent
That the cops gonna lurk, cause it don't make sense
I got a Crown Vic and this nigga got a benz
Plus he got a Crown Vic and its sitting on rims
I'm a pretend that it's a threat and violation
While I walk up to the vehicle and make a [?]
Like a bundle in the states through a brick in the sticks
He walk up to the window, oh sit it's a bitch
I'm looking through the nigga, I'm not even saying shit
Anticipating movements

Not sure what the fuck this cop think this fucking is
Excuse my vulgar language, had to get it out the vengeance
Because at the time it took like all of me to be professional
Flying in the national, returning to a rational
Simple motherfuckers cause they fucking badges go
Naah naah bro, naah naah bro
I handle, I handle
Naah naah bro, naah naah bro
I handle, I handle
You not the, you not the
Only one, only one
Who gotta, who gotta