

Travis Hunter

YN Jay

(Fuck the fire we got grease)

Yeah yeah

Ay I ain't Travis Hunter
I don't want no gold digging bitch I ain't Travis Hunter
You sit outside the club while yo bitch party must be Travis Hunter
You keep on finding out what to bitch doing must be Travis Hunter

Thought we weren't gonna find out about you shaking ass this summer

Yeah we seen all them videos
How you tryna play it crazy to me like for real though
If you weren't going in the party why you still went

Bitch had a good winter but a bad summer
Call of duty warzone I got a pack a puncher
Ay she do to- all right
She do to much I mig- ah shit
She do too much I think I might as well leave the hoe
I told my nigga leave his bitch he think he need the hoe
Count my first m like all right now I need some more
Bitch love you when you rich but end up leaving when you broke

Why you tryna tell me about some shit that I don't need to know
I can tell you about some shit about your bitch that you don't know

Everybody knew she was a hoe I'm like how you don't know
Your bitch was in the party by herself I'm like why you ain't go

Bitch used the oldest trick in the book and he fell for it
My nigga caught a b and died I hope he ain't go to hell for it
My nigga got caught with some dope and went to jail for it
This bitch got a bed but she ain't got no head board
Ay you got a take three steps ahead like a chess board
My nigga died he love the hood he used to live for
I- mmm
Ay my nigga died on the block he used to kill for
My nigga blind when he get cat he got a feel for it
Mmm

Ay I swear I love that plr I gotta feel for it
My niggas keep falling out but they still boys