

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