

I'm A Dog

Travis Porter

We got London On Da Track
DJ I'll Will,
More than just your wifey's favorite DJ
He's yours too, admit it
Go ahead

Man I'm in that bit boy chief with no doors
And I'm off in Magic City, fuckin with the hoes
And I got a big thing for that 1-4
And I got yo bitch standing on the aisle 4

I'm from the city of the house, top floor loss
OG joints, with my lawyer playin golf
Ok I took the top off, took them doors off
Yo bitch wanna vibe, make er take a drive south
Ok, double cup syrup, liquor make me hurl
The shit I had her doin, mad I hope that ain't yo girl
Turn 5 in a 20, 20 to a 50
50 to 100, nigga love getting money
20000\$ bands, I love getting checks
Long sleeves with the match, do some lawn skin sex
Getting money so easy
Pussy nigga be easy
Got goons on the big boy toys, you know damn right that's squeezezy

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Got mo in this bit, can I get a witness?
A lot of bitches, bad truck lifted
Please don't take it personal, doin strictly business
Fuck them niggas, I hope they get offended
Party on my wrist and that bitch flooded
Man that kiss his girlfriend, now they kissin cousins
Hang around a bunch of bees so my nigga's buzzin
I don't know about yours but my nigga's thuggin
And I'm fresh off the rack
And I smell like a pie, you think I'm fresh off the trap
And my pants cost a rack, man you know you can't afford this shit
20-13, Mr. Porter shit

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We get that chick and made movies
Might hit and it's up on the tudy, pull a bump a juvi
My bitch bout her money, you see paper on her catscan
Flat black, cool thing, ho I'm Batman
Honey bear, do the math, that's a 100 band
Ho you understand? All we talk is rubber bands
Chico leave in that Jeep with no doors on it
Ya'll niggas TTG, let you hoes on
Gold plaques on my condo wall

Like my nigga Guwap I'm a go my dog
Nigga talkin money, who you got involves with ya'll?
Real street nigga but we live above the law

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