

Travis Garland

"Lose Your Mind"

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[Chorus:]

If you chillin' in the club, and havin' a good time
But man he keep on talkign to ya, bout to blow ya high
Tappin on your shoulder, and ya bout to turn around
Strap that nigga, punch that nigga, then ya turn right
back around
Lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind
Lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind
Lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind
Lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind, lose ya mind
Please don't blow my high Please don't blow my high
Please don't blow my high Please don't blow my high
Please don't blow my high Please don't blow my high
Please don't blow my high Please don't blow my high

[Verse 1:]

Punch that nigga, slap that nigga, POOF, begone
Oh my god, guess what, my brain... it's gone
Been drinkin in the VI, tryna mind my BI
These thirsty bitches round me, you done fucking
dippin BI
Bout to lose my mind, go crazy crazy crazy
Whole team turnin' up, screaming yay yay yay
But please don't blow my high, please don't blow my
high
He be talking to my back and I don't even know this guy

[Verse 2:]

Tell me what, what you want?
Turn around, leave me alone
And I'm tryna smoke my strong, but he won't leave me
alone
So here what I'm a do, lil strap do fool
I picked a bottle of this goose, and bruh just messed
with my boo

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[Verse 3:]

Who who are you? nigga, I don't even know you
Keep on talking to me, like we just cool
Keep on fucking with me, and Ali gon' act a fool
He must now know me, I got that tool on me
And fuck fame ya nigga, I'm gonna my goons homie
Man something must be wrong with him, quit talking
Ali, gon' sang the song
To him
Nigga I am crazy dawg and I'll swing on all of ya'll
So it's just best to quit tryin' me dawg and get from
around here dawg

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 4:]

Man I lost my mind, I don't know where I left it
You talking shit to me, boy you better have a weapon
Mine is a Smith & Wesson, you better count your
blessings
So there ain't no contesting, this is what you niggas
testing
So all that pushing, shoving, jumping all around
I'm a come mess with little boy, just turn it down (DJ turn
it down)
So get with man, I turn around
I left that red all on his face just like a crayon

Please don't blow my high Please don't blow my high
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