

## Travis Porter "Lose Your Mind"

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### "Lose Your Mind"

#### *[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...its 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 dont 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 Im tryna smoke my strong, but he wont leave me  
alone  
so here what Imma do, lil strap do fool  
I picked a bottle of this goose, and bruh just messed  
with my boo

#### *[Chorus]*

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*[Verse 3]*

Who who are you? nigga, I dont 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, Im 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 its 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 dont 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 aint 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

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