

# THE SCOTTS, Travis Scott, Kid Cudi, THE SCOTTS

we see the hype outside  
right from the house  
took it straight from outside  
straight to the couch  
we put the mic outside  
air that shit out  
you lettin' Thh Scotts outside  
we runnin' the scouts  
ain;t no controllin' the gang  
they never leave  
I got tats over my veins  
cause that what I bleed  
she drink a lot of a burbonlike she from the street  
we got control on the flows ans  
we heard that your way went dry  
we floodin' the drough  
heard thet your hood outside  
we added some routes  
we havin' the goods outside  
move it in and out  
you lettin' Thh Scotts outside  
we runnin' the scouts

nigga, the cops outside  
lock up the house  
we keep the team on high  
some gold in they mouth  
nigga, the Porsche outside  
without the top  
she want a mimosa  
bring the shots  
tell these phony bitches," Beat it!"  
whit the photoshoppin' body  
adobe, help me  
she in there makin' panini  
she know I got all the bread  
she know me, got it  
I'm a hustler, I am n business  
it's been a minute since my niggas been on it  
howdy, Cleveland boy, he make 'em pay  
they said Cleveland boy  
he done made a way  
headed for somewhere to go  
anywhere cinema these , these  
noggas don't know where to go  
gotta keep givin' em heart, heat  
time we go double though  
time they add up the math, math  
and I been dealin' whit so many things  
havin' so many dreams