

Travis Scott, THE SCOTTS

We see the hype outside (Yeah)
Right from the house, uh
Took it straight from outside {Yeah}
Straight to the couch {Mm}
We put the mic outside {Yeah}
Air this shit out, uh {Mm}
You lettin' THE SCOTTS outside {Yeah}
We runnin' the scouts {Mm}
Ain't no controllin' the gang {Yeah, yeah, yeah}
They never leave {Mm}
I got tats over my veins {Yeah}
'Cause that what I bleed {Mm}
She drink a lot of the bourbon {Yeah}
Like she from the street, uh {Mm}
We got control of the flows and, huh, uh, uh {Yeah, mm}
We heard that your way went dry {Yeah}
We floodin' the drought, uh {Mm}
Heard that your hood outside {Yeah}
We added some routes {Mm}
We havin' the goods outside {Mm}
Move it in and out {Mm}
You lettin' THE SCOTTS outside {Mm}
We runnin' the scouts

Nigga, the cops outside (Yeah)
Lock up the house (Yeah, yeah)
We keep the team on high (Huh)
Some gold in they mouth (Yeah, yeah)
Nigga, the Porsche outside (Huh)
Without the top (Yeah, yeah, nigga, yeah)
She want a mimosa-sa (Yeah)
Bring in the shots (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Tell these phony bitches "Beat it"
With that Photoshoppin' body, Adobe, help me
She in there makin' panini
She know I got all the bread
She know me, got it
On my hustle, havin' visions
It's been a minute since my niggas done owned it, howdy (Huh, huh)
Cleveland boy, he make 'em pay
Yes, that Cleveland boy, he done made a way, hey
Headed for somewhere to go, anywhere cinema these, these
Niggas don't know where to go
Gotta keep givin' em heat, heat (Yeah)
Time to go double though, time they add up the math, mad
And I've been dealin' with so many things, havin' so many dreams

Let's go