

Travis Scott, Watch

(Because it's the last ride that I'm ever gonna, that I'm ever gonna take at AstroWorld)
Woah, woah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Look at your Rollie, uh, look at my Rollie, uh
That's a small face, uh, this a big face, uh
She can't see my room, fuck her in the hallway
Gettin' bored with this money, count it all day

Yeah, they thought we were soft, boy, you learned the hard way
Not with all the talkin', turned it to a closed case
Look, pull up Sky Dweller, and it's vanilla
All white, that Plain Jane, yeah
The rose gold one better, hundred or better
I took the money and flooded my bezel
You diamond to rock, computed the settin'
VVS diamonds, they pop just like kettle
I popped a molly to get on my level
Rockin' that Ricky and Raf, here my sweater
Yeah, Patek Philippe, it cloudy like Heaven
Met her at 10, fucked that girl at 11
Fake diamonds in your Rollie, how you reckon?
Diamond tester, nigga, you better check it, yeah

Look at your Rollie, uh, look at my Rollie, uh
That's a small face, uh, this a big face, uh
She can't see my room, fuck her in the hallway (Yeah)
Gettin' bored with this money, count it all day

On the south side of town gettin' me a bald fade, uh (Yeah)
Pass her some stuff, we can down it all, take, uh (It's lit)
No, can't trust her, she gon' leave us all laced (Laced)
Bust a bankroll in the club, where's Chase? (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Like woah (Yeah, yeah, alright)
Yeah, they really want my soul (Yeah)
That can never go (Straight up)
Angel in the snow (White)
Always leave me cold (Ice)
Leave it on the floor but she's slidin' from the pole (What?)
Like woah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Really on speed (Yeah, cash)
You and ivory is all I need (Skrrt-skrrt)
All agreed, we gon' skip the tees, go bare like trees (Trees)
It's stuck in heat, link up with the dawgs and then we flee
Way this summer goin', I might start my summer league (League)
Every young nigga get a check and get a team
Yeah, man's on the front line 'cause man's on his deen (Yeah)
No small faces, it's just an AP beamin' (Yeah, yeah)

Look at your Rollie, uh, {look at my Rollie, uh}
That's a small face, uh, {this a big face, uh}
She can't see my room, {fuck her in the hallway} (Yeah)
{Gettin' bored with this money}, count it all day

Look at my Rollie, look at your Rollie
Your shit rockless, my shit hockey goalie
You should gon' hide it, man, it's too bad
Like a bald nigga still wearin' durags, ha
Israeli guards, boy, please be mindful
Don't have words with me 'cause I got a mind filled
I could tell Larry David was the mind behind Seinfeld
Wanna know how I feel? Step into my minefield
Wanna know how pain feels? I got off my main pills
Bet my wifey stay close, she know I'm on my Bezos
Opioid addiction, pharmacy's the real trap

Sometimes I feel trapped, Jordan with no Phil Jack
One year, it's Illuminati, next year, it's the Sunken Place
They don't want me to change, nah, nigga run in place
I need someone else to make this drink, because
You don't understand the juice to vodka ratio
That could satisfy a real drunk, guess what?
Never trust a bartender that don't drink, bitch

We have bust-down Rollies, bust-down Pateks
And I told him I needed him to bust down our new baby