

Travis Scott, Coordinate (feat. Blac Youngsta)

Ayy, Travis Scott
Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy, Trav
You know what the fuck up, nigga?
Know what I'm talkin' bout?
Nigga, nigga, one thing for sure
Two things for certain, nigga
We gon' keep drinking this motherfucking lean, nigga
And wearin' these motherfuckin' Rockstar jeans, nigga
They want what a nigga can't stand
I know what they can't stand
I know why they mad, nigga
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
But we don't give a fuck, yeah
We gon' keep this big ass MAC-11 on deck
If any fuck nigga get out of line
If any fuck nigga want do somethin', nigga, we can do it, nigga
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)
I'ma need some more, need some more
If I really wanna feel it (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Spend that money fast if I had to
Make that money back if I have you (It's lit)
Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up)
Coordinate the xan with the lean
In my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)
Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Highway, dip in traffic
2 gears, automatic
Leave the strip club tragic
2 broads going at it (It's lit)
Me and Jacques going brazy
Me and Chase going brazy (Straight up)
Smashin' off your old lady (Yeah)
Everythin' all gravy (Yeah)
Coordinate the tan in the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (It's lit)
Pour a little more if you really wanna feel it (Straight up)
Foreign little broad and I really wanna hit it
I'ma take her to the back rah

Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies
I'ma need some more, need some more
If I really wanna feel it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Spend that money fast if I had to (Yeah)
Make that money back if I have you (It's lit)
Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up)
Coordinate the xan with the lean
In my Rockstar skinnies, yeah (Straight up)
Coordinate the tan with the beans
In my Rockstar skinnies, yeah
(Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ain't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya
Outchea goin' hard for ya (Straight up)

You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya
You've been goin' hard for ya
You might fear my ideas
When it's time to pop pills and pop seals (It's lit)
When I run a fire drill, you're right here
Everytime we drop out, we drop chills (Straight up)
Tryna tell ya
Ain't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
Outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
You've been goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)

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I'ma need some more, need some more
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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah