

Travis Scott, Dance On The Moon (feat. Theophilus London)

Moonlight move when a nigga dance
Peep a nigga steeze from a nigga stance
Had to leave home wasn't working out
Kiss moms for me if you get a chance
Walk the streets where I stay
Niggas give me daps and pounds they can't wait
In the moonlight, you can't see my eyes
And when I'm off the things I can't think
Man I been coasting the coast
Swear a young nigga done been through the most
Washing my mind out with dope
Shit real, but you know a nigga can't choke
When they recognize a real nigga still
Ride with me, down with me, say he a float
And all my real niggas sitting in the VIP
Shoving champagne through the next girl throat

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Let's get high, and go dance on the moon
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
We could fly, and go straight to the moon
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Touch the sky, and go dance on the moon
Where the weather is warm and we forever live long

Lost in the moonlight, run through the moonlight, who knew?
Cop lights, no lights, 'cause the bills they was overdue
Now a skinny iggy nigga got fits from the runway
Taking trips to the side of the moon
Had to take trips to define my peace
But I got a little feeling it might be in that tomb
I like my weed a little cheese, roll that that a little thick
Better watch your toke, you don't wanna choke
Better let that jack roll down your neck
I'm on some popular shit, come look in my eyes and get a fix
We just gon' cruise hit the brews, lay back don't worry 'bout shit
It might get rowdy 'cause all the freaky models wanna party
All the freaky models in the lobby, it's so obvious that they lobbyist
Man it can't be realer, me and my niggas in the villa
She in that white dress it can't fit her
Sweet not bitter, drink like you got no liver
Hit it and she on the moon my nigga

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Paul Wall, two cups, hold up, hold up
I'm headed to the moon 'cause the world screwed up
Like the city, I grew up so
I'm pouring up a co-cup, 'bout to get tore up
Got a Xanax crushed up
If you spill my cup, it'll get you fucked up
Pull up to the moon with the trunk up
Gettin' sucked up with three blunts rolled up
Smoke all three at the same time: call that triple OG
In the triple D, I'm full when I'm on E, you don't know nothing 'bout me
Backwood feel with a Compton tree
Getting full of that oil, I got gas and grease
Three lines poured up in the big East

Baptized a blunt but I ain't no priest
Peach Ciroc with a Norco, piece of hash and my trippy sticks
OG wax on a bone with a skillet, me and Paskel been doing that shit
Def' rocking link, what you know about this
Baby Bash came through with the kush assist
Percocet ten and a soma twist on the moon
Getting higher than a bitch and I'm doing my dance

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