

Travis Scott, Ok Alright

Yeah, you know, we gon' be aight
Leaders of the new school
They ain't want to let us in but they had to
Trav, tell 'em what it is
Zona Man in the building

(Okay, okay, okay)
Already know it's gon' be alright
Way we going up we might be all night
(Okay, okay, ay)
Now we gon' blow like the wind
Should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've never, should've never let them niggas in
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
Should've never let us niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay, okay)

Let's get this shit lit poured right
Need my drugs alright
Call my bitch up, she gon' suck this dick four ways
Four ways, now it's time to pay
Need my money now, not tomorrow, need that shit today
(Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Now it's bombs away
Bitches kissing bitches while my niggas serve 'em candy cane
(Okay, okay), bouncing on La Flame, put you up on game
Teach you mix a little, how to dab a little
Them bitches scared, them bitches scared, ah, yeah

(Okay, okay, okay)
Already know it's gon' be alright
Way we going up we might be all night
(Okay, okay)
Now we gon' blow like the wind
Should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've never, should've never let them niggas in
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
Should've never let us niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay)

Bottom bitch say ho
Know you on top when the top get floored
Crib where the cop won't go
Rollie on bling bling, neck-neck on ice
Tell a bitch, "Get right," make a nigga miss that flight
Can a nigga hit that twice
(Should have never let us niggas in)
Got my first M 2012
Now a hundred K in the mail
Free another homie on bail
Money low, her pussy gon' sell
Tryna tell me money ain't shit
When you tried to tell me water won't whip
When you tried to say this quarter won't flip
Since Snoop who the other rich crip
How Groovy get the Pringle man chip

Walk on with a twenty-yard clip
Walk on while a real nigga limp
Black nigga green grass no golf
So on turn the satellite off from the set
Feel like I died on that cross, hang on

(Okay, okay, okay)
Already know it's gon' be alright
Way we going up we might be all night
(Okay, okay)
Now we gon' blow like the wind
Should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay, okay)
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've never, should've never let them niggas in
Should've never let them niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
Should've never let us niggas in
Should've-should've-should've never let us niggas in
(Okay, okay)

Alright, alright, alright
(Balling down the corner)
Alright, alright, alright, alright
(Take the long way home)
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright

Jacques was born April 30, ayy
Doctor said he won't be home in thirty days
He gon' be alright, alright, alright, alright
Mama said her son gon' be a gift
Mama said her son gon' be the shit
He gon' be alright, alright, alright, alright
Mama coming home with different niggas
Daddy out there hanging with the killers
Will it be alright, alright, alright, alright?
Feel like I'ma need me a sip
Feel like I'ma need me a bitch
Make me feel alright, alright, alright, alright

There's blood on your face
Uh, salt on your skin
Your battle is done for now

Alright, alright, alright
Now I wanna, wanna blow these trees alright
Hit another lick and we gon' be alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Now we got this breeze, we gon' be alright
Hundred all we need, we gon' be alright
Alright, alright, alright

Completely available to you
Scrape a little off the top
Come, make your pudding pop
Alright all night