

# Travis Scott, Skyfall

I'm trapped in my conscious  
My trap is still bunkin', look at all of these hundreds  
Hit up the hood pharmacist, he serve all the muddy  
Might shoot at your buddy who shot at my buddy  
The sky keep on fallin', the drugs I keep callin'  
They keep pickin' up for me, they love me

I don't wanna buy, oh no  
It won't get me high, oh no

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Yeah, that's that loud shit, yeah  
I been out on my latest trip  
I've been drunk in my latest whip  
So I might crash in that ass for real

Hit the club for the cougars  
I never got down with the morals of Martin Luther  
I'm just tryna ball, why these niggas want me neutered?  
Got her down to her drawers, tryna get a little nuder  
They just wanna hang like my nigga Mr. Cooper  
I'm so 'head of my time, could I show up any sooner?  
They said I fucked the roommates so you know that just a rumor  
Have you ever got stoned with your motherfuckin' jeweler?  
Scott La Flame, no Rick the Ruler, yeah

I don't wanna buy no more  
Your shit ain't gettin' me high no more

My trap is still bunkin', look at all of these hundreds  
Might jump with no bungee, I'm gone off that muddy  
The drugs kee

I'm trapped in my conscious  
My trap is still bunkin', look at all of these hundreds  
Might jump with no bungee, get lost in the muddy  
I might shoot at your buddy who shot at my buddy  
Where's the love if you love me?  
And the sky keep on callin', the drugs I keep callin'  
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(Ooh, ah)

Look me inside of my eyes (Ooh, ah)  
(Ooh, ah)  
All of this pain, but I'm tryna disguise (Ooh, ah)

I'm it, like a game that get played by a kid  
Pussy boy, I'm on your head like a wig  
Diamonds water like I bought 'em from a squid  
A1's what she get when she want dick  
Black diamonds like I'm Akon kid  
Whippin' I can turn a two to a six  
Real talk, on Blood you dead (Ooh, ah, ooh, ooh, ah)  
And I still want that head like a lid  
Hit the school, make it rain on a principal  
I will leave a nigga smokin' like an Optimo  
All my bitches they on gringo  
They ridin' with heat, ready to sting bro  
I got 300 bitches like I'm Sosa, ho (Ooh, ah, ooh, ooh, ah)  
My jewelry shinin' like some Mop & Glo  
Inside her pants is a camel toe  
I swear I fell in love with all those  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ooh, ah

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Metro Boomin' want some more, nigga