

THE SCOTTS, Travis Scott, Kid Cudi, THE SCOTTS

we see the hype outside
right from the house
took it straight from outside
straight to the couch
we put the mic outside
air that shit out
you lettin' Thh Scotts outside
we runnin' the scouts
ain;t no controllin' the gang
they never leave
I got tats over my veins
cause that what I bleed
she drink a lot of a burbonlike she from the street
we got control on the flows ans
we heard that your way went dry
we floodin' the drough
heard that your hood outside
we added some routes
we havin' the goods outside
move it in and out
you lettin' Thh Scotts outside
we runnin' the scouts

nigga, the cops outside
lock up the house
we keep the team on high
some gold in they mouth
nigga, the Porsche outside
without the top
she want a mimosa
bring the shots
tell these phony bitches," Beat it!"
whit the photoshoppin' body
adobe, help me
she in there makin' panini
she know I got all the bread
she know me, got it
I'm a hustler, I am n business
it's been a minute since my niggas been on it
howdy, Cleveland boy, he make 'em pay
they said Cleveland boy
he done made a way
headed for somewhere to go
anywhere cinema these , these
noggas don't know where to go
gotta keep givin' em heart, heat
time we go double though
time they add up the math, math
and I been dealin' whit so many things
havin' so many dreams