

Travis Scott, 16 Chapels

I don't know about you
Feel like I'm floating through the night
Slow move to the groove
Often the feeling feels right
(Dance like a 90s baby)
In the night, in the night, in the night, the night
Feel like I'm floating through traffic
(Then it "poof" like magic)

This shit be the coldest
Wake up nigga, smell the Folgers
Fuck she throwing up last night
Only if the dumb bitch did what I told her (Told her)
She feel me, I feel her
And she even let me move my fingers up her skirt
Fuck it live for the moment
Had no bread, now the hoes spread like toast is
Her legs spread like Moses
On my way, raise your glass we can have a toast
To the same ones that love talking that wild shit
Be the same ones who wanna be around the most
Tony said soon enough niggas will have a two-tone
Two blond chicks with the roof gone
Complaining now that her breasts out
Well at least you could've thought to put the mink on

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Wet dreams with the prom queen
Now I'm tryna screw me a centerfold
Every nigga have their wild dreams
Mines is to fly to the summer in my winter clothes
Sin city is a mile away
I see the devil in a skirt, but it's a nightgown
Hallelujah, does it even matter if it's night or day
When we pull up, she gon' pull her shirt down
This where we find 'em
Same niggas that sniff Donna
And get drunk off the mimosa
Space green or designer
Hermes based off of drama
Call it spendin' yoda
Six years catch me trying yoga
In the Caesar Palace rocking a toga
Throwing a toga party
Chilling with your bitch and she extra naughty

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