

# Travis Scott, 90210 (ft. Kacy Hill)

She a porn star girl, ah, from the valley  
(Honestly, God bless)  
Who left her hometown world all for that alley  
Oh, created Lake Tahoe all from her panties  
(I hope it was wet like my jumper, though)  
Ooh, used to take the long way home  
Long way home, all for that candy, mm (Hahaha)

Baby's hooked on feeling low  
Do, do, do  
Do, doo

Jacques turned La Flame, now he rolling on an Addy  
Fifty on a chain, 'nother fifty on a Caddy, oh  
He might pop him a pill, pop him a seal, pop anyone  
Pop anything, pop anything to find that alley  
Hmm, yeah, to find that alley, mm

Baby's hooked on feeling low  
Do, do, do  
Do, doo

In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley  
In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley, ooh  
It's the superstar girl, superstar girl, roaming in that alley  
(Baby's hooked on feeling low)  
Oh, in the 90210, 90210, somewhere in that alley

Ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Yeah  
My granny called, she said, "Travvy, you work too hard  
I'm worried you forget about me"  
I'm falling in and out of clouds, don't worry, I'ma get it, Granny, uh  
What happened? Now my daddy happy  
Mama called me up, that money coming and she love me  
I done made it now, I done found life's meaning now  
All them days her heart'd break, her heart not in pieces now  
Friends turning into fraud niggas  
Practicing half the passion, you niggas packaged different  
All you niggas, you niggas want the swag, you can't have it  
I'ma sell it, your niggas salary 'bout to cap bitch  
Youngest nigga out of Houston at the Grammys  
Smiling at 'em laughing at me  
I passed the rock to Ye, he pump faked then passed it back, bitch  
All of this off of rapping, should've wrote this in Latin, yeah, yeah  
Mmm, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know  
Cuzzo said we in the store', yeah, we 'bout to drop a four  
He passed the cigarette, I choke, woo  
Told my auntie put them 'Ports down, them 'Ports down  
Now you know you love your own now  
Hit the stage, they got their hands up, don't put your nose down  
I ain't knockin', nigga, I knocked the door down, for sure now  
Whole crew, I swear they counting on me  
Gold chains, gold rings, I got an island on me  
Houses on me, he got them ounces on him  
Holy Father, come save these niggas, I'm styling on 'em  
Good Lord, I see my good fortune in all these horses  
I'm driving too fast to stop, so all these signs, I ignore them  
Distant sky, from north of the border, my chips is in order  
My mom's biggest supporter so now a nigga support a nigga