

Travis Scott, Backyard

Aight, play the shit
Yuh, yuh, yuh

Gon' grab that fifth, grab that eighth, grab what you need
Blow that dope, don't get too high
From the Third Coast to the West Coast, come, take this ride
Let me tell the tale of how Jacques turned Scott
Over one lost trip to the sky
Let me tell the tale 'cause you told the tale
When you said I could make it this high
Who knew?
Goddammit, who knew?
The grass ain't greener on the other side, it's just blue
You can really identify when you lookin' in your eyes
You ready to ride, that's true
When they look in my eyes, they see that real
How Scotty entired that juice, had my back against that wall
Every summer felt so cold, my daddy ain't comin' home 'til fall
That's why my pimp game so moist, had that du-rag and all
Had a 20-year-old bitch in high school
Wasn't no tellin' what Travy might do
On the south side of that H-O-U...
Hol' up, let's take it back to that room, no car but still had drive
Just a hundred niggas standin' outside
Life's a beach with lot of sand on the lot
I'ma ride for all of my niggas, they forever here by my side
It was just eight niggas in a two bedroom, no leg room, that was last June, yeah, yeah, for real

Yeah, yeah, for real
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout if they ain't talkin' 'bout me, nigga
Let it be known, yeah, it's that real, yeah, yeah, for real, for real
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout if they ain't talkin' 'bout
We them niggas everybody talkin' 'bout, it's that real, yeah, for real

Backyard, we chillin', backyard, we drinkin', smokin'
Homie brought out the liquor, backyard, we gettin' high
Back-backyard, we chillin', back-backyard, we smokin', drinkin'
Back-backyard, we gettin' high, backyard, we chillin'
Backyard, we drinkin', smokin', homie brought out the liquor
Backyard, we gettin' high, back-backyard, we chillin'
Back-backyard, we smokin', drinkin', back-backyard, we gettin' high

Verses, one day you'll find your purpose
Now, my show's packed out like churches
Fans never missin' out a word on the verses
Never sit around, just workin', it was worth it
That's for certain, I deserve it
Lord knows we don't get tired, been through more dirt than a derby
Mama worked for AT&T, and we still ain't get that service
She stayed in/out the hospital, you know that made me nervous
Still step out the house to smell so fresh, fresh like detergent
If a bitch don't want me, don't need them still got my Jergens
And bitch, you can keep them herpes, go alert me
No house light on, cop light on, fuck this journey
You heard me, you heard me, now, swervin', hittin' curbs
And my nigga, my nigga came home so it just got real

Yeah, yeah, for real, yeah, yeah, for real
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout if they ain't talkin' 'bout me, nigga
Let it be known, yeah, it's that real, yeah, yeah, for real, for real
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