

Travis Scott, Black Mass

Always used to pull up pop trunk at Chancellors
Yeah, growing hard
Falling hard, like a cancer
Yeah, always in the city
Always keep a dancer
Yeah, she playing in my hair
She gotta keep me handsome
Yeah, she just in the shower
S-she not with the cameras
Never asking questions
Never giving answers
That's the code, that's the code, to the masses
Black bastards, black masses
Yeah, on my 2Pac mom shit, black panther
You flexing one-on-one, one-on-one, Kyla Prattin'
Me? On my rock-n-roll shit, Mick Jagger
I'm in these Hidden Hills with M&M's, Kardashian
Yeah, I might need a doctor Aftermath is tragic
I've been taking all my doses
Keeping up and active
Rager ain't no major
That's a black basket
Mask it, walk on Nazareth to black caskets
Yeah I got the code, code to the masses
Black masses

I'm way up, way up, way up
Till Nobody can hold wi back