

Travis Scott, CAN'T SAY (feat. Don Toliver)

No, you can't say if I'm mad or not
Smokin' hella weed, I'm on that alcohol
Shawty lick me clean the way she suck me off
I keep two hoes in my bed, I got 'em turnin' out
What would you do if you heard I got it goin' on?
I had to burn, I left "skrrt" marks, I had to dip (I had to)
Gotta watch for 12 'round my town, you might get killed (Better watch for 12)
I'm out my mind, yeah, I'm high above the rim (I'm out my mind)
You cop it live, boy, I got it all on film

You gotta watch out where you rock 'cause shit get real
Drink too real, I can't be fake, don't know the feel
Gotta take a long drive up the hill
Gang too wavy, move like Navy Seals
I'm too wavy, think I need a Lyft
Chicago baby, she just wanna drill
The vibe's too wavy, it's too hard to kill
Gotta watch out where you go 'cause shit get real

Uh-huh, yeah
(Swang, when I swang, when I swang to the left)
Oh, yeah
(Po—pop my trunk, dip—dip—dip—dip)
Oh my

You can't say if I'm mad or nah
Smokin' hella weed, I'm on that alcohol
And shawty lick me clean the way she suck me off
I keep two hoes in my bed, I got 'em turnin' out
What would you do if you heard I got it burnin' out?
I let it burn, "skrrt" that mark, I had to dip (I had to)
Gotta watch for 12 'round my town, you might get killed (Gotta watch for 12)
I'm out my mind, yeah, I'm high above the rim (I'm out my mind)
You cop it live, boy, I got it all on film

You must be cautious, told the lil' hoes I'm all in
Play this ballers offense, I left ol' girl, she callin'
You know I hit in the mornin', oh, yeah, she yawnin'
I met you in the club, bitch, you know this shit mean nothin'
Oh, didn't I hit your cousin? Mmm, no, no discussion
Sippin' on lean, no Robitussin, oh, yeah, I know you love me
I beat it, ain't no cuddlin', you down bad, you sufferin'
I don't give a fuck how hard it get, that lil' bitch know I started this
Uh-huh, oh, yeah, get to the cash, no layup
Spend a big bag, Rodeo, some may ride for the fresh cut
Hoes come through just to touch us, I'ma tell the truth like Usher
You already know how I bust her, slang my chop from Russia

Swang, when I swang, when I swang to the left
Pop, pop my trunk, dip, dip, dip, dip
Swang—swang, when I swang, when I swang to the left
Pop, pop my trunk, dip

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