

# Travis Scott, Drive (feat. James Fauntleroy)

10-201, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Smokin' big, drankin' syrup, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

What, sucker free, what, what  
I can do dat (I can do dat right there)  
I can do dat, ay

If I spill drank on my clothes - I can do dat  
It don't matter cause I buy me some more - I can do dat  
I'ma spend about fifty in the mall - I can do dat  
I'ma buy me a Bentley in the fall - I can do dat  
I'ma stop weak niggas from rappin'...

I, can't, leave, drank alone  
It got me feenin'  
(Feenin', feelin' good, Feelin' like a boss as I'm creeping through my hood)

Feel like I'm on the drive to the moon  
Man I thought the world was ending soon  
Damn, the devil stay testin' and the devil wear Prada  
(Just tryna go up the avenue)

Sometimes I drive  
While I'm staring in your eyes  
With my hands behind your head  
While you take me away

Whether I'm shinin' all winter or chillin' all summer  
We rockin' furs, look like I copped 'em straight out the jungle  
Used to spend cheese up on the steez, yeah I remember  
Used to take trips whippin' the Jeep that my mom loaned us  
Ridin' real slow  
Mhmm, that's the shit they didn't know  
Cruisin' down 59 seein' niggas ridin' fours, I just stared at the stars  
And looked with my eyes closed 'cause it's driving me wild

Sometimes I drive  
While I'm staring in your eyes  
With my hands behind your head  
While you take me away

Hit the weed and just drive  
Hit the weed and just drive  
Hit the weed and just drive  
Hit the weed and just drive, oh, yeah

Sometimes I drive  
While I'm staring in your eyes  
With my hands behind your head  
While you take me away

(Junior!)  
Fuck!  
(Junior, turn that shit off!)  
Man, for what? Nigga, shut up!  
(What'd I tell you about playin' that loud-ass music in this fuckin' house?)  
Fuck! Fuckin' drums crazy!