

Travis Scott, ESCAPE PLAN

Twelve-figure estate plan, that was the escape plan
But hate investigatin', that shit was a waste, man
But wait, I stopped the facin' 'cause shit just start erasin'
But wait, it opened gates and this shit just start paradin', olé (Let's go)
We out the basement, on one floor where it's vacant
She feelin' anxious to be out where it's dangerous, okay (It's lit)
Love how the chains hit, especially how I bang it, okay
Jamaican-Spanglish, she mixed up in her language, hey bae (Yeah)

That WAP need draining, just have it if you singing, okay (Woah)
Fuck that Birkin, she just need some encouragement (Uh)
Fix that attitude, she think she need a surgeon, okay
And show some gratitude, I put you in that altitude, okay
It's stuck like magnets do, I put you in that magnitude, oh, hey (Yeah)
I embrace the pussy, I'm not tryna embarrass you (Straight up, ahh)
Okay, I got a lavish crew, me and Chase the rocker dated you (Woo, Woo)
Me and Bizzy trap, I'm not a rapper, a lot I do, a lot at you
A film director, Helter Skelter, off the seltzer like it's juice (Let's go, yeah)

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Niggas dyin' for the chain around my neck, that's Life Alert (Ooh)
I be tryin' not to go back in my ways, I can't revert (Ooh)
The excursion, them seven seas, I drop her off at Turks (Yeah)
If it's static, then I'm having .50 drop 'em off at church
Up early rolling up a Benny, she just wanna taste the candy (Yeah, yeah)
Prolly soaking up her panties, nasty when she off the— (Woo, woo)
Bust a move, I'm Marco Angie, I just went and bought a planet
Nah, that shit was never planted (Yeah)

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Yeah