

Travis Scott, Eye 2 Eye (feat. Takeoff)

Murda on the beat, that's not nice, man

Real nigga, I
Get high, touch the sky
Right hand in the air
Left hand in the pot
Real nigga, I
We see eye to eye
Real nigga, I
We see eye to eye
Yeah yeah (yeah)

I see green in your eyes, it don't lie (It's lit)
Blue dollar bills in them hills to the sky (Cash)
We put the floor on dash
Know all my hoes they go and cash
Over that bag, they mad
I know the problem, yeah yeah

Eye to eye (Yeah)
Trips to Dubai (Yeah, yeah)
I could see that they jealous, don't know why (Yeah)
Is it 'cause we lit at 4 AM at the spot?
Put that on your tongue, wait for the swag to unlock (Yeah)
If you searchin', come look for us (Alright), over the border (it's lit)
We import 'em (Yeah), just don't record us (Straight up)
Poppin' at the crib, the livin' room look like The Forum
Roll the dice at night, I take the chance in the mornin'

Know what I mean?
We ain't really with that camera shit
Nah

We fuck up for real, for real, for real
We fuck up the check for real (Checks)
We havin' the lean, exotics, and percs, she havin' the X pill (Lean)
We know how to flex for real
We hop on the jet, the time we kill (ew)
These niggas be wildin', chasin' money
While I'm signin' deals (Yuh)
I got a 'Tek Philippe (Yuh)
And I bought a skeleton (Ice, yuh)
I'm a deadly weapon (Yuh)
I'm about to go off in a second (Vroom, yeah)
Moving bricks and medicine (Bricks)
She like to fly, pelican (Brr)
Touch the sky, heavenly (Sky)
Designer belt from the Netherlands (Yeah, yeah)

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Real nigga, I
We see eye to eye
Yeah, yeah

I see green in your eyes, it don't lie (Green)
Blue dolla' bills send them heels to the sky (Yeah)
We put the floor on dash (Skrrt-skrrt)
All of my hoes they go and cash (Skrrt-skrrt)
Over that bag, they mad

I know the problem, yeah yeah

Real nigga, I (I), pop a perc' and fly (Brr)
Crack that seal and take a whiff and I come back alive (Die)
Niggas commit suicide when they don't got mob ties
Flip it like it's Five Guys, I'm 2Pac, get all eyes (All)
Look at the bitch, she a dime
So many watches, a nigga can't run out of time
They get out of line
The gang in your yard with the strap like the Uber driver with the sign (Brr)
I've been known to tell the truth in my raps but these other rapper tell lies (Lies)
Real niggas keep the trap alive
Ain't no fabrication on the vine (It's cap)

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Yeah, yeah

I see green in your eyes, it don't lie (Green)
Blue dollar bills in them hills to the sky (Yeah)
We put the floor on dash (Skrrt-skrrt)
All of my hoes they go and cash (Skrrt-skrrt)
Over that bag, they mad
I know the problem, yeah, yeah (yeah!)

Skrrt-skrrt, skrrt-skrrt