

Travis Scott, FE!N (feat. Homixide Meechie, Playboi T)

Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend
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Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend (Yeah)
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Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend

The career's more at stake when you're in your prime (Slatt)
Fuck that paper, baby mouth it's on the dotted line (Ah)
I been flyin' out of town for some peace of mind
It's like always [?], just wanted peace of mind
I been focused on the future, never on right now (Ah)
But I'm sippin' that kombucha, neither pink or brown (It's lit)
I'm the one that introduced you to the you right now (Uh-huh, let's go)
Oh my God, doctor died (Doctor died)
But alright (Alright), traumafied
In the night, come alive
Ain't a fiend, ain't a, ain't a, ain't-

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I'm sure [?]
I'm sure [?]
I'm on the syrup
Let's go, I'm sure (Yeah)
(Yeah, yeah)
Hit, huh, huh, huh, hit, huh
Rockin' a hitch, yeah
I can really pop my shit and get slime, hol' up (Pluto)
If I don't come up out this shit, we poppin' ya tires, hold up
Hold up, huh, huh, fully loaded, meds
Homixide these hoes (Hol' up)
'Cause I don't fuck no friends (Hol' up)
I be goin' crazy, uh, I'm in love with these bands, hol' up
She not innocent (Hol' up)
She just tryna go-

Fiend, fiend (Yeah), fiend, fiend (Oh-oh)
Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend (Oh-oh)
Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend (Let's go)

I just iced my ho
I just draped my ho, yeah
This is a whole 'nother level, shawty
I got the hoes on they toes, huh
I put the bitch on the road
Shawty play with the whole neck, yeah
I got this ho with me, she tryna show me sum'
I got flows for days, these niggas ain't know nun', huh, huh
When my boy [?] on one, hol' up, hol' up
Make the spot go crazy, that's 'til the sun up, hol' up
[?] rock that ho, that ho done chose up, hol' up
Testers on the kit came up, said colder (Colder, colder)

Fiend, fiend (Yeah)

Fuck these niggas, I hope they know us
Double R kit, hol' up, yeah, we told up (Skrirt, skrirt)
Specially out the bag, these niggas get rolled up (It's lit)
[?] huh, heard it's yours, yours

Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend

Shawty, why you shakin'? Only wanna lit, yeah (Yeah)
Rocks on my mind, wax on my sneakers
Took her from the stairs straight to the bleachers
[?] when I'm on the lead (Yeah, yeah)
I fucked her off, then her cut her off 'cause I don't need her
Damn, another hit, it's gon' bloom, baby now
I can't kill that message, it's my turn, baby (Just my turn)
I'll jump off the roof then crash a turn table
The tables never turn, we got the scouts (Bitch)
I'ma make a scene
We pull up, make scene
This time, I'll hold my team
We do this, just a team
Scream, fiend

Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend
Fiend, fiend
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Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend
Fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend
(Yaow)