

Travis Scott, Fish N Grits

That post "Rodeo" flow, you know
Folarin the genius, Scott the genius
Mm, look, yeah

Cartier, what your wrist doin'?
In the Ace with my nigga whip
Real nigga in that Will&Rich
I ain't stoppin' 'til a nigga fifty mil'
I ain't trippin' 'til a nigga hundred mil'
I ain't trippin' 'til I'm five hundred mil'
Funny, weighin' on the money
But I'm buyin' ice to let all of these niggas chill
(Never ever gotta write a will)
(Niggas won't beat me like Emmett Till)
(Niggas won't bite me like Holyfield)
(Might run it back on you, I'm in the field)
Hey, that money be comin' in, look
Money be comin' in, look
(I just left the "Rodeo")
Then she ridin' my jawn again
(She ridin' my jawn again, got up on again)
(And bone her, bone her, bone her, bone her)
(You know I'm a stoner, stoner, stoner, stoner)
(You know I'm a loner, loner, loner, loner)
Smokin' that dope, only Cali could grow it
Doin' my shows, all the bitches gon' bump us
Show off my card, there's livin' with no limit
I could buy a house and a Benz in the mornin'
This is important

Never seen a night like this
Won't you take a drag, another hit?
Whippin' up a pot, fish grits
Never seen a night like this, yeah
Never seen a night like this
Won't you take a drag, another hit?
Whippin' up the pot, fish grits
Never had a night like this

Never seen nothin' like this
Yeah, don't make me hit the button, hit the nitrous
Yeah, bang her right soon as the light hit (Skrrt)
Yeah, I tend to see the moon soon as the day flip
Yeah, auto-auto-automatic
Swerving, switching through traffic
Every time I call your phone (Brrr)
I'm picking up, hearing static
Lobby looking like Magic (Woo)
Living room on Stadium (Woo)

She ain't too far from the DMV
From the DMV, I am the greatest one
I'm not a killer, boy, don't make me one
I'ma chill, I got a baby comin'
My partner said it's gon' be tougher for you
You ain't sucker pussy or fake as them
Real G nigga (Yeah) elementary, nigga (Woah)
Doja rolled in a Swisher (Yeah) Bun B, Pimp C, nigga
Bun B, Pimp C, nigga; Bun B, Pimp C, nigga
Had to change the line a nigga wrote
Because America just hate to sees niggas winning

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Won't you take a drag, another hit?
Whippin' up the pot, fish grits
Never had a night like this