

Travis Scott, Motorcycle Patches

Motorcycle patches on my jacket
Rip all the money out the plastic
Put it on her tongue and now she dancin'
Gave her everything, now what you asking?
Flip, make it flip, do gymnastics
Pop her a bean, unlock the talent
Eat up all the green, taste just like salad
.40 on my hip like it's new fashion, blastin'

(Huncho, yeah yeah yeah)
She gon' make that ass dribble, playin' basket (Ball)
Don't call it cuffin' nigga, I ain't passin' (Woo)
Niggas pourin' fours, poppin' seals like caskets (Drippin')
Nawfside hot boy, I bought a dragon (Yeah)
I get it at your grill, VIP, spread the bills (Spread)
M's a deal, spinnin' the fortune wheel (Spin it)
Four by four (Woo), skrrting all the wheels (Skrrt)
Eskimo (Brr), icy necks and grills
Watch out, watch out, Big Baller Brand, watch out (Watch out)
This for the fam, watch out (Watch out)
It's my time, don't clock out (Time)
Threeway pack, we knock out (Knock out)
Molly make her bite down (Bite down)
42, Pistons, Stackhouse (Baow)
Nigga we winnin', racks out (Cash, racks)

[Travis Scott:]
Motorcycle patches on my jacket (Yeah!)
Rip all the money out the plastic (It's lit!)
Put it on her tongue and now she dancin' (Pop it, pop it)
Gave her everything, now what you asking? (Alright!)
Flip, make it flip, do gymnastics
Pop her a bean, unlock the talent
Eat up all the green, taste just like salad (Yeah!)
.40 on my hip like it's new fashion (Yeah, yeah!), blastin'

Fuck shit up, we fuck shit up
Weed got me stuck, drugs got me stuck
Diamonds untucked, diamonds untucked (Ice, ice, yeah!)
We on road
I can't stop no more, on my time I can't go, yeah (Oh no)
If I send these flicks to your phone, you can't leak (Nah)
Motorcycle patches is earned on the streets (Ahh, ahh)
Fuck shit up, we done fuck shit up
It got me stuck, it done got me stuck
Drugs got me stuck, love got me stuck
Diamonds untucked, diamonds untucked, yeah
Jacket got stripes (Alright!)
I been blessed in with the knights (Blessed)
Just turned twenty-five, yeah (Five)
Goin' in like I'm doin' twenty-five to life (Ahh)
I'm alone, out of sight
At the crib, come take a hike
In the field, not the Hills
I been beatin' like it's Ike (Straight up!)
No more deals, they like wheels, make me ill at the sight
Even still scroll through the reels, miss the times when we hit
No need for names, yeah she know (Yeah!)
We was tribe, Navajo (Yeah, yeah!)
We was real, Jack and Jill
Like the pill had awoke, uh (It's lit!)

Yeah, motorcycle patches on her jacket (Yeah!)
Rip all the money out the plastic (Yeah, yeah!)

Put it on her tongue and now she dancin' (Pop it, pop it)
Gave her everything, now what you asking? (No)
Flip, make it flip, do gymnastics (Ahh)
Pop her a bean, unlock the talent (Yeah, yeah!)
Eat up all the green, taste just like salad (It's lit!)
.40 on my hip like it's new fashion, blastin'
(Pew, pew pew pew pew pew pew)