

# Travis Scott, Never Sleep (feat. Lil Baby)

Tay Keith, this too hard

Geeked, never sleep  
Stretch a hundred to millions in weeks  
Gotta run and then ride it for me  
Where it's sunny we gotta retreat  
Straight from London, she out in the East  
Let her shop and she keep the receipts  
Don't you tell him you got it from me  
After this, I'ma need therapy  
I been buildin' up my legacy  
Hunnits on hunnits on fold  
I been up so far, somewhere  
Stuck at the top and it's nowhere to go

I was just thinkin' like, "Damn, to get a new drop so I can circle the floor"  
I was just thinkin' like "Damn, some niggas got cropped, I gotta circle to grow"  
Soon as we land, we make it go "Pop"  
Gave her a grand, she turn it to snot  
Got with her man, a nigga got blocked  
Gave her a tan, I'm already hot  
I gave her the land, the sand, and all the views, and really all you did is plot  
I gave you the plans and brands and all the jewels and really all you do is flop

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Yeah  
Yeah, I'm from the streets  
They remember me, lil' Dominique  
I'm a dog don't deny it at all  
Nah, for real, keep your bitch on the leash  
Why you tryna compete with me? Know you can't see me  
I go the hardest and then I press repeat  
Give a head start and they still ain't gon' beat me  
Birthday did some shit that they can't show on TV  
Pull up inside a McLaren like "beep beep"  
I took a half of a E now I'm geekin'  
Put her on camera, I'm never gon' leak it  
Keep that shit classy, when you see me, don't speak to me  
Get her away from me, that's what she need to be  
Switch the Mercedes sign out for a Brabus B  
I pay 'em all they lil' fee, it don't bother me  
I'm all on top of this shit 'cause I gotta be

Geeked, never sleep (Yeah)  
Stretch a hundred to millions in weeks  
Got her runnin' and ridin' for me  
Where it's sunny we gotta retreat ('Treat)  
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Got two rings and they forty a piece, gotta ride with a .40 at least  
You invite her, she leavin' with me, what you pushin'? There's levels to P (Uh)  
I came out the soil, I got mud on my cleats  
Ever since "Run It Up," I got my money up, I keep all three of my bitches on fleek  
Always stay geeked, if I ran into vampires, they would get high off the shit that I bleed  
If a producer don't take off his tag, I'll do it myself and I'll remake the beat  
When I go shoppin' I'm spendin' a bag, it touch the floor when I hold up the receipt (Bag)  
I been goin' ghost and my doors on suicide  
Lookin' in the mirror like, "I really am that guy"  
Still my gang, I don't really like to choose sides  
Hop off a jet to a check on a red eye  
Roll up a spliff, mix a grabba with dead guys  
People still hatin' and I still don't know why  
Four pockets full, put a molly in a Cacti

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