

Travis Scott, Nothing But Net

Hey, I'm not allowed to do this, but does anyone have a cigarette?
A menthol cigarette? It's my birthday
I don't smoke cigarettes
I don't either, that's why I look so young
(Cigs? It's her birthday)
I think Jordan does
Or just, anything
(Jordan?)
Jordan?

I might use the bitch for a cook
I might use the bitch for a stripper
Pistol was a rooster
Ayy, blat!

Fuck that other side, nigga, fuck that other side (Uh)
We don't play that shit
Yeah, grab your girl, tell your bitch, "Just quit playin"
Later we gon' play that shit
It's all good, it's alright
Plenty bitches down to ride (Uh)
Yeah, and if it all goes down (Brr)

ABC, about to cum, she like children on her tongue
I come red like I'm a nun (Woo)
Inhalin' kush with my lungs (Woo)
Covered in green like a fuckin' iguana
End of the day, I'm the mo'fuckin' boss, like the fuckin' your honor
I got Travis Scott inside the spot, and he leanin' like a mothafucka
I feed bitches rocks and load the Glocks
And now she feinin' like a mothafucka
Her ass fat so she teasin' like a mothafucka
Booty call, nigga, greedier than a mothafucka
Hey, I wanna eat the little mothafucka
Icy water, Fiji, mothafucka
Let's get it

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Nothin' but net
Not-not-nothin' but net (Swoosh, ballin')
Nothin' but net
Nothin' but net
Blat

Last call, last call for the weed and alcohol
Last call for you to slip out them drawers
Girl, I need it right now, get your ass in this stall
We ain't got time to stall
These niggas got me pissed off
Sippin' so long, girl, I'm pissin' Cristal
Sippin' and swervin'
My words don't know if I crashed into a pool or her jaw

Pops never home, left a long term
On the back when a lil' nigga had to sit and deal with it
Loner turned rock star, nigga, under the moon
Got the world in my palm, 'bout to rub her pussy with it
When you dominate it, come with digits
Let her see the Tempur-Pedic
Bend it over, beat it, skeet it
Then delete it, then repeat it
Then repeat it (Yeah) then she told me

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