

Travis Scott, Pour Up

Riding around in my old whip
Used to drive that thing like I stole it
I control the drop when you roll it
12 pull us over you'll hold it
You the coldest girl I been loving
You the hottest girl and you know it
I might just let you pour that for real yeah

Got a little, got a little trip
Got a little, got a little lift
Got a little, got a little lit

Man I woke up up in the middle of the night
And just fillin' up my backwood all up
As many extendos as possible
Money, money alcohol pussy weed
Everything on me weed and the lab-anos
Got the diam-anos, angelos
You get it vámonos
I gotta' know
One thing about you, I'm finna' menage you
You still give me time yeah you know, massage you
You might make me hide you, but
How you can but you know that you winnin'
You know what you wearin'
The [?]
You know when you in it
Come with more hydro and NyQuil
More Xan than a Bicycle, you know that I roll it
Roll it you I'm rollin' my pollie only from my coaches
Niggas know I remote control it
Money, fuck it, I need money homie
Got that money comin' in, outta the spot
Got it hot, on lock as approaches
Hop in my whip we get coastal yeahhh

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