

# Travis Scott, SICKO MODE (Skrillex Remix)

Astro, yeah  
Sun is down, freezin' cold  
That's how we already know, winter's here  
My dawg would probably do it for a Louis belt  
That's just all he know, he don't know nothin' else  
I tried to show 'em, yeah  
I tried to show 'em, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Goin' on you with the pick and roll  
Young La Flame, he in sicko mode

Woo, made this here with all the ice on in the booth  
At the gate outside, when they pull up, they get me loose  
Yeah, Jump Out boys, that's Nike boys, hoppin' out coupes  
This shit way too big, when we pull up, give me the loot  
(Gimme the loot!)  
Was off the Remy, had a Papoose  
Had to hit my old town to duck the news  
Two four hour lockdown, we made no moves  
Now it's-it's 4 A.M and I'm back up poppin' with the crew  
I just landed in, Chase B mixes pop like Jamba Juice  
Different colored chains, think my jeweler really sellin' fruits  
And they chokin', man, know the crackers wish it was a noose

(Some-Some-Some-Someone said)  
To win the retreat, we all in too deep  
PI-PI-Playin' for keeps, don't play us for weak (Someone said)  
To win the retreat, we all in too deep  
PI-PI-Playin' for keeps, don't play us for weak

Yeah, this-this shit way too formal, y'all know I don't follow suit  
Stacey Dash, most of these girls ain't got a clue  
All of these hoes I made off records I produced  
I might take all my exes and put 'em all in a group (Yeah)  
Hit my eses, I need the bootch (yeah)  
'Bout to turn this function to Bonnaroo (It's lit)  
Told her, "Hop in, you comin' too"  
In the 305, bitches treat me like I'm Uncle Luke  
{Don't stop, pop that pussy!}  
Had to slop the top off, it's just a roof, uh  
{Don't stop, pop that pussy!}  
She said, "Where we goin'?" I said, "The moon"  
{Don't stop, pop that pussy!}  
We ain't even make it to the room  
She thought it was the ocean, it's just the pool  
Now I got her open, it's just the Goose  
Who put this shit together? I'm the glue

(D-d-d-don't stop)  
Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance  
Now I hit the FBO with duffels in my hands  
Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance  
Someone said  
(D-don't stop)  
Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance  
Now I hit the FBO with duffels in my hands  
Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance  
Someone said

She's in love with who I am  
Back in high school, I used to bus it to the dance (Yeah)  
Now I hit the FBO with duffels in my hands  
I did half a Xan, thirteen hours 'til I land  
Had me out like a light, ayy, yeah

Like a light, ayy, yeah

Like a light, ayy, slept through the flight, ayy  
Knocked for the night, ayy  
767, man, this shit got double bedroom, man  
I still got scores to settle, man  
I crept down the block (Down the block)  
Made a right (Yeah, right)  
Cut the lights (Yeah, what?), paid the price (Yeah)  
Niggas think it's sweet (Nah, never), it's on sight (Yeah, what?)  
Nothin' nice (Yeah), baguettes in my ice (Aw, man)  
Jesus Christ (Yeah), checks over stripes (Yeah)  
That's what I like (Yeah), that's what we like (Yeah)  
Lost my respect, you not a threat  
When I shoot my shot, that shit wetty like I'm Sheck (Bitch!)  
See the shots that I took (Ayy), wet like I'm Book (Ayy)  
Wet like I'm Lizzie  
I be spinnin' Valley, circle blocks 'til I'm dizzy (Yeah, what?)  
Like where is he? (Yeah, what?)  
No one seen him (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm tryna clean 'em (Yeah)

She's in love with who I am  
Back in high school, I used to bus it to the dance  
Now I hit the FBO with duffels in my hands (Woo!)  
I did half a Xan, thirteen hours 'til I land  
Had me out like a light (Like a light)  
Like a light (Like a light)  
Like a light (Like a light)  
Like a light

Yeah, passed the dawgs a celly  
Sendin' texts, ain't sendin' kites, yeah  
He said, "Keep that on lock"  
I say, "You know this shit, it's stife," yeah  
It's absolute, yeah (Yeah), I'm back, reboot (It's lit!)  
LaFerrari to Jamba Juice, yeah (Skrrt, skrrt)  
We back on the road, they jumpin' off, no parachute, yeah  
Shawty in the back  
She said she workin' on her glutes, yeah (Oh my God)  
Ain't by the book, yeah, this how it look, yeah  
'Bout a check, yeah, (Check) just check the foots, yeah  
Pass this to my daughter, I'ma show her what it took (Yeah)  
Baby mama cover Forbes, got these other bitches shook  
Yeah