

# Travis Scott, TELEKINESIS (feat. Future & SZA)

It's too harder, fucked an R&B bitch, and that shit happen, yeah  
Yeah, come on, you still wanna be [?] finally happen  
Gotta make me happy, gotta make me happy, yeah  
I could've took the pain and I could've went outside  
Streets stuck near, raised me, but ain't help my daddy  
Niggas tryna clone me, run out with my swag  
For selling Coco, got Chanel on my jacket  
Shawty give me mop with the less, it don't last  
Takin' more drugs, all alone in the mess  
Walkin' around tweakin' with the yoppa in my hands  
Just another bro code, just preachin' for these bands  
And I know I'm due for a billion-dollar advance (Uh huh)

I could see the future, I could see the future (I can see the future)  
I can see the future, it's lookin' like we level through the sky  
I can't wait to live in glory in eternal [?] (Just ignore it)  
Won't you take the willing? I recline and I sit still  
Might as well turn 'em now, he gon' pop up unannounced  
To the trumpets, do you like the way it sounds? (Like the way it sound)

You know the future of the bounce, ayy  
I can hear your thoughts so loud, I can hear the crowd so loud  
Do you like the way it sounds? Ayy  
I can hear your thoughts so loud, I can hear the crowd so loud, loud

I can see the future, rival with the storm and some troopers  
Ridin' through this shit, this shit is stupid  
The sky walkin' 'round like I'm Luka  
Duckin' all these convos like I'm Bruces, super  
Mobbing with my angels dodging Lucifer (Might)  
Seein' every angle, I can see through ya, yeah (Yeah)

I can see the future, it's lookin' like we level through the sky (See ya)  
I can't wait to live in glory in eternal [?] (Live in glory)  
Won't you take the willing? (See of) I recline and I sit still  
Might as well turn 'em now, he gon' pop up unannounced  
To the trumpets, do you like the way it sounds?  
You know the future of the bounce (Bounce, bounce, bounce)

Get so much money 'til my skin peel  
Cherry-red bands like the real pimp (Yeah)  
My bro cook up dope, it take real skill  
Share my bitch with my ho, ain't got no chill  
You either gettin' to money or you gossipin' (Yeah)  
She chose up but [?] playin' the lottery

Places I'd never thought I'd go I found models in  
I got the demons clear when they callin' (Yeah)  
Flights on the Earth so I had to make myself a planet (Haha)  
Automatic dead when you goin' against my family  
If you break us, my public, I just bought another bandit (Bought another bandit)  
Bitch knew I was toxic, when she met me, I was a savage (Met me, I was a savage)  
High in the hills, tryna avoid any manners (Yeah)  
Private on the lear just like we imagined  
Only sellin' for this Hi-Tech 'cause I ain't got the addy (Yeah)  
Tryna be modest (Modest), sound like I'm braggin' (Braggin')  
Cartier my frames, all because of my fame  
Bitch said she ashamed to love me in public rather go private (Seen enough)

Get so much money 'til my skin peel  
Cherry-red bands like the real pill  
My bro cook up dope, it take real skill  
Share my bitch with my ho, I ain't got no chill  
You either gettin' to money or you gossipin'

She chose up but [?] playin' the lottery

I can see the future, it's lookin' like we level through the sky  
I can't wait to live in glory in eternal [?] (Just ignore it)  
Won't you take the willing? I [?]  
Might as well turn 'em now, he gon' pop up unannounced  
To the drummers, do you like the way it sounds?

I can't get enough, told you I just want it all  
I can't get enough, you ain't been doin' enough  
So cold, so cold, you're so cold, so cold  
So cold  
You could see the future, there's a sparkle in your eye  
When you're all up in my thigh, can't let you  
Niggas plottin' my demise, I got murder on my mind  
I got money on the line, I can't lose if I tried  
Let no bitch break my stride  
Chosen, I'm gon' bet on me  
Chosen, all my shit and teeth  
Hoes and I can't fit no heat  
Diamonds dancing on me  
You're startin' to fuss, man, you fell out of pocket  
You fucked that girl that you met at the party  
I got some new niggas down in the lobby  
How can I sleep when you're out catchin' bodies?  
I still wanna be with you, trust me, I know that's insane  
I'd rather fuck on you than fuck on lames  
I did some shit in Berlin, my moldae  
We both ain't shit and it's workin' for me  
Workin' for me, yeah  
I could see the future, I could see the future