

# Travis Scott, The Ends (feat. André 3000)

2 AM, howlin' outside  
Lookin', but I cannot find  
Don't you fall asleep this time  
I been on a long way drive  
Only you can stand my mind  
Only you can fix inside  
So if I make it out tonight  
Let's make it a badass time

Okay, I got it, copy  
20/20 but I can't see nobody  
One eye open, Illuminati  
This might be the verse that make 'em drop me  
Ain't makin' friends, we just makin' hobbies (Yeah)  
No, that wasn't my girl, that was just a hobby (Yeah, yeah)  
Call up 50, tell 'em load up the lobby  
Elevator up, no need to find me, yeah, yeah  
X-ray vision, see through you niggas  
Newspaper stand, we press the issue (Press it, press it, press the issue)  
We ain't sendin' shots, we launchin' missiles (Yeah, right up at your hood up north)  
Checkin' Third Ward, I'm goin' mental  
Fuckin' up my room, I've been rackin' up incidentals  
Cookin' on a tune, I've been cheffin' up instrumentals  
Nothin' else to do when you're ridin' in the  
When you ridin' in the, in the back of the back seat (Back seat, back seat, back seat, back seat)  
Driver run the miles up like I'm runnin' a track meet (Track meet, track meet, track meet, track meet)  
Gotta watch my back now, 'cause these niggas at me  
All black in a Benz when I pull up on ya

They don't want to see me in the ends, in the ends  
Let me catch you creeping here past 10, in the ends  
From a tribe of check-a-hoe like Indian  
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah (Eh-hey)

To them I'm a big dick, a cheque and some laughter (Hahaha)  
I guess it's all survival but please be careful, uh  
I gave up on the Bible long time ago, uh  
Oh, I hope it ain't give up on me, I don't know, ha  
I came up in the town, they were murderin' kids, hmm  
And dumped 'em in the creek up from where I live (Ayy)  
Bodies, bodies, bodies sprinkled around (Uh, uh)  
We runnin' through the sprinkler lookin' around  
Killer would show up with boxes of pizza, uh  
And said he had a label recruitin' people (Uh)  
Put that on my grandma and everything, yeah  
My homie said he told 'em his name was Wayne  
It could've been me or could've been you too  
But what a memory, it may need interludes (Could've been me)  
What's gon' patch up my inner tube  
So I could pop a wheelie and walk it too

Oh yeah, La Flame with the nappy fro' now, yeah  
In the ends, I'ma kick your door down, oh yeah  
We keep wildin' out the Mo' now, oh yeah  
Keep that 300 Z-Ro when I pull up on ya