

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