

Travis Scott, Too Many Chances

If you can be real for two seconds
Or maybe a minute (oh yeah)
Do it
If you can be real for two seconds
Or maybe a minute
Do it, don't be shy
If you can be real for two seconds

First order of business, I gotta fly out my people
Way too many fakes in my face, I can see the evils
Drug addictions, bad bitches
They gotta be chose, see the peacoat
Black slacks, it's R.I.P. clothes, see amigos
Laid back, I cock the nino, game time, gang time
No time to reload, handle mine, take mine
I've gotta deebo, can't waste a minute
Rap Yeats, I master business, but still a menace
Peep my mojo I got together, I'm in my bag
Too many looks, they pocket watchin', gotta hit the gas
Look back, I see the clouds, these niggas doubt
They say a nigga'd never make it, now look at me now
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hood times, I never cared, I pull up there
Outside your club, I'm at your club (yeah)

And I gave myself too many chances
Gave myself too many chances
Alcohol land on these dancers
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Do it, don't be shy
You know that I miss it, don't be shy
You know that, you know that
I don't go that way