

Travis Scott, Wasted

(Aw, aw, yeah, aw)

Are you wasted or nah? Wasted or nah? Wasted or nah?

Take a sip, drowning in this shit, coppers on my hip, I hold my head
I've been taking risks to make that money flip, shots to the head
I ain't order it, I can't afford this shit
Go to war with this you overboard, I'm over bored with shit
Now, it's pay up player, pay a nigga
Gotta day to day to stack and still I pay accountants
Twenty racks to show just a little allowance
Only come to Houston if the boy allow it
Bow your head to a real one, coming down with them main niggas
H-Town, don't play with us, them wit-it boys stay wit-wit-wit it
I've been grinding, slaving over time since I was a fan
Looking in the mirror like "One day, Jacques, you gon' be the man"
One skinny, tatted nigga, blunt flicker
Young La Flame, hot spitter who can't hold his liquor, yah

It's really going down in the goddamn south
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end
It-it-i-it's really going down in the goddamn south
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end

There's a lot of motherfuckers that can't handle they liquor
Can't handle these drugs
(Wasted or nah?)
It's only real niggas that can handle their shit, man
(Wasted or nah?)
Yeah (Wasted or nah?)
So, if you tryna get lit, wanna pour up?
Make sure you stay on our level, 'cause we go up
Let me see you up

Is you wasted, baby?
One shot, two shots and you still talking crazy (Trippy)
Three shots and you faded
Freaks coming out at night and they gettin' X rated
Four shots now she wanna do the clique
Any more shots she ain't gon' remember shit
Smoking on extendos, no clips
Project hoes going up in the Ritz (Trippy)
She gon' do it for a G, anything for me, bruh
She just wanna fuck and drink and chief all the weed up
Sexy bitch, pop that pussy 'cause you in your prime
Pour that purple over ice, call it "turtle time"
Shawty never been a hesitator
Got her going down on the elevator
Heard the pussy bomb, I'ma detonate her
Fuck her from the back, keep the neck for later
No magic trick, but I levitate her
With the magic stick, nothing less than great
When I hit her with the dope D, I'm gone
Don't text me later, no extra favors

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Hmm, weed, lean, MDMA, he say, she say
All the products of a young man gone the long way
From the home that he knew, 'til he roamed where he at
And the phone break up, unknown wake up
Several one night stands, hung up phone, break up

If he fall, will he fly? Sure, wouldn't take much
For you to find out, jump, if you took that plunge
If not, we're in the same spot, how could you judge?
How could you judge? C-c-could you judge?