## Travis Scott, WHAT TO DO? (feat. Don Toliver)

Why did we fall that evening?
Silhouettes for the evening
You might just be my type
And I know just what you like but I'm

Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do

I woke up on the seventeenth
Drunk as hell, you tellin' me
I was in the club, full of jealousy
Damn near caught a felony
One thing I know, two just wanna ride (Uh-uh)
I did it outside (Uh-uh)
I, you better go hide (Uh-uh)
Put it on her feet and I glide
Step with the three like Clyde, slide, slide
We rock the cream on the pie-ie-ie
But that's my better side (Yeah)
I can't tell a lie (Uh-uh)
This is televised (Uh-uh)
You need better guys

Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Woke up on the seventeenth With them tattoos, just is tellin' me And them fantasies is outstandin' me I'm only on the beat between 10 and 3 Took you, move you outside to the West Down Southside by the 'jects' Tell me what a time, what a wreck Never let it down, never let Always thought T was a rex Never thought T was a wreck Put the ice T on your neck (Neck) When it go cold make you sweat Never let you go, never (Go, go) Never let you go, you the best But never let it go to your head (No) I always got control of the Whoa (Yeah)

Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Silhouettes for the weekend And you might just be my type And I know just what you like but I'm

Still fucked up (Yeah)

Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah) Don't know what to do (Yeah) Still fucked up (Yeah) Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah) Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Fuck the club up Still with my dawgs Please don't make the wrong moves, 'cause my weapon cocked

Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah) Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah) Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah) Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)