

# Travis Scott, WHO? WHAT!

Know what I'm sayin', know what I'm sayin'?  
Know what I'm sayin'?

Heard they talkin' shit 'bout I  
Who, what, when and why? {Who?}  
I'm alive, just took one to revive {Yup}  
Keep that vibe when we show up and collide {'Llide}, yeah  
Me and the guys move just like the F-O-I (Ooh)  
In the Hills, but still keep them ghetto ties {Hills}, yeah  
Was talkin' Frenchy's, but she thinkin' Ocean Prime (Prime) {yeah}  
Know she keep an open mouth and open mind (Ahh) {yeah}  
I don't open up her door, she open mine (Swang)  
I need less stress and I need more thighs, yes (Skrرت, skrrt)  
We on the jet quest, mobbin' with the tribe, yes (Skrرت, skrrt)  
In the headrest, one of 25, yes (Skrr, skrr)  
Ain't seen the best yet, open up your eyes, yeah (Yeah)

One, two, three, four, five, that's the countdown 'til I slide (Slide)  
Pork and rinds, how I grew up on my side {Eat it up}  
Ain't no fence just a hundred acres wide {Nope}  
When shit get tense, we twist up and we get fried

I picked my favorite dancer out then pay her rent (Cash, cash)  
At Christmas time it's no Saint Nick, we got the Grinch (Bad, bad)  
I smack that ass she threw it back in self defense (Yeah)  
We took the crib, flood the backyard like it's the beach (Drip, drip)  
We did some things out on the ways that we can't speak  
All I know it was "Mo Bamba" on repeat (Cash)  
I don't think these things I took is helpin' me (Oh yeah)  
I could bar up some more  
Had to gather the foes  
Had to count up the Os (Big bag)  
Had to summon the hoes (Hey)  
Dodgin' federal, 12  
I rolled through the light (Skrرت, skrrt)  
Rollin' the dice (Hey)  
Rock all my ice (All ice)  
Poppin' that coochie (Coochie, coochie)  
This down and groovy (Ooh)  
To get down, get groovy (Groovy)  
That bitch brown and choosey (Hey!)  
Shawty (Shawty), in a supersonic ('Yo')  
Brand new LaFerrari, woo, my bitch ride iconic

(Yeah, yeah)  
One, two, three, four, five  
That's the countdown 'til I slide ('Til I slide)  
Pork and rinds, how I grew up on my side (On my side)  
Ain't no fence just a hundred acres wide (Acres wi—)  
When shit get tense, we twist up and we get fried (Get fried)

Was born in the movie (Movie)  
Never make excuses (No)  
It was time to move it (Time to move)  
It was God and the Uzi (God and the Uzi)  
We were trained to use it (Hey)  
They were trained to use it (Trained)  
Shoot you like Cupid (Shoot)  
Hit your medulla, yeah

Shoot at, shoot at intruders (Yeah, pew-pew-pew)  
Then shoot your producer (Yeah)  
Then she fuck the gang, get banged  
And fuck on the group, she a groupie (Yeah)

Love her when she choosin', hmm (Yeah)  
Big bankroll it's soothin', hmm (Yeah)  
Pull up with sticks in a Sprinter bus  
I make 'em cuddle up, this not a movie

(Yeah, yeah)  
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