Travis Scott, YOSEMITE

Ice on my neck, flawless baguettes Hop off a jet, barely get rest Cash through the month, I get a check (Check) Yves Saint Laurent on my pants and my chest (Drip) Chanel, her dress, clean up her mess I eat her flesh, you know the rest Count up a hun', cop a Rolex (Checks) Shine like the sun, you truly blessed (Shine) Two-tone Patek {Mmm-mmm-mmm} In the Clearport like I Uber these jets (Jets) VVS's on me, got my Gucci shirt wet Put an M in my bag {Mmm}, gon' get used to these racks (Used) I went to school where they teach you finesse {Mmm} Five hundred shoes for the drip, I invest ('Vest) {Mmm} I'm the bossman, I keep cash in the desk {Mmm-mmm-mmm} Know the coupe fast (Yeah), when it end with an "S"

Now that I'm home, back off the road We shut it down where it ain't so With checks in the streets, Jay number 4's Saint Laurent feet, put it on toes Take it with me, double your dose Covered with angels that's watchin' my soul Jet got a bed, it's bigger windows Said I'll be there in ten, but I got there in four

I feel like I'm chosen, I'm covered in gold
Mmm-hmm-mmm-hmm-mmm-mmm
Mmm-hmm-mmm-hmm-mmm
I left her wide open, no self control ('Trol, 'trol, 'trol)
Mmm-hmm-mmm-hmm-mmm-mmm
Took nothin' but five minutes, she hopped in and drove
Mmm-hmm-mmm-hmm-mmm-mmm

Ice on my neck, flawless baguettes {Yeah}
Hop off a jet, barely get rest
Cash through the month, I get a check (Check)
Yves Saint Laurent on my pants and my chest (Drip)
Chanel, her dress, clean up her mess
I eat her flesh, you know the rest
Count up a hun', cop a Rolex (Checks)
Shine like the sun, you truly blessed (Shine, yeah)

Two-tone Pateks (Mmm-mmm-mmm)
In the Clearport like I Uber the jets (Jets)
VVS's on me, got my Louis shirt wet
It's an M in my bag (Mmm), gon' get used to these racks (Used)

I went to school where they teach you finesse {Mmm} Five hundred shoes for the drip, I invest ('Vest) {Mmm} I'm the bossman, I keep cash in the desk {Mmm-mmm-mmm} Know the coupe fast (Yeah), when it end with an "S"

La Flame on an island, me and Cash, Gunna hopped on a Learjet Got Pradas every color and I got CC's you ain't seen yet Said I'd kick the cup and now I'm askin', "Where the codeine at?" Thirty pointers and up, Eliantte, drippin', my whole team wet