

Hey Travis Scott, h-h-hey Trav  
You on the fuck up, nigga  
Know what I'm talkin' bout?  
Nigga, one thing for sure  
Two things for certain, nigga  
We gon' keep drinking this motherfucking lean, nigga  
And wearin' these motherfuckin' rockstar jeans, nigga  
They want what a nigga can't stand  
I don't know what they can't stand  
I know why they mad, nigga  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
But we don't give a fuck  
We gon' keep this big ass mac 11 on deck  
If any fuck nigga get out of line  
If any fuck nigga want do somethin' nigga we can do it nigga  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies  
I'mma need some more, need some more,  
if I really wanna feel it  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah  
Spend that money fast if I have to  
Make that money back if I had you  
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)  
Coordinate the xan with the lean in my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)  
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah

Highway, dip in traffic  
2 gears, automatic  
Leave the strip club tragic  
2 broads going at it (It's lit!)  
Me and Jacques going brazy  
Me and Chase going brazy (Straight up!)  
Smashin' off your old lady (Yeah!)  
Everythin' goin' crazy (Yeah!)  
Coordinate the tan in the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (It's lit!)  
Pour a little more if you really wanna feel it (Straight up!)  
Foreign little broad and I really wanna hit it  
I'mma take her to the bird

Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies  
I'mma need some more, need some more if I really wanna feel it  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah  
Spend that money fast if I have to (Yeah!)  
Make that money back if I had you (It's lit!)  
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)  
Coordinate the xan with the lean in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)  
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies, yeah (Yeah, yeah  
yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah)  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah

Ain't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya  
Outchea goin' hard for ya  
You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya  
You've been goin' hard for ya  
You might fear my ideas

When it's time to pop pills and pop seals (It's lit!)  
When I run a fire drill, you're right here  
Everytime we drop by, we drop chills (Straight up!)  
Tryna tell ya  
Ain't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)  
Outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)  
You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)  
You've been goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)

Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies  
I'mma need some more, need some more if I really wanna feel it  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah  
Spend that money fast if I have to  
Make that money back if I had you  
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies  
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah