

Ok Alright

Travis Scott

Ya you know we gon' be aight
Leaders of the new school
They ain't want to let us in but they had to
Trav tell 'em what it is
Zonaman in the building

Ok, ok, ok
Already know it's gonna be alright
Way we going up we might be all night
Ok, ok
Now we gon' blow like the wind
Shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Ok, ok, ok
Shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Shouldn't have, shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Sh-sh-shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Shouldn't have, shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Ok, ok, ok

Let's get this shit lit poured right
Need me drugs alright
Call my bitch up she gon' suck this dick four ways
Four ways, now it's time to pay
Need my money now not tomorrow need that shit today
Ok, Ok, Ok
Now it's bombs away
Bitches kissing bitches while my niggas serve them candy canes
Ok ,ok, bouncing to La Flame put you up on game
Teach mix a little Them bitches scared them bitches scared

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Ok, ok, ok

Bottom bitch say ho!
Know you on top when the top get floored
Crib where the cop won't go
Rollie on bling bling, neck on ice
Tell a bitch get right make a nigga miss that flight
Can a nigga hit that twice
Shouldn't have never let us niggas in
Got my first M 2012
Now a hundred k in the mail
Free another hommie on bail

Money low her pussy gon' sell
Tryna tell me money ain't shit
When you tried to tell me water won't whip
When you tried to say this quarter won't flip
Since Snoop who the other rich crip
How I grew to get the Pringle man chip
Walk on with a twenty inch clip
Walk on while a real nigga limp
Black nigga green grass no golf
So on turn the satellite off from the set
Feel like a dot on that cross hang on

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Ok, ok, ok

Alright, alright, alright
Balling down the corner
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Take the long way home
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright

Jacques was born April 30 aye
Doctor said he wouldn't be home in thirty days
He gon' be alright, alright, alright, alright
Mamma said her son gon' be a gift
Mamma said her son gon' be the shit
He gon' be alright, alright, alright, alright
Mamma coming home with different niggas
Daddy out there hanging with the killers
Really be alright, alright, alright, alright
Feel like I need me a sip
Feel like I'mma need me a bitch
Make me feel alright, alright, alright, alright

There's blood on your face
Salt on your skin
Your battle is done, for now

Alright, alright, alright
Now I wanna blow these trees alright
Hit another lick and we gon' be alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Now we got this breeze we gon' be alright
Hundred all we need we gon' be alright
Alright
Alright, alright

Completely available to you
Scrape a little off the top

Come meet your puddin' pop
All night