

# Travis Rice

## Abstract

When you see me round, slopestyle with the ice  
Was a pipe dream, I went vertical with the hype  
It ain't personal when you see me livin' at this height  
I could teach you how to do it  
Art of Flight, Travis Rice, yeah  
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Put that beat on loop like South Park, just to get the cash (Creek)  
I don't want no ho back, I'm just passin' melodies  
Used to skate through Rafter just so I could smoke a couple Js  
PBR and Potters shoulda put me in a early grave (Yeah)  
I got friends, I got enemies  
Hard to know the difference when they both talk like they proud of me  
Small-town talk will breed a whole lot of jealousy  
We came from the same place, I was just built differently (I was just built differently)  
Used to laugh, I was seventeen  
Grinded like I'm Wallisch, now the flow is just as buttery  
Bang on 'em like Casabon, I flip out like Danny Kass  
Hall of fame, bars will break your ankles like the beat is Chad's

My ankles are broke!  
His ankles are broken!

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I'm at Amangani with a couple southern belles  
On my plate, that ain't steak, that's some fuckin' wild elk  
See these stars, they alignin' like Orion's Belt  
Thank you God, thank you haters, thank you to myself  
Bitch, I'm on  
Bitches at the front desk actin' like they knew me (Ooh)  
Head back to the room and it came with a jacuzzi (Yeah)  
Five-six snow bunnies, pull up in a Subi (Skrtrt)  
Call me Curt Morgan, we about to make a movie (Yeah)  
How you get that cold?  
Pretty mama, back that thing up on me, that's that X Games mode  
That body speak a different language like Rosetta Stone  
She doin' things I never seen before

Yeah  
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