

## 16 Chapels

Travis Scott

I don't know about you  
Feel like I'm floating through the night  
Slow move to the groove  
Often the feeling feels right  
(Dance like a 90s baby)  
In the night, in the night, in the night, the night  
Feel like I'm floating through traffic  
(Then it "poof" like magic)

This shit be the coldest  
Wake up nigga, smell the Folgers  
Fuck she throwing up last night  
Only if the dumb bitch did what I told her (Told her)  
She feel me, I feel her  
And she even let me move my fingers up her skirt  
Fuck it live for the moment  
Had no bread, now the hoes spread like toast is  
Her legs spread like Moses  
On my way, raise your glass we can have a toast  
To the same ones that love talking that wild shit  
Be the same ones who wanna be around the most  
Tony said soon enough niggas will have a two-tone  
Two blond chicks with the roof gone  
Complaining now that her breasts out  
Well at least you could've thought to put the mink on

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Wet dreams with the prom queen  
Now I'm tryna screw me a centerfold  
Every nigga have their wild dreams  
Mines is to fly to the summer in my winter clothes  
Sin city is a mile away  
I see the devil in a skirt, but it's a nightgown  
Hallelujah, does it even matter if it's night or day  
When we pull up, she gon' pull her shirt down  
This where we find 'em  
Same niggas that sniff Donna  
And get drunk off the mimosa  
Space green or designer  
Hermes based off of drama  
Call it spendin' yoda  
Six years catch me trying yoga  
In the Caesar Palace rocking a toga  
Throwing a toga party  
Chilling with your bitch and she extra naughty

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