

# Backyard

Travis Scott

(Sounds of chips getting eaten)  
'Aight play the shit

Gon' grab that fifth, grab that eighth  
Got what you need, blow that dope, don't get too high  
From the Third Coast to the West Coast, come take this ride  
Let me tell the tale of how I got turned Scott  
Over one lost trip to the sky  
Let me tell the tale cause you throwed the tail  
When you said I could make it this high  
Who knew? God dammit who knew?  
The grass ain't greener on the other side, it's just blue  
You can really identify when you lookin' in your eyes  
You ready to ride, that's true  
When they look in my eyes, they see that roll  
How Scotty enjoyed that juice  
Had my back against that wall  
Every time I felt so cold  
My daddy ain't comin' home 'til fall  
That's why my pimp game so moist  
Had that du-rag and all  
Had a 20 year old bitch in high school  
Wasn't no tellin' what Travy might do  
On the south side of that HOU  
Hollup, let's take it back to that room  
No car but still had drop  
Just a hundred niggas standin' outside  
Life's a beach with lot of sand on the lot  
I'm a ride for all of my niggas  
They forever here by my side  
It was just 8 niggas in a two bedroom  
No leg room, that was last June, yeah yeah

Yeah yeah forreal  
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout if they ain't talkin' 'bout me, nigga  
Let it be known, yeah it's that real  
Yeah yeah forreal  
Forreal  
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout if they ain't talkin' 'bout  
We them niggas everybody talkin' 'bout, it's that real  
Yeah, forreal

Backyard, we chillin'  
Backyard, we drinkin', smokin'  
Homie brought out the liquor  
Backyard, we gettin' high  
Back Backyard, we chillin'  
Back Backyard, we smokin', drinkin'  
Back Backyard, we gettin' high

Verses, one day you'll find your purpose  
Now my show's packed out like churches  
Fans never missin' out a word on the verses  
Never sit around, just workin', it was worth it  
That's for certain, I deserve it  
Lord knows we don't get tired, did more dirt than a derby  
Mamma worked for AT&T and we still ain't get that service

She stayed in/out the hospital, you know that made me nervous  
Still step out the house to smell so fresh, fresh like detergent  
If a bitch don't want me, don't need them still got my Jergens  
And you can keep the herpes  
Call Erbie  
No house light on, cop light on, fuck this journey  
You heard me, you heard me  
Now swervin', hittin' curbs  
And my nigga, my nigga came home so it just got real

[Hook x2]