

# Black Mass

Travis Scott

Always used to pull up pop trunk at Chancellors  
Yeah, growing hard  
Falling hard, like a cancer  
Yeah, always in the city  
Always keep a dancer  
Yeah, she playing in my hair  
She gotta keep me handsome  
Yeah, she just in the shower  
S-she not with the cameras  
Never asking questions  
Never giving answers  
That's the code, that's the code, to the masses  
Black bastards, black masses  
Yeah, on my 2Pac mom shit, black panther  
You flexing one-on-one, one-on-one, Kyla Prattin'  
Me? On my rock-n-roll shit, Mick Jagger  
I'm in these Hidden Hills with M&M's, Kardashian  
Yeah, I might need a doctor Aftermath is tragic  
I've been taking all my doses  
Keeping up and active  
Rager ain't no major  
That's a black basket  
Mask it, walk on Nazareth to black caskets  
Yeah I got the code, code to the masses  
Black masses  
  
I'm way up, way up, way up  
Till Nobody can hold wi back