

Blocka La Flame

Travis Scott

Dis type of shit happens everyday
All dem I'm under mourn for people pon stay
But none of dem have the guts to pull out and spray
None of them have the guts to pull out and spray {Young Chop on
the beat...}

I got diamonds on my blocka.
Serve it to my flocka, yeah, that's my flocka
To my flocka...
Pray to Lord on my shotta, she be proper
Yeah, that's my flocka...

I'm that Ferragamo Hussein, (Tom Cruising), Rock Of Ages
Semi-god estate, gettin' cake, could've thought I'm Jewish
Fuck, fuck, fuck, might lose your soul for my language
Nowadays, niggas been at round tables talking all that heinous
language
Plutonica, insomnia
Put that money on your head - balenciagi yarmulke
Fifteen when I carried loads of them oziums
And them bag of nicks, I mean groceries, I mean daddy knows ain
't no controlling me
My bad, looks cocky, might sag
She give me head before the ass and never let no nigga smash; n
o puffing, no pass
We breaking if we can get half - thank you for making it last,
get everything that you got
Break me a piece of that off, rest in peace niggas I lost

Oh God, this shit too cold for the mink, Ye
Bang, bang, bang. My niggas ain't tamed, might buried your ass
in that Sphinx, mane
Sip Merlot, watch us make the champagne rain
Let my ding-a-
lang hang, I'm a southside nigga where the 'caine reign
We running, summers, we running, spring and fall, jogging be no
thing
Winter, they cuffing, cuffing them up as they loving the same m
onth as my niggas stuffing
Riding through, rockin', Shaka Zulu
Block (crip) or whole family blue, (bloody), yeah, suwoo
Ain't you supposed to preach what you practice? Put a rubber on
if you stabbing
Get baptized if you baptist but ain't it evil to live backwards
?
Holy Ghost, hold on,
Chakalu blakalu los - that's tongue for you niggas who lost

[Chorus]