

# Dance on the Moon

Travis Scott

Where the weather is warm...

Moonlight move when a nigga dance, peep a nigga steeze from a nigga stance  
Had to leave home wasn't working out, kiss moms for me if you get a chance  
Walk the streets where I stay, niggas give me daps and pounds they can't wait

In the moonlight you can't see my eyes and when I'm off the things I can't think

Man I been coasting the coast, swear a young nigga done been through the most

Washing my mind out with dope, shit real but you know a nigga can't choke  
When they recognize a real nigga still ride with me, down with me, say he a float

And all my real niggas sitting in the VIP shovin' champagne through the next girl throat

(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

Let's get high, and go dance on the moon

(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

We could fly, and go straight to the moon

(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

Touch the skies, and go dance on the moon

Where the weather is warm

And we forever live long

Lost in the moonlight, run through the moon like new

Cop lights, no lights cause the bills they was over due

Now a skinny iggy nigga got fits from the runway, taking trips to the side of the moon

I just take trips to define my peace but I got a little feeling it might be in that tomb

I like my weed in the cheese, roll that that a little thick

Better watch your tote, you don't wanna choke, better let that jack roll down your neck

I'm on some popular shit, come look in my eyes and get a fix

We just gone' cruise to the room, lay back don't worry about shit

It might get rowdy cause all the freaky models wanna party

All the freaky models in the lobby, it's so obvious that they lobbyists

Man it can't be realer, me and my niggas in the villa, she in that white dress, it can't fit her

Sweet not bitter, drink like you got no liver, hit it and she on the moon my nigga

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Paul Wall...

Hol' up, I'm headed to the moon cause the world screwed up

Like the city I grew up so I'm pouring up a co-cup; bout to get tore up

Got a Xanax crushed up; if you steal my cup, it'll get you fucked up

Pull up to the moon with the trunk up getting sucked up with three blunts rolled up

Smoke all three at the same time: call that triple OG

In the triple D, I full when I'm on E, you don't know nothing bout me

Back wood feel with a Compton tree, gettin' full of that oil I got gas and grease

Three lines poured up in the big East, baptized a blunt but I ain't no pries t

Peach Ciroc with a Norco, piece of hash and my trippy sticks  
OG wax on a bone with a skillet, me and Paskel been doing that shit  
Def' rocking link, what you know about this, baby bass came through with the  
kush assist  
Percocet ten and a soma twist on the moon getting higher than a bitch and I'  
m doing my dance

[Chorus]