

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, whoa)
Let's get high, and go dance on the moon
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
We could fly, and go straight to the moon
(Whoa, 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 priest

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]