

## Days Before Rodeo: The Prayer

Travis Scott

Midnight awakin', hyper ventilatin'  
Drunk laps runnin' 'round the globe wild goose chasin'  
After three number one albums woulda thought I'd feel amazin' S  
till impatient, still sippin' on liquor  
Still rollin' up swishas  
Now it's beamers double parking, fuck payin' the meter  
In your club, on your couch, just got paid to be here  
On your girl rubbin' on my favorite features  
How could they tease us, only wanted of Ben Franklins and Mona  
Lisas

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Man, I might fuck around, lose my mind, I gotta break out  
I'm on a stake out, on a farm or your lake house

Around 3 AM dog, I was gettin' busy in the bathroom stall  
Bad mamacita, Miami heater  
Put it in a two seater, too bad I couldn't three peat her  
Need a whole lotta vida 'fore I see the reaper  
House full of snow bunnies, puttin' trees up like it's Christma  
s Easter  
With more stamps than a skinny nigga got tats on my Visa  
I know the kids in La Flame, they don't trust, they believe it

Jesus, Jesus (I mean), Jesus, Jesus  
I might fuck around, lose my mind  
Jesus  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Jesus