

durag activity

Travis Scott

Freak bitch keep starin' at the Draco
Type to lob up all my summer, make my days long
Fuck up a bitch nigga in my bae clothes
Askin' question, all my friends are fake hoes
Double up, no triple six, you're typin' less
Used to do it nine to five, no double shift
If he don't share the ho, he's not my friend
He playin' greedy with the bitch, come get your mans

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Your energy is triple six and mine is blessed (Ooh)
Thank God I put them crosses on before we met, yeah (Ooh)
No time we takin' off today, my type of stress (Stress, ooh)
I send them boys by surprise, they gon' collect it (Ooh, yeah)
Ain't seen your ass in 'bout two weeks, but how you doin'? (Ooh)
But this Bugatti cost me three, I ten-to-two it (Ooh, yeah)
Ooh, Jacques, you a asshole, yeah (Oh)
If it's beef, it's pedigree, my dawgs gon' chew it (Yeah, chew)
Takin' blues right after blues is how she blew it (Yeah, ah)
Ate the whole bag 'fore it got to me, she runnin' through it (Yeah)
Keep talkin' wreck when we do crashes, have insurances
Talkin' money when I'm on the Peloton for the endurance
I like IQ and she cute, so she special (Yeah, yeah)
And I like the way she bounce it, instrumental (Instru-)
I can't fall in love, it's fuckin' up my mental (Fuckin' up my mental)
I can't fuck with bitch niggas on the menstrual (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Too good, 2AM, need the fade (Yeah, yeah)
I like you at 4AM when it ain't safe (It ain't safe)
And she with it, with the blicky when it's late (Late)
She roll me one, I dick her down, she tie my braids up (Yeah)
She go out, I go in, it's okay (Ooh, alright)
She keep powder on her nose, it's not no makeup (It's lit)
Bandana silky, on the braces inside her later
She need a light, she need a taste-taste-ta-ta-taste

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Huh, I'm big rich
Go run that comma, tell your mama, ho-ho
You know I'm crazy like my mama, ho-ho
You know I get it from my mama, ho-ho
Don't talk to your mama crazy, ho-ho, have a baby, ho

Give me top and braid my hair, not while I'm prayin' tho
Don't be eyeballin' your sister, ho-ho, smokin' mystical
Two hoes gettin' physical, huh, more like scissorin'
Kiss a bitch, no Listerine, clitoris flickerin'
Pussy taste like tangerine
You went back to your ex on me (Huh), just to flex on me
But that shit don't mean anything, quit textin' me
You got an innocent face, I stroke it
You got good taste, when we met, I left you frozen
I know you wanna be a rich nigga focus
You love me because I get the check and throw it

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