FRANCHISE

Travis Scott

Yeah
Yeah-yeah, yeah
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm

Yup, in my white tee
Yeah, call up Hype Williams for the hype, please
Uh, they gon' wipe you before you wipe me
On boxes of checks, not my Nikes (Yeah)

Cacti, not no iced tea (Hah)
Uh, got 'em bamboozled like I'm Spike Lee (Ah)
Uh, you need more than Google just to find me (Ah)
Uh, I just call her "bae" to get her hyphy (Ah, ooh)
{Incredible, icki-icki, in general}
I just start the label just to sign me (Woo, woo, ooh)
Uh, me and CHASE connected like we Siamese
(Woo, woo, woo, ooh, ooh, oooh)
Uh, we've been on the run, feel like a crime spree, talk to me nicely (Yeah)
I seen his face, seen it *Ayy*, yup, on his white tee, uh (Let's go)

Yeah, yup, call the Sprite people (Call 'em, hol' on, brrt)
Private flight to France, tryna sight-see (On private flights, brrat)
Popped 'em in his hands, he was typin' (Da, da, da)
Caterpillar 'Rari, I fold it, lift it up (Up)
I went on the stand, told the judge to pass my cup (Ayy)
Ran up twenty million, told the Devil, "Keep the luck" (Luck)
Keep that, keep that ho (Uh) R.I.P. Pop, keep the smoke (Ayy, slatt)
Talk to me nicely (Talk to me nicely)
Keep her on a chain, that ain't like me (That ain't like me)
Scotts with no strings, you can't tie me (Scotts with the, hol' on, bitch)
I'm higher than the plane, I'm where the Skypes be (Doo, doo, doo, doo, hee)
Yeah, yep, in my slime tee (Doo, doo, doo, hee)
Princey in his prime, yee (Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, hee)
Yellowbone too feisty, yee (Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, hee)
Clean him up, no napkin, yee (Doo)

Yup, in my white tee (Yeah)
Yeah, call up Hype Williams for the hype, please (It's lit)
Uh, they gon' wipe you before you wipe me (Phew)
On boxes of checks, not my Nikes (Ooh) {Yeah}

'Scuse me, zi-zi-zi-zi-zi-zi-zi-zi, don't be missin' man
Mississippi, dip a sippy, make 'em happy, make 'em copy
Make 'em get me Chippi Chippi (Yeah)

There's a lot I'm gon' spend
Tell me when, I beam you to pull up, you gon' shootout while I spin

Trippin' like I'm trigger happy; saltfish, ackee, ackee
Golf buggy, Kawasaki; catch a fish: sushi, maki, livin' life
London city, left the town (Ah)
Thug and Travis be the fam

Yup, yeah, you know that {Slatt}
And when they free us out, it's gonna be a film, a Kodak (Yeah)
Shoot me pourin' right above the rim like Pollack

I've been rippin' and runnin', not slippin' or slidin', athletic tendencies
I've been up since, cheffin' it, whippin' it to the base rock, I provide the remedy (Let's go)
When we open gates up at Utopia (It's lit), it's like Zootopia
You see the crosses over ya (Yeah), that's how you know it's us
At 4 A.M. I'm phonin' ya', not for no shoulder rub
Them JACKBOYS open cleaners up, the way they fold and tuck

Yup, in my white tee (Yeah)
Yeah, call up Hype Williams for the hype, please
Yeah, they gon' wipe you before you wipe me
Yeah, on boxes of checks, not my-, checks, not my

(Maya!) I be where the fuck the light be
Bangers in the system, it's
Bangers in the system, it's
Ancient Anunnaki
Bangers in the system, it's that
Bangers in the system, it's that
M.I.A

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