

HYAENA

Travis Scott

The situation we are in at this time
Neither a good one, nor is it so unblessed
It can change, it can stay the same
I can say, I can make my claim
Hail, hail, hail

Yeah, okay
This shit is outta control
I'm drivin' through Hell and I done brought snow
It's shinin' in here and I done brought glow
I hear the sirens right out the chateau, run me the info
Tryna hear what you did, not how you came close
'Cause I get bobblehead like I done made pro
I made Italian bread like I done made dough
I be all around the map
Write a show by myself like I'm Chelsea Handler
Or write a series 'bout my bitches like I'm Kelsey Grammar
Nicknamed the jet Jayhawk 'cause it's outta Kansas
You know it's Spaldin' in my top, I'm in my esperanza
You know it's slammin' wall to wall
We gotta fill the stands up, with slaps and the anthems
Poetic justice, I got you in all my stanzas
With your model stances, you everything I know about it (Ah)

What we know
Where you shall go
Power, ah

Uh, yeah
C-notes, B-notes, I took the biggest boat
We stayed down for life, it's like a jingle to do 'em all
We too much involved to spend a single ounce of time
She bust a whole ounce by doin' lines
I had to leave, like the leaves do trees
I'm finally home, I wiped the stress, then I touched that sweat
We took 'em 35 to 1 like this shit roulette
Hold up, beg your pardon, we done lit up, baby
Set up, told the preacher, "Never finish," that's to say the least
Buy it, never lease it, but I gotta lease it
Mobile, Mona type of pieces, Met Gala, night Jesus
Skip it, hit the city, party pack, I got it with me
I'm shotty while I let you with me
I'm too bent to let you ride, barely 'til it's empty
Gotta feel me, pockets dumb fat and I got a skinny
Squad is with me, and that's everything I know about it

Mother Earth is pregnant for the third time
For y'all have knocked her up
I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe
I was not offended
For I knew I had to rise above it all
Or drown in my own shit