

MAFIA

Travis Scott

Custom the things, custom the wings
I had to custom the vibe, custom the link up
Cover the back of the lab, front cover magazine
Cover your eyes, cuddled up, back of the V (Yeah)
Our chemistry, just like the trappers and fiends (Ooh)
Our misery really ain't nothin' to see
I gotta travel the V, I like to travel to heat (Ooh)
Bring out a bag of the weed
Did I tell you I got my own weed? I had a lot to achieve
Blew it out and I'm relieved, take it down, now you relieve
Rather you leave, then you go back out on me
Don't throw no daggers at me, you gotta shoot 'em at least
You know my Dodge supreme, I put in hours this week
Movin' at rapid speed, like it's a track, we meet
We got a timeless thing, we gotta find some Zs, yeah

Fuck shit up at the club, shit tucked
We be floatin' front to back, back to back, Bentley truck
Back up, Bentley truck, city stuck, stuck, stuck
City up, up, back to back, fold up, fold up, fold up, trust

Like it thick with a bounce, we all in the count
Wine bottles cost 'bout a couch, you on the way with the wave
Stacks in my pouch, you know it jump at the house
You come with two when it's late, know the brown one is my fav'
Then Mike Brown gon' walk you out (Walk you out)
Step by step, watch yourself
Cleaners got anything you might've left
I couldn't do none of this by myself
With mafia, they in the tuck
I gave you fifty to boost up your butt
I gave you the juice, you'd rather get buzzed
I tried to choose you, you'd rather go club
Know what to do, you rattled me up
Common denominator, we were steps from the diamond ages
Got a couple of vibrations
For the simulation, gotta re-up the hydration

Fuck shit up at the club, shit tucked (Me and my niggas show up, you know it
's goin' down)
We be floatin' front to back, back to back, Bentley truck (You know I'ma bring
a parade if I fall through this town today)
Back up, Bentley truck, city stuck, stuck, stuck (Ain't even gotta check, yo
u know we hardest niggas around)
City up, up, back to back, fold up, fold up, fold up, trust (We still pourin'
' up for the niggas that can't be around today)

Mm, mm, woah-ah, mm-mm
Woah, mm-mm, mm-mm
Fuck shit up at the club (Ooh)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Drop down
Run around, run around

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