

MIA

Travis Scott

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Lifted, I'm feelin' so gifted, trippin', I'm constantly fallin'
Channel view of the whole villa plottin' while burnin' a Marley
Damn these rare thoughts is so endless, bougie bitch whippin' t
he 'Rari
Out in the jungles, make it rumble, she get wet like safari
Bitches don't know, I teach 'em the ropes - Scottie the pope
Now only Giuseppe, Celine, Bottega, and parental discord is all
that she know
Might let the drop top, since she's lampin with the trans am, k
eep it low
She pulled out the hard white on the highway for the line
Listen, pimpin' your bitches might visit my disick, disick all
business
Might blizzard; roll up crib look like the tele, left jelly all
over her biscuit
Last spring I lost a K of teeth, I copped it but now I don't mi
ss it
World found it, teeth probably glissin' in fact that nigga prol
ly missin'

These choppers and these planes: they all doin' the same
They take me overseas; MIA-IA-IA-IA
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Speedin', and damn I'm leanin' on a Kawasaki
In the lobby, then we dro codeinin' out in Abu Dhabi
Chain beamin', man I hope you ain't anemic cause you might feel
drowsy
Out in Sweden, it's just me and four women and we all playin' h
ockey
Blowed, Scott La Flame, pimp with no cane rockin' a robe in yo
hood with no pass
Fuck up the flow, nothin' but fam cause niggas be hoes
You can have that, pass that, light it up and then blow
Imagery abstract, it's like NASDAQ when I stock it up and then
go
Packed it up and moved to Goldman Sachs, my nigga Yeezy done ta
ught me that
Young niggas in the soho house spillin' booze where the barbies
at
Damn homie, this a movie nigga, take a picture of somethin', wh
ere your Kodak at?
This Scottie ain't totin' and swimmin' in women, he writin', pr

oducin', and scorin' and filmin'

[Intro 3X]