

Skyfall

Travis Scott

Ooooh, ahhhh
Oooh, oooh, ahhh
Oooh, oooh, oooh, ahh

I'm trapped in my conscious
My trap is still bunkin', look at all of these hundreds
Hit up the hood pharmacist, he serve all the muddy
He might shoot at your buddy
He shot at my buddy
The sky keep on fallin'
The drugs I keep callin'
They keep pickin' up for me
They love me
I don't wanna buy, oh no
It won't get me high, oh no
I'm trapped in my conscious
My trap is still bunkin', look at all of these hundreds
Hit up the hood pharmacist, he serve all the muddy
He might shoot at your buddy
He shot at my buddy
The sky keep on fallin'
The drugs keep on callin'

Yea, that's that loud shit, yeah
I been out on my latest trip
I've been drunk in my latest whip
So I might crash in that ass forreal
Hit the club for the cougars
I never got down with the morals of Martin Luther
I'm just tryna ball, why these niggas want me neutered?
Got her down to her drawers, trynna get a little nuder
They just wanna hang like my nigga Mr. Cooper
I'm so ahead of my time, could I show up any sooner?
They said I fucked the roommates you know that just a rumor
Have you ever got stoned with your motherfuckin' jeweler
Scott La Flame, no Rick the Ruler
Yeah

I don't wanna buy no more
Your shit ain't gettin' me high no more
My trap is still bunky, look at all of these hundreds
Might jump with no bungie
I'm gone off that muddy
I'm trapped in my conscious
My trap is still bunky
Look at all of these hundreds
Might jump with no bungie
Get lost in the muddy
I might shoot at your buddy who shot at my buddy
Was it love if you love me
And the sky keep on callin'
The drugs I keep on callin'
They keep pickin' up for me
They love me
I don't wanna buy no more
Your shit ain't gettin' me high no more
I'm trapped in my conscious

My trap is still bunky
Look at all of these hundreds
Might jump with no bungie
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The drugs keep on callin'
The sky keep on fallin'
Look me inside of my eyes
All of these problems I'm tryna disguise

I'm it like a game that get played by a kid
Pussy boy I'm on your head like a wig
Diamonds water like I bought 'em from a squid
A1's what she get when she want dick
Black diamonds like I'm Akon kid
Whippin' I can turn a two to a six
Real talk, on Blood you dead
And I still want that head like a lid
Hit the school, make it rain on a principal
I will leave a nigga smokin' like an Optimo
All my bitches they on gringo
They ride with heat, ready to sting bro
I got 300 bitches like I'm Sosa ho
My jewelry shinin' like some Mop & Glo
Inside her pants is a camel toe
I swear I fell in love with all those

Metro Boomin' want some more nigga