

STOP TRYING TO BE GOD

Travis Scott

This is the rewatch, the hot pockets, the fritters, the missiles, the humans
All gathered in secrecy
And flying high as a kite
Hmm-hmm
Just know what this about
Hmm-hmm-hmm
Hmm-hmm
Palm trees, oceans, fresh air that can break your heart
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm, hmm-hm
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's not who you are
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's just not your job
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God, God
Ride for it every night
Visions and these angles tight
Truth be told I never try
Diamonds are the wife of life
All three Rollies look alike
After two you get a hook-up price
Stripper never worked a nine to five
Delta and I ship it overnight
Stop tryna be God almighty
Fuck the money, never leave your people behind
It's never love, no matter what you try
Still can see it comin' down your eyes
'Cause they did not create commandments (ooh, ooh)
When you hustle, always make it fancy (ooh, ooh)
The signal's far from what you can be (ooh, ooh)
'Cause air traffic controls the landing
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm, hmm-hm
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's not who you are
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's just not your job
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God, God
Stop tryna play God almighty
Always keep your circle tight
I been wantin' shit my whole life
I wanted you bad, not tryna play God tonight
If I love her I'ma pass her one
First rule of war, you find an act of one

You can't win a trophy or a plaque off her
But never turn your back on her
'Cause they did not create commandments
When you hustle, always make it fancy
The signal's far from what you can be
'Cause air traffic controls the landing
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
You won't succeed tryna learn me
Stick to the roads in my journey
Stay out of court when you got the attorney
She say she love 'em, want to really burn me
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm, hmm-hm
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's not who you are
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God
Hmm-hmm
That's just not your job
Hmm-hmm
Stop tryna be God, God
Is it the complex of the saint that's keepin' you so, so still?
Is it a coat of old paint that's peelin' every day against our will?
Is it too long since the last open conversation you had? Oh no
And did you see the void in the past?
And can you ever see it comin' back?
Well can you always be a step ahead of it for me?
Well can you always be a step ahead of it for me?
Whoa-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh
That it?