

Upper Echelon

Travis Scott

(x2)

Pull out the zip, pull out the roll (ride out)
We so high, upper echelon (Straight up)
We so fuckin' high, upper echelon

Dozin' off them Xannies, just popped a bandie
Wave rock like Atlantic, froze like Atlantic
Party at the Sphinx, damn that's so outlandish
She gon' make it clap, clap, throw them bands
Walkin' through the Waldorf they know my name here
Dropped out, got signed, got mom house all in the same year
Don't you come around me, ain't got the time, B, naww
Watch me do the Randy, touchdown
Knew how much I get, think La Flame the golden child
Ridin' right behind her, pull up beside her
We poppin' champagne, damn you apple cider.

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Aight Travis, let get it, Hustle Gang, nigga
You niggas a mess, I swear you best show some respect
Or else I guarantee you'll get wet
You fuckin' with us, I suggest you invest in a vest
A choppa no less than a tech
You niggas want trouble in that I'm the best
They just wanna talk, I ain't finna do that
I just might pull up wherever you at
Put my foot in your ass and a hole in your hat
Ok, hol' up, let me freeze up
These niggas must have caught amnesia
My face card in these streets cuh
A-1 credit, no Visa
Excuse me shawty don't get me started
If yo shit sick, my shit retarded
Motherfucker can't see the tree but before I get wrong
Get shot then leave 'em in the forest
Boom, wait til the end of the Earth
Just to get my check, interfere, get hurt
Hey, first thing first, this what I do
I'm a king mothafucka who the hell are you?
Check suckas off top, I bet I do
Hustle Gang in it bitch, you better lay down fool
We crème de la crème fuck them fuck niggas
Top shelf upper echelon can't fuck with us

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Uh, pull up in the rari, my ho beside me
It's a two seater, your bitch can't ride, ho I'm sorry
Let's get it jumpin', call it center court
On the loud, you can smell that scent on me in court
Just beat the case, call it Larry Holmes
On the plane with your bitch and a carry on

I do it for my city, then I fly away
I can see tomorrow, I'm so high today
I told 'em let's pray, I keep killin' verses
Yo bitch with me, she wearin' killer purses
Pull out that 7, Mac-11
Pastor, reverend, Versace heaven

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La Flame, straight up!