

# 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!