

# Wasted

Travis Scott

Wasted, undone  
I'm wasted right now  
Wasted right now  
Wasted right now

Take a sip, drowning in this shit  
Choppers on my hip, I hold my head  
I've been taking risks to make that money flip, shots to the head  
I ain't ordering, I can't afford this shit  
Go to war with this you overboard, I'm over bored with shit  
Now it's a pair of player niggas  
Gotta day to day stack and still I pay accounts  
20 racks to show just a little allowance  
Only come to Houston if the boy allow it  
Bow your head to a real one  
Coming down with them main niggas  
H-town don't play with us  
Them Reddick boys stay with it  
I've been grinding, slaving over time since I was a fan  
Looking in the mirror like one day Jacques you gon' be the man  
One skinny tatted nigga, blunt flicker  
Young La Flame hot spitter, who can't hold his liquor, yeah

It's really going down in the goddamn south  
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end  
It's really going down in the goddamn south  
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end

There's a lot of motherfuckers that can't handle they liquor  
Can't handle these drugs  
Wasted, undone  
It's only real niggas that can handle their shit man  
Wasted, undone  
Yea  
Wasted, undone  
So if you tryna get lit, wanna pour up  
Make sure you stay on our level cause we go up  
Let me see you up

Is you wasted baby?  
One shot, two shots and you still talking crazy  
3 shots and you faded  
Freaks coming out at night and they game X rated  
4 shots now she wanna do the clique  
Any more shots she ain't gon' remember shit  
Smoking on extendos, no clips  
Project hoes going up in the Ritz  
She gon' do it for a G anything for me bro  
She just wanna fucking drink and chief all the weed up  
Sexy bitch pop that pussy cause you in your prime  
Pour that purple over ice call it turtle time  
Shawty never been a hesitator  
Got her going down on the elevator  
Hear that pussy bomb, I'ma detonate her  
Fuck her from the back, keep the neck for later  
No magic trick but I levitate her  
With the magic stick. nothing less than great

When I hit her with the dope D I'm gone  
Don't text me later, no extra favors

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Weed, lean, MDMA, he say she say  
All the products of a young man gone the long way  
From the home that he knew till he roamed where he at  
And the phone break up, unknown wake up  
Several one night stands  
Hung up phone, break up  
If he fall will he fly? Sure wouldn't take much  
For you to find out, jump  
How you took that plunge  
If not, we're in the same spot  
How could you judge?  
How could you judge?  
Could you judge?