

way back

Travis Scott

Woah, yeah boy
Woah, yeah boy
Woah, yeah boy
Don't wet no more

I need fake niggas to get way back
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back

(Wooo)
I can't get no rest (we in the house)
I fall asleep with a Tec (rack)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (rack)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (we in the house) (come on)
I can't get no rest (come on)
I ride around with a Tec (champ)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (champ)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (go crazy on 'em)

Woah, wait
It's summer time, why they tryna throw shade?
All these wins I can never gold state (yeah)
UFC I'm tapping to my old ways (alright)
I'm addressing shit like I'm on Waze
Showed ya love, ain't show it back in OK
Like the girl, that she go both ways
Dropped the Rodeo, I dodged a bull like olé
Hopped in the Bronco, skrrt off like OJ (yeah)
Flew with that sound, nigga, got that Coldplay
I be (yeah) makin' mils, made it to a hobby (it's lit!)
Don't bring that to the crib, keep that in the lobby
You never seen the city unless you land at Hobby
I'm so loaded off the pills, so don't ever try me
So if you see me solo dolo, you know what that mean

I need fake niggas to get way back (way back)
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back

Whew
I can't get no rest (we in the house)
I fall asleep with a Tec (rack)
If I take a sip, take the rest (rack)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (we in the house)
I can't get no rest (come on)
I ride around with a Tec (champ)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (champ)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (go crazy on 'em)
(We in the house)

Look boy, boy don't believe what's on your TV
Look boy, don't you sit close to your TV
Look boy, seein' is believing
Look boy, look boy (yeah)

Would it be unlawful (yeah)
To spend a honeymoon in a brothel

