

## WHAT TO DO?

Travis Scott

Why did we fall that evening?  
Silhouettes for the evening  
You might just be my type  
And I know just what you like but I'm

Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do  
Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do

I woke up on the seventeenth  
Drunk as hell, you tellin' me  
I was in the club, full of jealousy  
Damn near caught a felony  
One thing I know, two just wanna ride (Uh-uh)  
I did it outside (Uh-uh)  
I, you better go hide (Uh-uh)  
Put it on her feet and I glide  
Step with the three like Clyde, slide, slide  
We rock the cream on the pie-ie-ie  
But that's my better side (Yeah)  
I can't tell a lie (Uh-uh)  
This is televised (Uh-uh)  
You need better guys

Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Woke up on the seventeenth  
With them tattoos, just is tellin' me  
And them fantasies is outstandin' me  
I'm only on the beat between 10 and 3  
Took you, move you outside to the West  
Down Southside by the 'jects  
Tell me what a time, what a wreck  
Never let it down, never let  
Always thought T was a rex  
Never thought T was a wreck  
Put the ice T on your neck (Neck)  
When it go cold make you sweat  
Never let you go, never (Go, go)  
Never let you go, you the best  
But never let it go to your head (No)  
I always got control of the  
Whoa (Yeah)

Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)

Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Silhouettes for the weekend  
And you might just be my type  
And I know just what you like but I'm

Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Fuck the club up  
Still with my dawgs  
Please don't make the wrong moves, 'cause my weapon cocked

Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)  
Don't know what to do (Yeah)

Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)  
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)