

# Mamacita (feat. Rich Homie Quan & Young Thug)

Travis Scott

Mamacita, cita, cita  
Mamacita, cita, cita This the last days to the rodeo, last night  
Had me down in the back, comatose, don't think  
Sun shades and a pill gon' help  
Once I'm gone, can't tame myself  
Mamacita, cita, cita  
You know I really need yah, need yah, need yah  
Right now  
She get freaky when the... light's down  
The shit's crack, no way niggas could pipe down  
With the head first, got her straight out of the night gown  
Nothin' like the light-skinned mamacitas in H-Town  
Got them pornstar big booties  
Let me film it, then shoot it  
3-D money, no illusion  
Depending if I'm feelin' bougie  
Might hit your line bitch Had to cut my phone off, bitch  
Got it vibratin' on me like a beeper  
Boy I'm in Colorado  
Smokin' California reefer  
Hey, the bitch so bad Call her ticket cause I really wanna meet her  
And I ain't kin to Wayne but that's my mamacita Mamacita, mama, mamacita (Mamacita, cita,  
cita) That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita  
That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita (Mamacita, cita, cita)  
That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita  
Mothafuck a girl  
I love her, Imma give her the world  
Aye fuck her, I wanna fuck up my girl  
I just might give her my little girl  
No, I won't let go  
Row that, ohh  
She look the best with her fro  
Natural, that-that don't go  
Damn, Quan, turn on the stove  
Whip it 'til I have a stroke  
I do not fuck with America  
I get it straight off the boat  
Oh damn  
The kush it never make me choke  
Slow down

I'm speedin' and I got a trunk full of wham  
25 thousand on an old school Cam  
Incest me, the bitches wanna molest me Damn they'll sex me, she a lesbi  
She want chicken like sesame  
And she tryin' to adjust me, test me  
Give her hotel keys like Cassidy That's my bad little college ho  
That I got on the east skirts of Decatur  
Best believe that she call me Rich Homie Quan like a blazer  
I smoke a lot of weed, keep my music turned up, fuck the neighbors  
I fuck a nigga bitch and turn her like a table  
Aye, I'm still predeceing so you know I'm gettin' cradles  
Aye, still wearin' long type of shorts like Fabu  
He was hatin' at first, now he tryna make the payroll  
Got a stupid bitch who do whatever I say so  
Money on my head like a Jesus piece  
Blunt, now I'm higher than Khalifa be  
Bad bitch lookin' like a Philippine Ohh, you're killin' me  
Ohh, remember me  
You, finna be  
Deceased if you keep callin'  
Therefore I Had to cut my phone off, bitch  
Got it vibratin' on me like a beeper  
Boy I'm in Colorado  
Smokin' California reefer  
Hey, the bitch so bad  
Call her ticket cause I really wanna meet her  
And I ain't kin to Wayne but that's my mamacita  
Mamacita, mama, mamacita (Mamacita, cita, cita)  
That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita  
That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita (Mamacita, cita, cita)  
That's my mama, mamacita, that's my mama, mamacita  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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