

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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