

# Turks (feat. Travis Scott)

## NAV & Gunna

Wheezy outta here I'm a late bloomer, third year on the scene  
Twenty racks don't feel like nothin'  
to me

Came from the streets, it turned me to a beast  
Invisible set, diamonds huggin' my piece  
Book me for a show, I need eighty at least  
I want the smoke, ain't no keepin' the peace  
Keep me a RZR when I'm in the East  
Open 'em up just like a surgery  
Everything burnin' around me, I'm lit  
Show a lil' attitude, swap out the bitch  
I spent two-fifty, don't know where it went  
My hood on my back, I gotta represent  
Toronto, you useless, you don't got a pole  
Warm that boy up, he got shot in the cold  
Thirty rounds in the clip, let it unload  
I fuck the bitch I picked right out of Vogue  
Took twenty bitches on my first vacay  
I ain't pickin' up, I'm in Turks, lil' baby  
Every other watch got diamonds in the face  
Pullin' out, ask to take a taste, lil' baby  
Pullin' out fifty racks, walkin' out of Chase  
If I drop dead, I'll be hard to replace  
Hardly gettin' thirsty, got water like a lake

My brother got locked, another bond I gotta pay  
Coppin' on the block, I'd never serve a cop  
I always kept a Glock, I ain't 'bout to see the grave (I ain't 'bout to see the grave)

Pull up, I'll make a quick stop (Yeah)

I shop one-stop, I don't have seven days (Yeah, have seven days)  
Cool that lil nigga, icy hoppin' out a Wraith (Hoppin' out a Wraith)  
Chopper get it choppin' like a blade (Chop)

You ain't got no money but you poppin' on your page (Poppin' on your page)

Shorty, we could never be the same (Never be the same)

You know I like the syrup, no stress in Turks (Yeah)

I'm puttin' in work, gotta beat it out the frame (Beat it out the frame)  
(Wheezy outta here)

She sweet, I was movin' off the Perc'

I bought her a Birkin and a birthday cake (Birthday cake)

Line his ass up like a barber do the fade (Barber do the fade)

Gave your hoe crêpes and grapes

Cashed up a way, this a billion on the way (Billion on the way)

We just slid the Bentley with the gang

Took twenty bitches on my first vacay

I ain't pickin' up, I'm in Turks, lil' baby

Every other watch got diamonds in the face  
Pullin' out, ask to take a taste, lil' baby  
Pullin' out fifty racks, walkin' out of Chase  
If I drop dead, I'll be hard to replace  
Hardly gettin' thirsty, got water like a lake  
My brother got locked, another bond I gotta pay  
First time in Turks, had a whole bunch of work  
Had to bring two jets, had a whole lot of babes (Yeah)  
I first, take a game, change a verse  
What a change gon' hurt but it really ain't a game (Yeah)  
Shawty like to twerk, I bring the rage (Yeah)  
Really get to trippin' on the stage  
Never ever let 'em see the money less they pay (Alright)  
Niggas havin' beef, I hope they pray ('Kay)  
Cactus Jack me up and down head to toe (Sheesh)  
Make sure the ones you with on go (Sheesh)  
Make sure the one that you with is with it (Sheesh)  
Make sure the ones you with, ah (Yeah)  
She need a quick tan, come to Turks with the Gs (Yeah)  
Went for that body, need more than degrees  
Fillin' her nose with some shit I can ski with  
Say this her first time, it's hard to believe  
Took twenty bitches on my first vacay  
I ain't pickin' up, I'm in Turks, lil' baby  
Every other watch got diamonds in the face  
Pullin' out, ask to take a taste, lil' baby  
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