SICKO MODE

Travis Scott

AstroSun is down, freezing cold That's how we already know winter's here My dawg would probably doing it for a Louis belt That's just all he know he don't know nothing else I tried to show him, yeah I tried to show him, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah Goin' on you with the pick and roll Young LaFlame yeah he's in sicko mode Made this here with all the ice on in the booth At the gate outside, when they pull up, they get me loose Yeah, Jump Out boys, that's Nike boys, hop in our coupes This shit way too big, when we pull up give me the loot (give me the loot!) Was off the Remy, had to Papoose Had to hit my old town to duck the news Two-four all on lockdown, we make no moves Now it's 4AM and I'm back up poppin' with the crew I just landed in Chase B mixes pop like Jamba juice Different colored chains, see my jeweler really selling fruits And they joking, man, know the crackers wish it was a nooseSomeone said To win the retreat, we all in too deep Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak (Someone said) To win the retreat, we all in too deep Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak This shit way too formal, ya'll know I don't follow suit Stacy Dash, most these of girls ain't got a clue All of these hoes I made off records I produced I might take all my exes and put 'em all in a group Hit my eses, I need the booch Bout to turn this function to Bonnaroo Told her "hop in, you coming too" In the 305.

bitches treat me like I'm Uncle Luke (don't stop, pop that pussy)

Had to slop the top off, it's just a roof

She said "where we going?"

I said "the moon", we ain't even make it to the room

She thought it was the ocean, it's just the pool

Now I got her open, it's just the Goose

Who put this shit together, I'm the glue

(Someone said)

Shorty FaceTime me out the blue(Someone said) player,

Player for keeps, (someone said, motherfucker)

(Someone said)

don't play us for weak(Yeah)

Astro

Yeah, yeah

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up

Ay, ayShe's in love with who I am

Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance (yeah)

Now I hit that epi O with duffles in my hand

I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land

Had me out like a light ehh

Like a light ehh, like a light ehhSlept through the flight eh

Not for the night eh

Seven-sixty seven, man

This shit got double bedroom, man

I still got scores to settle, man

I crept down the block (down the block)

Made a right (yeah), cut the lights (yeah)

Pay the price (yeah)Niggas think it's sweet, it's on sight (yeah), nothing nice (yeah)

Baguettes in my ice, Jesus Christ (yeah)

Checks over stripes (yeah),

that's what I like (yeah), that's what we like (yeah)

Lost my respect, you not a threat

When I shoot my shot, that shit wetty like I'm Sheck (bitch!)

See the shots that I took, wet like I'm Book

Wet like I'm Lizzy, I be spending finally

Circle blocks 'til I'm dizzy (yeah, what)

Like where is he, no one seen him (yeah, what)

I'm tryna clean 'em (yeah)She's in love with who I am

Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance

Now I hit that epi-o with duffles in my hand (whoo!)

I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land

Had me out like a light

Like a light, like a light, like a light

Like a light, like a light Yeah, pass the dozen celly

He sending text ain't sendin' kites, yeah

He said "keep that on lock"

I said "you know this shit is tight", yeah

It's absolute (yeah), I'm back rebute (it's lit!)

LaFerrari to Jamba juice, yeah (skrr, skrr)

We back on the road, they jumping off, no parachute, yeahShorty in the back,

she said she working on her glutes, yeah (oh my God)

Ain't by the book (yeah), this how it look (yeah)

Bout a check, just check the foot

Passes to my daughter, I'ma show her what it took (yeah)

Baby mama cover Forbes, got these other bitches shook, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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