

# Travis Scott, MAFIA

Custom the things, custom the wings  
I had to custom the vibe, custom the link up  
Cover the back of the lab, front cover magazine  
Cover your eyes, cuddle up back of the V (Yeah)  
Our chemistry, just like the trappers and fiends (Ooh)  
Our misery really ain't nothin' to see  
I gotta travel the V, I like to travel to heat (Ooh)  
Bring out a bag of the weed  
Did I tell you I got my own weed? I had a lot to achieve  
Blew it out and I'm relieved, take it down, now you relieve  
Rather you leave, then you go back out on me  
Don't throw no daggers at me, you gotta shoot 'em at least  
You know my Dodge supreme, I put in hours this week  
Movin' at rapid speed, like it's a track, we meet  
We got a timeless thing, we gotta find some Zs

Fuck shit up at the club, shit tucked  
We be floatin' front to back, back to back, Bentley truck  
Back up, Bentley truck, city stuck, stuck, stuck  
City up, up, back to back, fold up, fold up, fold up, trust

Like it thick with a bounce, we all in the count  
Wine bottles cost 'bout a couch, you on the way with the wave  
Stacks in my pouch, you know it jump at the house  
You come with two when it's late, know the brown one is my fav'  
Then Mike Brown gon' walk you out (Walk you out)  
Step by step, watch yourself  
Cleaners got anything you might've left  
I couldn't do none of this by myself  
With MAFIA, they in the tuck  
I gave you fifty to boost up your butt  
I gave you the juice, you'd rather get buzzed  
I tried to choose you, you'd rather go club  
Know what to do, you rattled me up  
Common denominator, we were steps from the diamond ages  
Got a couple of vibrations  
For the simulation, gotta re-up the hydration

Me and my niggas show up, you know it's goin' down  
You know I'ma bring a parade if I fall through this town today  
Ain't even gotta check, you know we hardest niggas around  
We still pourin' up for the niggas that can't be around today

Mm, mm, woah-ah, mm-mm  
Woah, mm-mm, mm-mm  
Fuck shit up at the club (Ooh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Drop down  
Run around, run around

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You know I'ma bring a parade if I fall through this town today  
Ain't even gotta check, you know we hardest niggas around  
We still pourin' up for the niggas that can't be around today