

# FRANCHISE (feat. Young Thug & M.I.A.)

## Travis Scott

Travis Scott feat. Young Thug & M.I.A. - FRANCHISEYup, in my white tee, yeah

Call up Hype Williams for the hype, please

Uh, they gon' wipe you, before you wipe me

Unboxing my checks not my NikesCacti not no iced tea (ah)

got-'em bamboozled like I'm Spike Lee (ah)

You need more than Google just to find me (ah)

I just called up bae to get her hyphy (ah, ooh)

Incredible, Ici ici general

I just start the label just to sign me

Me and Chase connected like we siamese

We've been on the run, feel like a crime spree

Talk to me nicely, I seen his face, I seen it

Yup, on his white tee (lets go)

Yeah, yeah call the Sprite people (Call 'em, hol' on)

Private flight to France, tryna sight see (private flight)

Popped 'em in his hands, he was typing

Caterpillar 'Rari, I fold it lift it up

I went on the stand told the judge to pass my cup

Ran up twenty million, told the devil keep the luck

Keep that, keep that hoe,

RIP Pop, keep the smoke aye

Talk to me nicely (to me nicely)

Keep her on a chain, that aint like me (that aint like me)

Scotts with no strings you can't tie me (with the, hold on)

I'm higher than the plane, I'm where the Skypes be (doo, doo, doo, doo)

Yup, in my slime tee...(doo doo doo hee)

Princey in his prime heee...(doo doo doo hee)

Yellowbone too feisty heee...(doo doo doo hee)

Clean him up no napkin heee

Yup, in my white tee (yeah)

Call up Hype Williams for the hype, please (it's lit)

They gon' wipe you, before you wipe me

Unboxing my checks not my Nikes

Ooooo...Scuse me

Zi zi zi zi zi zi zi zi

Don't be missin' in Mississippi

Dip a sippy

Make em happy

Make em copy

Make em get me chippy chippyThere's a lot im going to spend

Tell me when you need me to pull up

You going to shoot out while I spinTrippin like I'm trigger happy

Salt fish, Ackee ackee, golf buggy  
Kawasaki, Catch a fish  
Sushi Maki, Livin Life  
London city left the town  
Thug n Travis be that fam Yeah, you know that (slatt)  
And when they free us out it's gonna be a film a kodak (yah)  
Shoot me pouring right Above The Rim like Pollack  
I've been rippin and running, not slippin' or slidin', athletic tendencies  
I've been up chefin' it, whippin' it to the base rock, I provide the remedy  
When we open gates up at Utopia (it's lit)  
It's like Zootopia, you see the crosses over ya (ya)  
That's how you know it's us  
At 4AM i'm phoning ya, not for no shoulder rub  
Them Jackboys open cleaners up, the way they fold and tuck Yup, in my white tee, yeah  
Call up Hype Williams for the hype, please  
Uh, they gon' wipe you, before you wipe me  
Unboxing the checks not my  
Checks not my  
I be where the fuck that light be  
Bangers in the system  
It's bangers in the system  
It's ancient anunnaki

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>