way back

Travis Scott

Woah, yeah boy
Woah, yeah boy
Woah, yeah boy
Don't wet no moreI need fake niggas to get way back
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back(Wooo)
I can't get no rest (we in the house)
I fall asleep with a Tec (rack)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (rack)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (we in the house) (come on)
I can't get no rest (come on)
I ride around with a Tec (champ)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (champ)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (go crazy on 'em)
Woah, wait
It's summer time, why they tryna throw shade?
All these wins I can never gold state (yeah)
UFC I'm tapping to my old ways (alright)
I'm addressing shit like I'm on Waze
Showed ya love, ain't show it back in OK
Like the girl, that she go both ways
Dropped the Rodeo, I dodged a bull like olé
Hopped in the Bronco, skrrt off like OJ (yeah)
Flew with that sound, nigga, got that Coldplay
I be (yeah) makin' mils, made it to our hobbies (it's lit!)
Don't bring that to the crib, keep that in the lobbies
You never seen the city unless you land at Hobby
I'm so loaded off the pills, so don't ever try me
So if you see me solo dolo, you know what that meanI need fake niggas to get way back (way back)
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back
Whew
I can't get no rest (we in the house)
I fall asleep with a Tec (rack)
If I take a sip, take the rest (rack)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (we in the house)
I can't get no rest (come on)
I ride around with a Tec (champ)
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (champ)
Wearin' every chain on my neck (go crazy on 'em)
(We in the house)Look boy, don't believe what's on your TV

Look boy, don't you sit close to your TV
Look boy, seeing is believing
Look boy, look boy (yeah)Would it be unlawful (yeah)
To spend a honeymoon in a brothel
And share pics from the camera
But they'll be quick to turn that into a scandal
I'm down in the Meadows
Slidin' down the Waterfall, creep to the ghetto
Need my Rio de Janeiro
And I'm swimmin' out that bitch
Michael Phelps with the medals
So visit me (yeah)
I just built a castle deep (yeah-yeah)
In them trees (yeah)
That's how I get them backwoods free (yeah-yeah)
This right here some savagery (yeah-yeah)
Bend it back from me (yeah-yeah)
Way-way back for me (yeah-yeah)
Way-way back for me
Way-way back for me
Way-way back for me
Way-way back for meWoah-ohhh-ohhhh-woah

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