

Antidote

Travis Scott

Don't you open up that window
Don't you let out that antidote
Poppin' pills is all we know
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)
Don't go through the front door (Through the back!)
It's lowkey at the night show
So don't you open up that window
Don't you let out that antidote
Party on a Sunday (That was fun!)
Do it all again on Monday (One more time!)
Spent a check on a weekend (Oh my God!)
I might do it all again (That's boss shit)
I just hit a three peat
Fucked three hoes I met this week (Robert Horry!)
I don't do no old hoes (Oh, no, no!)
My nigga, that's a no-no (Straight up!)
She just want the coco (Cocaina!)
I just want dinero
Who that at the front door?
If it's the feds, oh-no-no-no (Don't let 'em in, shhh)
Don't you open up that window
Don't you let out that antidote
Poppin' pills is all we know
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)
Don't go through the front door (In the back!)
It's lowkey at the night show
At the night show
At the night show (Higher)
At the night show
At the night show (Get lit my nigga)
At the night show
Anything can happen at the night show
Everything can happen at the night show
At the night show
Anything can happen at the night show
At the night show
Your bitch not at home, she at the night show
Fuckin' right, ho
Had to catch a flight for the night show
Let's get piped though
Bottles got us right though, we ain't sippin' light though
I ain't got no type though

Only got one night though, we can do it twice though
It's lit at the night show
At the night show
At the night show
At the night show
At the night show
At the night show
At the night show
Anything can happen at the night show
Stackin' up day to day
Young nigga you know you gotta go get it, go get it, my nigga
They hatin', they stinkin', they waitin'
Don't be mistaken, we dyin', they stayin'
Lord I'm on fire they think that I'm Satan
Callin' me crazy on different occasions
Kickin' the cameraman off of my stages
Cause I don't like how he snappin' my angles
I'm overboard and I'm over-impatient
Over my niggas and these kids my ages
Dealin' with Mo' shit that's more complicated
Like these two bitches that might be related
H-Town, you got one and you Bun B like a number one
It's late night, got a late show
If you wanna roll, I got a place where...
Poppin' pills is all we know
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)
Don't go through the front door (Through the back!)
It's lowkey at the night show
So don't you open up that window
Don't you let out that antidote

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