

# 3500 (feat. Future & 2 Chainz)

## Travis Scott

Bandana wrapped, wrapped 'round your head  
The bandana wrapped 'round your head  
Fuck niggas, they're shit  
Ain't nobody triller than me  
Ain't nobody triller than Scott  
Ain't nobody trill man, I'm takin' their spot  
30s in the city movin' slow  
\$3, 500 for the coat  
Only real niggas keep you float  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Ladies order up the champagne, a whole lot of it  
Painkillers, they got back pain, know you gotta love it  
Tens out in N-Y, they in my hallways, I gotta lobby of 'em  
Up and down with Chase, Monday nights, we made a hobby of it  
Still down with the same dogs, man they never loved us  
Gave my niggas all gold chains to remind me of it  
We're still holding that old thing, tryna rob me of it  
One time for the trill bitches that'll let me touch it  
I'm papi though, they get it poppin' with me when I'm out in public  
Flyin' through, I got a young 'Yonce with an Iggy on her  
Me and Metro do the same drugs, got a lot of it  
All these cups and damn, all these hoes, these niggas up to somethin'  
Touch down out in H-Town, there it might get ugly  
Its trill niggas wit trill niggas, a whole army of 'em  
I run the check up, I'm a hot nigga, don't tell my 'countant on me  
Free Rowdy Rowdy, free Bobby Bobby, them the Shmurda homies  
Good lord!  
30s in the city movin' slow  
\$3, 500 for the coat  
Only real niggas keep you float  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
Dro with me, drank with me, lean like I'm Clark  
Copping a Wraith then I throw it in park  
You niggas from Mars, you ain't got no heart  
I know lil one gon come with that A and that R  
(Only trill niggas I know)

I know lil one gon come with that A and that R  
I'm counting I'm dripping I'm fiending  
I'm not from this planet, I was abandoned  
Trill niggas real niggas popping them pill niggas  
I stack up a mil nigga like its a lil nigga  
This for the one who's gon' load up the k for me  
This for the ones that ran off and didn't wait on me  
This for the ones that ran off and didn't wait on me  
This for you bitch you ran off and did weight for me  
(Only trill niggas I know)  
Hood nigga fuck all that red carpet shit  
Hood nigga I fuck a red carpet bitch  
I put a Rolls and a Royce on my wrist  
You can smell promethazine when I piss  
I pray to God he bring me Actavis  
Ain't nobody triller than Metro ain't nobody triller than Scooter  
Hop on the private I do it, take all the mollies I do it  
The Bentley put up with no mileage I do it  
These Styrofoams with me legitimate  
I'm proudly down these Percocets  
We just want to be stoners lately, I've been on on on  
This money an option, this weed is an option, this lean is an option  
Your bitch is an option, her bitch is an option  
I send them through auctions  
You paying that price for that punanay  
This gold on my neck is a new Grammy30s in the city movin' slow  
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Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I know  
My bathtub the size of a swimming pool  
Backstroke to my children room  
Maybach in the living room  
I spent racks on these tennis shoes  
Niggas know what I'm finna do  
Time for me to put the mink up  
Forgiattos on a Brinks truck  
My favorite rapper drove a pink truck  
I do shit that you dream of  
I was born with a mean mug  
I was born with sum' nappy hair, drinkin' breast milk out a lean cup  
Tity Boi's my alias  
Real niggas my radius  
Trill niggas on the song with me  
(Only trill niggas I know)  
If she bad as hell I'll pay the babysitter  
In a black Mercedes with her

Doin' about 180 with her  
I was born a hustler paraphernalia in my baby pictures  
Resident all eloquent, leather shit in my front yard  
TV by my swimming pool, got the bitch like a sports bar  
Chevelle with a new motor, got the bitch like a sports car  
Ya my name is Tity Boi, I don't fuck with hoes that wear sports bras  
Crib bigger than your imagination  
Call the trap house the gas station  
Call momma's house the Jag station  
Emoji sad faces  
Look at these niggas  
I need to buy pocketbooks for these niggas30s in the city movin' slow  
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Only trill niggas I know  
Only trill niggas I knowAin't nobody triller than me  
Ain't nobody triller than Scott  
Ain't nobody trill man I'm takin' their spot  
We ride on a yacht  
Ain't nobody triller than Metro, ain't nobody triller than Scooter  
Ain't nobody triller, I knew it, ain't nobody triller, we knew it  
Pour up an Ace out on niggas, don't play 'round like Janice and Judy  
(Only reall niggas keep it float)  
Say fuck all the rumors say fuck all the rumors  
(Only trill niggas I know)  
Say fuck all the rumors say fuck all the rumors  
(Only trill niggas I know)  
Say fuck all the rumors say fuck all the rumors30s in the city movin' slow  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>