

Travis Scott - MAFIA Lyrics

Custom' the things, custom' the wings
I had to custom' the vibe, custom' the lean
Cover the back of the lobby, front cover magazine
Cover your eyes, cuddle the back of the V (yeah)
Our chemistry, just like the trappers and fiends (ooh)
Our misery, really ain't nothing 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, then it relieve, take it down, now you relieved
Rather you leave, then you go back out on me
Don't throw no daggers at me, you gotta shoot them at least
You know my Dodge supreme, I put in hours this week
Moving 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 fucking front to back, back to back, Bentley truck
Drop down, run 'round, city stuck, stuck, stuck
City up, up, back to back, fold her, fold her, fold her, trust

Like it thick with a bounce, we all in the count
Wine bottles cost 'bout a couch, you wanna wave with a wave?
Stacks in my pouch, you know it jump at the house
You come with two and 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 50 to boost up your butt
I gave you the juice, she rather get buzzed
I tried to choose you, you rather go club
Know what to do, you rattled me up
Common denominator, we was still trying to dominatrix

Got a couple of vibrations

For the simulation, gotta re-up the hydration

Fuck shit up at the club, shit tucked (me and my niggas show up, you know it's going down)

We be fucking front to back, back to back, Bentley truck (you know I'ma bring a parade if I fall through this town today)

Drop down, run 'round, city stuck, stuck, stuck (ain't even gotta check, you know we hardest niggas around)

City up, up, back to back, fold her, fold her, fold her, trust (we still pouring up for the niggas that can't be around today)

Mmm, mm, ooh-ah

Mmm, mm, mm-mm

Fuck shit up at the club

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Drop down, run 'round

Fuck shit up at the club, shit tucked (me and my niggas show up, you know it's goin' down)

We be fucking front to back, back to back, Bentley truck (you know I'ma bring a parade if I fall through this town today)

Drop down, run 'round, city stuck, stuck, stuck (ain't even gotta check, you know we hardest niggas around)

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