

SICKO MODE

Travis Scott

AstroSun is down, freezing cold
That's how we already know winter's here
My dawg would probably doing it for a Louis belt
That's just all he know he don't know nothing else
I tried to show him, yeah
I tried to show him, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Goin' on you with the pick and roll
Young LaFlame yeah he's in sicko mode
Made this here with all the ice on in the booth
At the gate outside, when they pull up, they get me loose
Yeah, Jump Out boys, that's Nike boys, hop in our coupes
This shit way too big,
when we pull up give me the loot (give me the loot!)
Was off the Remy, had to Papoose
Had to hit my old town to duck the news
Two-four all on lockdown, we make no moves
Now it's 4AM and I'm back up poppin' with the crew
I just landed in Chase B mixes pop like Jamba juice
Different colored chains, see my jeweler really selling fruits
And they joking, man, know the crackers wish it was a noose Someone said
To win the retreat, we all in too deep
Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak (Someone said)
To win the retreat, we all in too deep
Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak
This shit way too formal, ya'll know I don't follow suit
Stacy Dash, most these of girls ain't got a clue
All of these hoes I made off records I produced
I might take all my exes and put 'em all in a group
Hit my eses, I need the booch
Bout to turn this function to Bonnaroo
Told her "hop in, you coming too"
In the 305,
bitches treat me like I'm Uncle Luke (don't stop, pop that pussy)
Had to slop the top off, it's just a roof
She said "where we going?"
I said "the moon", we ain't even make it to the room
She thought it was the ocean, it's just the pool
Now I got her open, it's just the Goose
Who put this shit together, I'm the glue
(Someone said)
Shorty FaceTime me out the blue (Someone said) player,

Player for keeps, (someone said, motherfucker)
 (Someone said)
 don't play us for weak(Yeah)
 Astro
 Yeah, yeah
 Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
 Ay, ayShe's in love with who I am
 Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance (yeah)
 Now I hit that epi O with duffles in my hand
 I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land
 Had me out like a light ehh
 Like a light ehh, like a light ehhSlept through the flight eh
 Not for the night eh
 Seven-sixty seven, man
 This shit got double bedroom, man
 I still got scores to settle, man
 I crept down the block (down the block)
 Made a right (yeah), cut the lights (yeah)
 Pay the price (yeah)Niggas think it's sweet, it's on sight (yeah), nothing nice (yeah)
 Baguettes in my ice, Jesus Christ (yeah)
 Checks over stripes (yeah),
 that's what I like (yeah), that's what we like (yeah)
 Lost my respect, you not a threat
 When I shoot my shot, that shit wetty like I'm Sheck (bitch!)
 See the shots that I took, wet like I'm Book
 Wet like I'm Lizzy, I be spending finally
 Circle blocks 'til I'm dizzy (yeah, what)
 Like where is he, no one seen him (yeah, what)
 I'm tryna clean 'em (yeah)She's in love with who I am
 Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance
 Now I hit that epi-o with duffles in my hand (who!)
 I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land
 Had me out like a light
 Like a light, like a light, like a light
 Like a light, like a light, like a lightYeah, pass the dozen celly
 He sending text ain't sendin' kites, yeah
 He said "keep that on lock"
 I said "you know this shit is tight", yeah
 It's absolute (yeah), I'm back rebute (it's lit!)
 LaFerrari to Jamba juice, yeah (skrr, skrr)
 We back on the road, they jumping off, no parachute, yeahShorty in the back,
 she said she working on her glutes, yeah (oh my God)
 Ain't by the book (yeah), this how it look (yeah)
 Bout a check, just check the foot
 Passes to my daughter, I'ma show her what it took (yeah)
 Baby mama cover Forbes, got these other bitches shook, yeah
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

