

coordinate

Travis Scott

Hey Travis Scott, h-h-hey Trav
You on the fuck up, nigga
Know what I'm talkin' bout?
Nigga, one thing for sure
Two things for certain, nigga
We gon' keep drinking this motherfucking lean, nigga
And wearin' these motherfuckin' rockstar jeans, nigga
They want what a nigga can't stand
I don't know what they can't stand
I know why they mad, nigga
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
But we don't give a fuck
We gon' keep this big ass mac 11 on deck
If any fuck nigga get out of line
If any fuck nigga want do somethin' nigga we can do it nigga
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies
I'mma need some more, need some more, if I really wanna feel it
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah
Spend that money fast if I have to
Make that money back if I had you
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)
Coordinate the xan with the lean in my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Yeah, yeah)
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah Highway, dip in traffic
2 gears, automatic
Leave the strip club tragic
2 broads going at it (It's lit!)
Me and Jacques going brazy
Me and Chase going brazy (Straight up!)
Smashin' off your old lady (Yeah!)
Everythin' goin' crazy (Yeah!)
Coordinate the tan in the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (It's lit!)
Pour a little more if you really wanna feel it (Straight up!)
Foreign little broad and I really wanna hit it
I'mma take her to the bird
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies
I'mma need some more, need some more if I really wanna feel it
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah
Spend that money fast if I have to (Yeah!)
Make that money back if I had you (It's lit!)
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)

Coordinate the xan with the lean in my Rockstar skinnies (Straight up!)
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies, yeah (Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah,
yeah yeah)
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yahAin't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya
Outchea goin' hard for ya
You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya
You've been goin' hard for ya
You might fear my ideas
When it's time to pop pills and pop seals (It's lit!)
When I run a fire drill, you're right here
Everytime we drop by, we drop chills (Straight up!)
Tryna tell ya
Ain't nobody outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
Outchea goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
You've been workin' out, you're goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)
You've been goin' hard for ya (Yeah, yeah)Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar
skinnies
I'mma need some more, need some more if I really wanna feel it
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah
Spend that money fast if I have to
Make that money back if I had you
Coordinate the tan with the beans in my Rockstar skinnies
Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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