

# WHO? WHAT!

## Travis Scott

Know what I'm saying, know what I'm saying  
Know what I'm saying Heard they talkin' shit 'bout I  
Who gon' win an why  
I'm alive, just took one to revive (yeah)  
Keep that vibe when we show up and collide  
Me and the guys move just like the F-O-I  
In the Hills but still keep them ghetto ties (Hills)  
Was talkin' Frenchy's but she thinkin' Ocean Prime  
Know she keep an open mouth and open mind  
I don't open up her door, she open mine  
I need less stress and I need more ties, yes (skrr, skrr)  
We on the jet quest, mobbin' with the drop, yes (skrr, skrr)  
In the headrest want the 25, yes (skrr, skrr)  
Ain't seen the best yet, open up your eyes, yeah  
One, two, three, four, five, that's the countdown 'til I slide (slide)  
Pork and rinds, how I grew up on my side  
Ain't no fence just a hundred acres wide  
When shit get tense, we twist up and we get fried I picked my favorite dancer I done pay her  
rent (cash, cash)  
At Christmas time it's no Saint Nick we got the Grinch  
I smack that ass she threw it back in self defense (yeah)  
We took the crib, flipped the backyard like it's the beach  
We did some things out on the ways that we can't speak  
All I know it was Mo Bamba on repeat  
I don't think these things I took is helpin' me (oh yeah)  
Had to buy some more  
Had to count the fours  
Had to count up the Os (big bag)  
Had to summon the hoes (ay)  
Dodge the federal (12)  
I rolled through the light (skrr, skrr)  
Rollin' the dice (ay)  
Rock on my ice (all ice)  
Poppin' that Gucci (Gucci, Gucci)  
This down and groovy  
To get down, get groovy  
That bitch brown and choosey (hey)  
Shawty, in the supersonic (yeah)  
Brand new La Ferrari (woo), my bitch ride iconic Yeah, yeah  
One, two, three, four, five, that's the countdown 'til I slide (slide)  
Pork and rinds, how I grew up on my side  
Ain't no fence just a hundred acres wide

When shit get tense, we twist up and we get fried  
Was born in the movie (movie)  
Never make excuses (no)  
It was time to move it (time to move)  
It was God and the uzi (God and the uzi)  
We were trained to use it (hey)  
They was train to use it (train)  
Shoot you like Cupid (shoot)  
Hit your medulla, yeah  
Shoot at, shoot at them shooters (yeah)  
Then shoot your producer  
This shit for the gang,  
get banged and fuck on the group, she a groupie (yeah)  
Love her when she choosey, hmm (yeah)  
Big bankroll it's soothin', hmm (yeah)  
Pull up with the sticks I'm makin' them cuddle up this not a movie  
Yeah, yeah  
One, two, three, four, five, that's the countdown 'til I slide (slide)  
Pork and rinds, how I grew up on my side  
Ain't no fence just a hundred acres wide  
When shit get tense, we twist up and we get fried

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>