

first take

Travis Scott

Don't like what I saw
This life without yours
Despite I was lost
Despite you got flaws
Just let our love play its course
Let you tell it
What's mine is yours, what's yours is yours
All the signs I ignored
I play love like a sport Yeah, first take
You ain't on time, you were late
When you around me, you're safe (lit!)
You can't go around, fuck the heresay
I know that look on your face
You think you winnin' a race
You think all I do is play (yeah!)
I didn't put you in your place
Then why you still here in my place?
Yeah, thought so
Yeah, and also
You think too much, we all know
You think too much, we all know
I ain't tryna go back to war with your morals (yeah!)
You can't kill the vibe, it's immortal (straight up!)
I ain't buyin' it even though I can afford it
'Cause I know Don't like what I saw
This life without yours
Despite I was lost
Despite you got flaws
Just let our love play its course
Let you tell it
What's mine is yours, what's yours is yours
All the signs I ignored
I play love like a sport Yeah!
This love won't grow 'less we find growth
White on your nose girl, won't you come over?
Let's both find hoes
Let's fuck them both
But you think too hard, we all know
You think too hard, we all know

So say nothin', nothin'
'Cause you think too hard, we all know
Yeah, you know I'd rather lead it than follow
You and me, mano y mano, baby
'Cause I know, I know Don't like what I saw (yeah)
This life without yours (yeah, yeah)
Despite I was lost (ay)
Despite you got flaws (ay)
Just let our love play its course (oh)
Let you tell it
What's mine is yours, what's yours is yours
(All is yours)
All the signs I ignored (uh, huh)
I play love like a sport
(Like a sport, no, yeah) Okay, lil mama I still ain't heard from lil mama
We go back to Angliana
When you was studying in college
But I called you and brought you
Out to Santa Monica
Believed in you, I was your sponsor
I got love for you, but I'm not in love
Gave me affection
Girl I was lost, you gave me direction
Went through fuckin' you with no protection
All my blessings, girl you want all my blessings
You think I don't care about you
Girl you better call my best friend
I got time to waste
Girl I got time to waste
Girl I cancelled everything
Just to get back on the same page
To finish the story
But you would rather ignore me
Your mama called to check on me
But you won't even pick up the phone
Shit, goddamn you feelin' yourself
Out in Hollywood, you got a nigga with some wealth
You ain't free tonight, I bet he call somebody else
Tryna tell you I'm the last real nigga left
You can hit me if you need help
With your love problems, with your money problems
I just might solve 'em, I just might solve 'em
I just might solve 'em, I just might solve 'em
I just might solve 'em Just call me
Or you could just pick up the phone, baby

I know you're home, baby
Baby, I know, I know

Songwriters

JACQUES WEBSTER, BRYSON TILLER, SY BROCKINGTON, TRAVIS PETERSON, MANDELL
STRAWTER, BILLY GARCIA, MELVIN HOUGH, RIVELINO WOUTER

Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>