

# Way Back

Travis Scott

Woah, yeah boy  
Woah, yeah boy  
Woah, yeah boy  
I no wet no more I need fake niggas to get way back  
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back  
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back  
I can't get no rest (We in the house)  
I fall asleep with a Tec (Rack)  
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (Rack)  
Wearin' every chain on my neck (We in the house)  
I can't get no rest (Come on)  
I ride around with a Tec (Champ)  
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (Champ)  
Wearin' every chain on my neck (Go crazy on 'em) Woah, wait  
It's summer time, why they tryna throw shade?  
All these wins I can never go state (Yeah)  
UFC I'm tapping to my old ways (Alright)  
I'm addressing shit like I'm on ways  
Showed ya love, ain't show it back in OK  
Like the girl that she go both ways  
Dropped the Rodeo, I dodged a bull like ol' A  
Hopped in the Bronco, skrrt off like OJ (Yeah)  
Flew with that sound, nigga, got that Coldplay  
I be (yeah) makin' mils, made it to a hobbie (It's lit!)  
Don't bring that to the crib, keep that in the lobby  
You never seen the city unless you land at Hobby  
I'm so loaded off the pills, so don't ever try me  
So if you see me solo dolo, you know what that mean I need fake niggas to get way back  
James Harden with the range on me nigga way back  
Homie start switchin' lanes, I thought we went way back  
I can't get no rest (We in the house)  
I fall asleep with a Tec (Rack)  
If I take a sip, take the rest  
Wearin' every chain on my neck (We in the house)  
I can't get no rest (Come on)  
I ride around with a Tec (Champ)  
Stashin' all the pills in my desk (Champ)  
Wearin' every chain on my neck (Go crazy on 'em)  
(We in the house) Little boy, don't believe what's on your TV

Little boy, don't you sit close to your TV  
Little boy, seeing is believing  
Little boy, little boy (Yeah) Would it be unlawful (Yeah)  
To spend a Sunday moon in a brothel  
And share pics from the camera  
But they'll be quick to turn that into a scandal  
I'm down in the meadows  
Slidin' down the waterfall, creep to the ghetto  
Need my Rio de Janeiro  
And I'm swimmin' out that bitch  
Michael Phelps with the medals  
So visit me (Yeah)  
I just built a castle deep (Yeah-yeah)  
In them trees (Yeah)  
That's how I get them Backwoods free (Yeah-yeah)  
This right here some savagery (Yeah-yeah)  
Bend it back fom me (Yeah-yeah)  
Way-way back for me (Yeah-yeah)  
Way-way back for me  
Way-way back for me  
Way-way back for me

Songwriters

JACQUES WEBSTER, CARLTON MAYS, CHAUNCEY HOLLIS, MAGNUS HOIBERG, ROGET  
CHAHAYED, MICHAEL DEAN, BRITTANY HAZZARD, SCOTT MESCUDI, KASSEEM DEAN

Published  
by

Lyrics Â© Ultra Tunes, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.  
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>