

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' 

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 from 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

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