

Wasted (feat. Juicy J)

Travis Scott

Wasted, undone
I'm wasted right now
Wasted undone
Wasted right now Take a sip, drowning in this shit
Choppers on my hip I hold my head
I've been taking risks to make that money flip, I still do
I ain't ordering I can't afford this shit
Go to war with this you overboard I'm overboard with shit
Now it's a pair of player niggas
Gotta day to data stack and still I pay accounts
20 racks to show just a little allowance
Only come to Houston if the boy allow it
Bow your head to a real one
Coming down with them main niggas
H-town don't play with us
Them Reddick boys stay with it
I've been grinding slaving over time since I was a fan
Looking in the mirror like one day Jacques you gon' be the man
One skinny tatted nigga, blunt flicker
Young La Flame hot spitter, who can hold this nigga? yeah It's really going down in the goddamn south
I 3-up, 100 to the end
It's really going down in the goddamn south
I 3-up, 100 to the end There's a lot of motherfuckers that can't handle they liquor
Can't handle these drugs
Wasted, undone
It's only real niggas that can handle their shit man
Wasted, undone
Yea
So if you tryna get lit wanna go up
Make sure you stay on our level cause we go up
Let me see you up Is you wasted baby?
One shot, two shots and you still talking crazy
3 shots and you faded
Freaks coming out at night and they game X rated
4 shots now she wanna do the clique
Any more shots she ain't gon' remember shit
Smoking on extendos no clips
Project hoes going up in the Ritz
She going to do it for a G anything for me bro

She just wanna fucking drink and chief all the weed up
Sexy bitch pop that pussy cause you in your prime
Pour that purple over ice call it turtle time
Shawty never been a hesitator
Got her going down on the elevator
Hear that pussy bomb I'mma detonate her
Fuck her from the back keep the neck for later
No magic trick but I levitate her
With the magic stick nothing less than great
When I hit her with the dope D I'm gone
Don't text me later, no extra favors It's really going down in the goddamn south
I 3-up, 100 to the end
It's really going down in the goddamn south
I 3-up, 100 to the end Weed, lean, MDMA, he say she say
All the products of a young man gone the long way
From the home that he knew till he roamed where he at
And the phone break up, unknown wake up
Several one night stands
Hung up phone, break up
If he fall will he fly? sure won't take much
For you to find out, jump
How you took that plunge
If not, we're in the same spot
How could you judge?
How could you judge?
Could you judge?

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