

Travis Scott

"Quintana"

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[Hook]

Straight from Mexico, call her Quintana
Damn, she smoke my dope... swear to God we go
Rambo
If you disrespect the dope... straight from Mexico call
her Quintana
Damn, she smoke my dope... swear to God we go
Rambo
If you disrespect the dope...

[Verse 1]

Praise to the pope, bless you with this dope
Step into my world where we get ghost, cause in my
mind we float
Everytime we step in 2-1-0, they tweeking off the coke
Fuck I'm out my mind, I'm burning bread so much
lets have a toast
My niggas and momma know that if I wasn't here,
nigga I'd be dead
Now I'm in the building thinking billions counting
millions, what a feeling
Remember when I never, ever made shit
Now me and my niggas rocking chains and them
suede shits
Now who the slave, bitch?

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Straight from the lair or Himalayas
I got more keys than the mayor, let's have a prayer
So devine, I put my pager, eye of the later
Dawn to dusk I'm trying to get made, I been up for
days
Damn I'll never pop another pill, man that shit is real
Girl you know you fuckin' with La Flame, you know you
know the drill
I reach to the heavens, Lord forgive me, I sin
May La Flame live forever, and always bring 'em in
(Straight from Mexico, call her Quintana)
(Damn, she smoke my dope... swear to God we go

Rambo)
(If you disrespect the dope...)

[Verse 3: Wale]

God, niggas can't fuck with me
I've got a bunch of bitches tryna fuck with me
I'm unsociable with like most of them
'Cause I don't socialize with them suckers, man
Normally, I'm with them mollies
This is the nail in the coffin, niggas is soft
Niggas remind me of nails at a spa
So under-polished, novices
They barkin' up the wrong tree
Never let me be, trust me
If you with me, then you goin' H
I got them sweatin' like these bitches herein all day
And I'm off Atlantic, 2-1 rob 'em, bumbaclot, nigga
Not a P-O-K, I'm out for the VS
Get lifted, few zips like a c-check
Use piff, short words for the loose girls
All mine's re-up, y'all regret
Don't worry 'bout my team, my team is set
Don't worry 'bout T, it's in depth
When it come to the ma'fuckin' c-notes
We starters, it's the ma'fuckin' glee club,
goddamn

[Bridge]

La Flame, don't play no games
These niggas is lames
This niggas ain't lords, we the new lords
(Mercy me, oh, mercy me)
(Mercy me, oh, mercy me)
(Mercy me, oh, mercy me)

[Hook]

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