

WHAT TO DO? (feat. Don Toliver)

JACKBOYS & Travis Scott

[Travis Scott:]

Why did we fall that evening?
Silhouettes for the evening
You might just be my type
And I know just what you like but I'm still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do

[Don Toliver:]

I woke up on the seventeenth
Drunk as hell, you tellin' me
I was in the club, full of jealousy
Damn near caught a felony
One thing I know, two just wanna ride (Uh-uh)
I did it outside (Uh-uh)
I, you better go hide (Uh-uh)
Put it on her feet and I glide
Step with the three like Clyde, slide, slide
We rock the cream on the pie-ie-ie
But that's my better side (Yeah)
I can't tell a lie (Uh-uh)
This is televised (Uh-uh)
You need better guys

[Travis Scott:]

Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah) Woke up on the seventeenth
With them tattoos, just is tellin' me
And them fantasies is outstandin' me
I'm only on the beat between 10 and 3
Took you, move you outside to the West
Down Southside by the 'jects
Tell me what a time, what a wreck
Never let it down, never let
Always thought T was a rex
Never thought T was a wreck
Put the ice T on your neck (Neck)

When it go cold make you sweat
Never let you go, never (Go, go)
Never let you go, you the best
But never let it go to your head (No)
I always got control of the
Whoa (Yeah) Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah) [Don Toliver:]
Silhouettes for the weekend
And you might just be my time
And I know just what you like but I'm Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah) [Don Toliver & Sheek Wes:]
Fuck the club up
Still with my dawgs
Please don't make the wrong moves, 'cause my weapon cocked [Travis Scott:]
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up (Uh-uh, yeah)
Don't know what to do (Yeah) Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)
Still fucked up, still fucked up (Yeah)

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