

# SICKO MODE

## Travis Scott

AstroSun is down, freezing cold  
That's how we already know winter's here  
My dawg would probably doing it for a Louis belt  
That's just all he know he don't know nothing else  
I tried to show him, yeah  
I tried to show him, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Goin' on you with the pick and roll  
Young LaFlame yeah he's in sicko mode  
Made this here with all the ice on in the booth  
At the gate outside, when they pull up, they get me loose  
Yeah, Jump Out boys, that's Nike boys, hop in our coupes  
This shit way too big,  
when we pull up give me the loot (give me the loot!)  
Was off the Remy, had to Papoose  
Had to hit my old town to duck the news  
Two-four all on lockdown, we make no moves  
Now it's 4AM and I'm back up poppin' with the crew  
I just landed in Chase B mixes pop like Jamba juice  
Different colored chains, see my jeweler really selling fruits  
And they joking, man, know the crackers wish it was a noose Someone said  
To win the retreat, we all in too deep  
Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak (Someone said)  
To win the retreat, we all in too deep  
Playing for keeps, don't play us for weak  
This shit way too formal, ya'll know I don't follow suit  
Stacy Dash, most these of girls ain't got a clue  
All of these hoes I made off records I produced  
I might take all my exes and put 'em all in a group  
Hit my eses, I need the booch  
Bout to turn this function to Bonnaroo  
Told her "hop in, you coming too"  
In the 305,  
bitches treat me like I'm Uncle Luke (don't stop, pop that pussy)  
Had to slop the top off, it's just a roof  
She said "where we going?"  
I said "the moon", we ain't even make it to the room  
She thought it was the ocean, it's just the pool  
Now I got her open, it's just the Goose  
Who put this shit together, I'm the glue  
(Someone said)  
Shorty FaceTime me out the blue (Someone said) player,

Player for keeps, (someone said, motherfucker)  
 (Someone said)  
 don't play us for weak(Yeah)  
 Astro  
 Yeah, yeah  
 Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up  
 Ay, ayShe's in love with who I am  
 Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance (yeah)  
 Now I hit that epi O with duffles in my hand  
 I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land  
 Had me out like a light ehh  
 Like a light ehh, like a light ehhSlept through the flight eh  
 Not for the night eh  
 Seven-sixty seven, man  
 This shit got double bedroom, man  
 I still got scores to settle, man  
 I crept down the block (down the block)  
 Made a right (yeah), cut the lights (yeah)  
 Pay the price (yeah)Niggas think it's sweet, it's on sight (yeah), nothing nice (yeah)  
 Baguettes in my ice, Jesus Christ (yeah)  
 Checks over stripes (yeah),  
 that's what I like (yeah), that's what we like (yeah)  
 Lost my respect, you not a threat  
 When I shoot my shot, that shit wetty like I'm Sheck (bitch!)  
 See the shots that I took, wet like I'm Book  
 Wet like I'm Lizzy, I be spending finally  
 Circle blocks 'til I'm dizzy (yeah, what)  
 Like where is he, no one seen him (yeah, what)  
 I'm tryna clean 'em (yeah)She's in love with who I am  
 Back in high school, I used to bust it to the dance  
 Now I hit that epi-o with duffles in my hand (who!)  
 I did half a Xan, thirteen hours til I land  
 Had me out like a light  
 Like a light, like a light, like a light  
 Like a light, like a light, like a lightYeah, pass the dozen celly  
 He sending text ain't sendin' kites, yeah  
 He said "keep that on lock"  
 I said "you know this shit is tight", yeah  
 It's absolute (yeah), I'm back rebute (it's lit!)  
 LaFerrari to Jamba juice, yeah (skrr, skrr)  
 We back on the road, they jumping off, no parachute, yeahShorty in the back,  
 she said she working on her glutes, yeah (oh my God)  
 Ain't by the book (yeah), this how it look (yeah)  
 Bout a check, just check the foot  
 Passes to my daughter, I'ma show her what it took (yeah)  
 Baby mama cover Forbes, got these other bitches shook, yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

