

NAV & Travis Scott - Never Sleep Lyrics

Tay Keith, this too hard

Geeked, never sleep
Stretch a hundred to millions in weeks
Got her runnin' and ridin' for me
Where it's sunny we gotta retreat
Straight from London, she out in the East
Let her shop and she keep the receipts
Don't you tell him you got it from me
After this, I'ma need therapy
I been buildin' up my legacy
Hundreds on hundreds, on fold
I been up so far, somewhere
Stuck at the top and it's nowhere to go

I was just thinkin' like, "Damn, might get a new drop so I can circle the floor"
I was just thinkin' like, "Damn, some niggas got cropped, I got a circle to grow"
Soon as we land, we make it go "Pop"
Gave her a grand, she turn it to snot
Got with her man, a nigga got blocked
Gave her a tan, I'm already hot
I gave her the land, the sand, and all the views, and really all you did was plot
I gave you the plans and brands and all the jewels, and really all you did was flop

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Yeah, yeah, I'm from the streets
They remember me, lil' Dominique
I'm a dog, don't deny it at all
Nah, for real, keep your bitch on a leash
Why you tryna compete with me? Know you can't see me
I go the hardest and then I press repeat
Give a head start and they still ain't gon' beat me
Bro did some shit that they can't show on TV
Pull up inside a McLaren like, "beep-beep"
I took a half of an E, now I'm geekin'
Put her on camera, I'm never gon' leak it
Keep that shit classy, you see me, don't speak to me
Get her away from me, that's where she need to be
Switch the Mercedes sign out for a Brabus B
I pay 'em all they lil' fee, it don't bother me
I'm all on top of this shit 'cause I gotta be

Geeked, never sleep (Nah)
Stretch a hundred to millions in weeks
Got her runnin' and ridin' for me (Ride)
Where it's sunny, we gotta retreat ('Treat)
Straight from London, she out in the East (East)
Let her shop and she keep the receipts
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Got two rings and they forty a piece

Gotta ride with a .40 at least
You invite her, she leavin' with me
What you pushin'? There's levels to P (Uh)
I came out the soil, I got mud on my cleats
Ever since "Run It Up," I got my money up, I keep all three of my bitches
on fleek
Always stay geeked, if I ran into vampires, they would get high off the shit
that I bleed
If a producer don't take off his tag, I'll do it myself and I'll remake the
beat
When I go shoppin', I'm spendin' a bag, it touch the floor when I hold up
the receipt (Bag)
I been goin' ghost and my doors on suicide
Lookin' in the mirror like, "I really am that guy"
Still my gang, I don't really like to choose sides
Hop off a jet to a check on a Redeye
Roll up a spliff, mix the grabba with dead guys
People still hatin' and I still don't know why
Four pockets full, put a molly in a Cacti

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