

Travis Scott - 90210 (feat. Kacy Hill)

tom:

Intro: **Bm** **C** **Am**
Bm **C** **Am**

Bm **C** **Am** **Bm**
Mhm, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Bm **C** **Am**
Mama's bailing down that road, craving 90210

Bm **C** **Am**
She a porn star girl, oh, from the valley

Bm **C** **Am**
Who left her hometown world all for that alley

Bm **C** **Am**
Oh, created Lake Tahoe all from her panties

Bm
Ooh, used to take the long way home, long way home, all for that

C **Am**
candy

Bm **C** **Am**
Baby's hooked on feeling low

Bm **G** **C**
Do, do, do

Bm
Do, doo

Bm **C** **Am**
Jacques turn La Flame, now he rolling on an Addy

B **Bm** **C** **A**
Fifty on a chain, 'nother fifty on a Caddy, oh

Bm **C**
He might pop him a pill, pop him a seal, pop anyone

Am **Bm**
Pop anything, pop anything to find an alley

C **Am**
Hmm, yeah, then find an alley

Bm **Em** **C** **Am**
Baby's hooked on feeling low

Bm **Em**
Do, do, do

C **Am**
Do, doo

Bm **C** **Am**
In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley

Bm **C** **Am**
In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley, ooh

Bm
It's the superstar girl

C **Am**
Superstar girl, roaming in that alley

Bm **C** **Am**
In the 90210, 90210, somewhere in that alley

(**Gm** **Am** **Bb**)
(**Dm** **Gm** **Am**)

Bb
My granny called, she said "Travie, you work too hard

G **Am**
I'm worried you'll forget about me"

Bb
Am
I'm falling in and out of cars, don't worry, I'ma get it, granny

Bb
What happened? now my daddy happy, mama called me up

Dm
That money coming and she love me, I done made it now

Gm
I done found life's meaning now, all them her heart'd break

Am
Her heart not pieces now, friends turning into fraud niggas

Bb
Practicing, have the passion, you niggas packaged different

Dm
All you niggas, you niggas want the swag, you can't have it

Gm
I'ma sell it, you niggas salary 'bout to cap, bitch

Am
Youngest nigga outta Houston at the Grammys

Bb
Smiling at 'em laughing at me

Dm
I passed the rock to Ye, he pump faked and passed it back, bitch

Gm
All of this off of rapping, should've wrote this in Latin

Am
Yeah Yeah

Bb
Mmm, I know, I know, I know, I know

Dm
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know

Gm
Cuzzo said we in the store, yeah, we 'bout to drop a 4

Am
He pass the cigarette, I choke

Bb
Tell my auntie put them Ports down, them Ports down

Dm
Now you know you love your own now

Gm
Hit the stage, they got their hands up, don't put your nose down

Am
I ain't knockin' a nigga, I knocked the door down, for sure now

Bb
Hardcore, I swear they counting on me

Dm
Gold chains, gold rings, I got an island on me

Gm
Houses on me, he got them ounces on him

Am
Holy father, come save these niggas, I'm styling on 'em

Bb
Good lord, I see my good fortune in all these horses

Dm
I'm driving too fast to stop, so all these signs, I ignore them

Gm **Am**
Distant sky, from north of the border, my chips is in order

Am
My mom's biggest supporter so now niggas support a nigga

(**Bb** **Dm** **Gm** **Am**)
(**Bb** **Dm** **Gm** **Am**)
(**Bb** **Dm** **Gm**)

Acordes



