

# Travis Scott - 90210 (feat. Kacy Hill)

tom:

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

Mhm, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Mama's bailing down that road, craving 90210

She a porn star girl, oh, from the valley

Who left her hometown world all for that alley

Oh, created Lake Tahoe all from her panties

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

candy

Baby's hooked on feeling low

Do, do, do

Do, doo

Jacques turn La Flame, now he rolling on an Addy

Fifty on a chain, 'nother fifty on a Caddy, oh

He might pop him a pill, pop him a seal, pop anyone

Pop anything, pop anything to find an alley

Hmm, yeah, then find an alley

Baby's hooked on feeling low

Do, do, do

Do, doo

In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley

In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley, ooh

It's the superstar girl

Superstar girl, roaming in that alley

In the 90210, 90210, somewhere in that alley

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

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

I'm worried you'll forget about me"

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

What happened? now my daddy happy, mama called me up  
 That money coming and she love me, I done made it now  
 I done found life's meaning now, all them her heart'd break  
 Her heart not pieces now, friends turning into fraud niggas  
 Practicing, have the passion, you niggas packaged different  
 All you niggas, you niggas want the swag, you can't have it  
 I'ma sell it, you niggas salary 'bout to cap, bitch  
 Youngest nigga outta Houston at the Grammys  
 Smiling at 'em laughing at me  
 I passed the rock to Ye, he pump faked and passed it back, bitch  
 All of this off of rapping, should've wrote this in Latin

Yeah Yeah  
 Mmm, I know, I know, I know, I know  
 I know, I know, I know, I know, I know  
 Cuzzo said we in the store, yeah, we 'bout to drop a 4  
 He pass the cigarette, I choke  
 Tell my auntie put them Ports down, them Ports down  
 Now you know you love your own now  
 Hit the stage, they got their hands up, don't put your nose down  
 I ain't knockin' a nigga, I knocked the door down, for sure now  
 Hardcore, I swear they counting on me  
 Gold chains, gold rings, I got an island on me  
 Houses on me, he got them ounces on him  
 Holy father, come save these niggas, I'm styling on 'em  
 Good lord, I see my good fortune in all these horses  
 I'm driving too fast to stop, so all these signs, I ignore them  
 Distant sky, from north of the border, my chips is in order  
 My mom's biggest supporter so now niggas support a nigga

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

## Acordes



