Travis Scott - 90210 (feat. Kacy Hill)

tom: G Intro: Bm C Am Bm C Am Bm С Am Bm Mhm, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh C7M Δm Mama's bailing down that road, craving 90210 Bm Am She a porn star girl, oh, from the valley Bm Am Who left her hometown world all for that alley Bm Oh, created Lake Tahoe all from her panties Bm Ooh, used to take the long way home, long way home, all for that C candy C7M Am Bm Baby's hooked on feeling low G Bm C Do, do, do Do, doo Bm C Δm Jacques turn La Flame, now he rolling on an Addy В Bm Fifty on a chain, 'nother fifty on a Caddy, oh Bm He might pop him a pill, pop him a seal, pop anyone Am Bm Pop anything, pop anything to find an alley Am Hmm, yeah, then find an alley Am Bm Fm C Baby's hooked on feeling low Bm Em Do, do, do C Am Do, doo Rm C Am In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley Bm In the 90210, 90210, looking for that alley, ooh It's the superstar girl C Am Superstar girl, roaming in that alley Am Rm In the 90210, 90210, somewhere in that alley (Gm Am Bb) (Dm Gm Am) Bb7M My granny called, she said "Travie, you work too hard G

I'm worried you'll forget about me"

Am

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

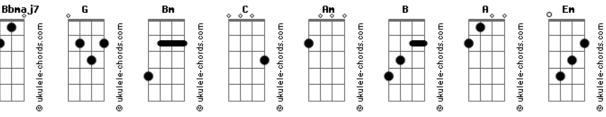
Acordes

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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 Rh7M Practicing, have the passion, you niggas packaged different 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 Youngest nigga outta Houston at the Grammys Bb7M Smiling at 'em laughing at me 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 Bh Mmm, I know, 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 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 Δm I ain't knockin' a nigga, I knocked the door down, for sure now Hardcore, I swear they counting on me Bb Gold chains, gold rings, I got an island on me Dm Houses on me, he got them ounces on him Gm Holy father, come save these niggas, I'm styling on 'em Good lord, I see my good fortune in all these horses Bb 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 Gm My mom's biggest supporter so now niggas support a nigga (Bb Dm Gm Am) (Bb Dm Gm Am)



(Bb Dm Gm)



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