

# Antidote

## Travis Scott

Don't you open up that window  
Don't you let out that antidote  
Poppin' pills is all we know  
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)  
Don't go through the front door (Through the back!)  
It's lowkey at the night show  
So don't you open up that window  
Don't you let out that antidote  
Party on a Sunday (That was fun!)  
Do it all again on Monday (One more time!)  
Spent a check on a weekend (Oh my God!)  
I might do it all again (That's boss shit)  
I just hit a three peat  
Fucked three hoes I met this week (Robert Horry!)  
I don't do no old hoes (Oh, no, no!)  
My nigga, that's a no-no (Straight up!)  
She just want the coco (Cocaina!)  
I just want dinero  
Who that at the front door?  
If it's the feds, oh-no-no-no (Don't let 'em in, shhh)  
Don't you open up that window  
Don't you let out that antidote  
Poppin' pills is all we know  
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)  
Don't go through the front door (In the back!)  
It's lowkey at the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show (Higher)  
At the night show  
At the night show (Get lit my nigga)  
At the night show  
Anything can happen at the night show  
Everything can happen at the night show  
At the night show  
Anything can happen at the night show  
At the night show  
Your bitch not at home, she at the night show  
Fuckin' right, ho  
Had to catch a flight for the night show  
Let's get piped though  
Bottles got us right though, we ain't sippin' light though  
I ain't got no type though

Only got one night though, we can do it twice though  
It's lit at the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show  
At the night show  
Anything can happen at the night show  
Stackin' up day to day  
Young nigga you know you gotta go get it, go get it, my nigga  
They hatin', they stinkin', they waitin'  
Don't be mistaken, we dyin', they stayin'  
Lord I'm on fire they think that I'm Satan  
Callin' me crazy on different occasions  
Kickin' the cameraman off of my stages  
Cause I don't like how he snappin' my angles  
I'm overboard and I'm over-impatient  
Over my niggas and these kids my ages  
Dealin' with Mo' shit that's more complicated  
Like these two bitches that might be related  
H-Town, you got one and you Bun B like a number one  
It's late night, got a late show  
If you wanna roll, I got a place where...  
Poppin' pills is all we know  
In the hills is all we know (Hollywood!)  
Don't go through the front door (Through the back!)  
It's lowkey at the night show  
So don't you open up that window  
Don't you let out that antidote

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>