

## Deadz

## Migos

[illegible][illegible]

Fresh out, outta the bed, count up the deadz (bow, bow)  
We heard what you said, we heard what you said  
If I wasn't trappin', I'd be wrappin' up them bundles  
If I wasn't rappin', I'd be trappin' out the condos (know I'm sayin')  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas (know I'm sayin')  
No forreal, no cap, I keep a sack like Savon Tucker (sacks)  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (think about it)  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (gone)

You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
 No forreal, no cap, my money long like anaconda  
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
 If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble

[illegible]

Gang bang slang 'caine  
Heroin, half a ton, Purple Haze, Cam'ron  
Plays off a Samsung, get the job done  
If I go jog at night, yeah, call it a mall run  
You know what I did last night, 'cause I gave her all ones  
You niggas in trouble, rock chains by the double  
Got dames by the double, do everything but cuddle  
Might buy a bowling alley, I got money out the gutter  
Fully automatic, and it don't don't stutter (rra!)

You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anaconda  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble

Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
Uh, ooh, count up the deads  
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
Uh, ooh, count up the deads  
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
Uh, ooh, count up the deads  
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
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Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
Uh, ooh, count up the deads  
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed  
Uh, ooh, count up the deads

Hop out the bed and I'm countin' them faces  
I jump out the whip and them bitches start faintin'  
No twenties or fifties, just Benjamin Franklins  
Block on lock, call me Kurt Angle  
I keep the banger, my brother, my partner  
Don't fuck with no strangers, they tryna get famous  
I put the hood on my back  
When these niggas couldn't do nothing but love it  
But niggas still hated  
No they ain't real but these niggas gon' fake it  
If they got a problem, my niggas gon' straighten it  
Niggas debatin', they hatin', they plottin', they waitin'  
They want my ice, tell 'em come take it  
Have 'em pretend that I couldn't make it  
Now I'm doin' shows outta state in the nations  
My momma told me I stay humble but don't be too ready  
You gotta have patience

Droppin' them bangers, bangers, bangers  
Double cup stuffed full Texas Ranger  
One in the chamber  
I shoot a hundred round clip like Wilt Chamberlain  
Go to the top and I'm gon' bring the gang in  
Bitch, do anything to get famos  
My wrist cost me a brick and it's frigid  
I'm rich, but I did not let it change me  
Statistics say that you niggas ain't gangsta

You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anaconda  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble

If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble