Ghostface Killers

21 Savage

[Producer Tag: Young Thug]
Metro Boomin want some more nigga

[Chorus: Offset]
Automatic (auto), automatics, in the trunk
Shoot the maggots, shoot the maggots with the pump
Thot and addy (thot), love the Patek on my arm (Patek)
We got static (static), pussy nigga run your charm (hey)
Ghostface killers (killers), Wu-Tang, 21 news gang (news)
Drug dealers in the Mulsanne, at the top of the food chain (hey)
Trappin' the cocaine (yeah), no gang, shooter with no name
We can play toll games, the whole gang, kick in your door man

[Verse 1: Offset]
Yeah, put on the Patek, poppin' xannys, I'm an addict
Break the mattress with a baddie on the addy (smash)
Diamonds glassy, need some glasses for the flashing, yeah
Michael Jackson with this fashion, bitch I'm dabbin', yeah
All of this shit on purpose got these bitches slurpin'
All your pockets on hurting, nigga you can be my servant
Go to the lot and young nigga don't lease it, I purchase
After I cut off a thot I give her some money for service (here)
Wherever I go the whole gang on go, yeah (gang)
You cannot tame the ho because you want fame for sure (tame)
You think that you rich 'cause you got a hundred or more
I got an over overload, look like I just sold my soul
I, pour up a four, a liter, I got the stripes, Adidas (stripes)
I got a foreign mamacita and I been known to beat it (mama)
Niggas ain't goin' defeated, we get the guns immediate
Don't burn in the coupe, it's an Italy
These niggas is broke and it's pitiful

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[Verse 2: 21 Savage]
Yeah, Kim Jong, yeah big bombs (21)
Wonder Bread man, make your bitch lick crumbs (yeah)
Audemars Piguet flooded, got my wrist numb (bling)
Grab the hitstick, nigga tryna blitz some'
Dope boy, dope boy, I sell coke boy (21)
You broke ass rappers food, it's a po boy (21)
Everybody the same, all these niggas sound alike (dick riders)
Fox 5 gang, turn you to a candlelight
Bitch boy I'm a mobster, shrimp in my pasta
Jamaican Don Dada, hang 'round the shottas
Mad Max nigga, yeah I hang with the killers (21)
Planet of the Apes, yeah I hang around gorillas (on god)
I got AK, SK, HK, broad day (21)
You a fuckboy, we ain't with the horseplay (bitch)

Shrimp ass nigga, did you do your chores today? (21)
Do you wanna take a ride with the coroner today? (21)

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[Verse 3: Travis Scott]
Drop from the heavens straight in the wild (yeah)
Trunk in the front, top gotta slide
Ride suicides, we keep this shit alive (yeah)
Jumping out the public houses, don't you come outside
(Straight up)
Private status, tryna land the jet at Magic (how you goin' / it's lit)
Goin' way up out my way to cut the traffic (what you poppin')
Pop the seal and pop the bean, I need the balance (pop it, pop it)
Bloody ass is what I'm seeing, it's way too graphic
Watch your fingers 'cause the Cactus dangerous (yeah)
Broke, you ain't us, we don't speak that language
On the couches
Tom Cruise, I'ma make her see, she snort a mountain
Rackades on the outfit will make her bounce it
Good drank my life, yeah, CPR my pipe, yeah
Please need the energy, only got a night, yeah (it's lit)
Nike boys, we don't do three strikes (yeah)
I'm living for my niggas that do life, yeah

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