

SOPRANO

Duckwrth

My tongue is a (What) weapon
40 caliber shootin' at the heavens (Du du du du du du du)
Actuate the, reverend (Brr)
Angels on the line shootin' up to the heavens (Where we goin'?)
Lucifer sings in, Soprano
Fallen angels listenin' to Zeppelin
Yo mamma told you not to (What)
Listen to secular music, the devils in the trap
Automatic weapons singin' like tubas
Black Sabbath on vinyl
AC/DC in the summer
Killa Cam in the winter
This is what you always wanted
Turning degrees to 100
This is what you always wanted
Turning degrees to 100
Ay man! Turn on the AC it's hot in here! (Yeah!)

Crank that
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling
Hold on, hold on, crank that (Crank, crank)
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling
Hold on, hold on, say

How them flames end up on the ceiling, huh?
Burn down the roof, make 'em all say (Ah!)
Jump out the trap, go grill that, huh (Huh)
Jump out the coupe, four-wheel that, huh (Skrtrt)
Ski mask and boots, make 'em steal that, huh
Run up on the same trap, dumpin' like (Ah!)
Throw the nigga inside the van, uh (Yeah)
Tie him up, his feets and hands, uh
He was walkin' 'round like Godzilla
He didn't know this ain't Japan (No way)
You ain't the dapper of Dan (Ooh)
You ain't the king of the land (Huh)
Sleepin' like keepers and Xans
I wake you up, you been stuck in a trance
I air you out like a million of fans
I crank it up like you singing sopran'

Crank that
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling (Hold on)
Hold on, hold on, crank that (crank, crank)
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling
Hold on, hold on, say

How the fuck am I supposed to breathe
When there's so much bullshit all around? (You can't)

Trappin', trappin' got you trapped
But it's okay because the beat got a bangin' sound (That's real)
Gunna man, hunnid grams, hunnid grand
The baddest bitch is world-renowned (What else?)
Mix that like it's jambalaya
Serve that the masses, nigga, how profound
(Hell no) Somethin' ain't right
Tastin' too sweet when I had the first bite (Huh)
Cook in the kitchen with numerous knives (Cook)
808 sauce, I'ma throw it like spice
Based to the God with that "Wonton Soup"
Migos just added the wonton rice
Now you can't get enough (No)
Eat 'em all up (Uh)
Hit 'em with the quick tummy tuck (Yeah!)

Ooh, so you just slappin' niggas?
Pullin' cards
Taking it to a new level, huh?
Aight

Crank that
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling (Hold on)
Hold on, hold on, crank that (Crank, crank)
Crank that bitch to a million (A million!)
Turn that bitch to a million (A million!)
Direct your hands to the ceiling
Hold on, hold on, hah

Ooh, testify (Yeah, yeah)
Escaping the flames (Yeah!)
Mama said testify (Yeah!)
Crank that (Ah!)