For the Win

Germ

Bad shit
Bad shit
Bad shit
Aye
Aye
Aye

Look at that Jag, that bitch so fast
Catch up lil goofy, I ain't looking back
Looking, reaching, grabbing bags
Like magic, it's coming I'm running and hunting
For world order, slaughter daughters daily
Pay me, now I'm demanding them benjis
I'm sorry you hate me, I'm tryna change it
But momma done told me I'm fucked up
Off that bag, light it up, hold up
Hit da yak, you 'bout it, you claim it, you lost in sedation
Tryna trade places with somebody famous
I'll never be that guy, master of disguise, all black
No mask on your back, my mans got.223's and they smack

Off dat bag
Line it up
Hol up
Hit dat yak
Off dat bag
Line it up
Hol up
Hit dat yak

Be ready to bruise them knees
You suckin me down till you bleed
Ain't never had I wanted to do you feel da greed
Passing up bitches now they see flee
Ride with me ball with me hold me down
I get da call we run down servin hot shit
Believe me
Please don't play with me
Big bank take lil bank
Fuck left em stank
Big body candy paint
Hoes in da back and they throwin da pink
59 killas at da fuckin buffet
You know we eatin good today
Migos with da shits
Andale

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