

2Pac & Biggie

Migos

I'm the next 2Pac and Biggie
Scaled dope for 2Pac, pockets on Biggie
Pop a molly have you shaking like that nigga Diddy
Your pockets fat but now they slim, call it Missy

I got that Bobby Brown but I ran out of Whitney
Still got some Brittnay, got a lot of Lindsey
Citgo on 48, come get this Julius Erving
Smoking Larry Kush and we call it Eddie Murphy
And I keep my circle tight, like a virgin
Black and grey old Cutlass, George Gervin
Fuck your mama make you made, call me Melvin
Drugged up I'm bout to overdose, call me Elvis
The world is mine I feel like Scarface
I'm fucking hoes I feel like Babyface
I know some migos put a scar on your face
That bitch bad she got a baby face
Her ass fat but she got a baby waist
That's my lil' boo thang, I call her Babycakes
Bout to go to the jeweler, call up TV Johnny
Want Takeoff to do a show? Gon' cost some TV money

I know junkies in the street selling DVDs
Mp3's, I know niggas who sell M-16s
Got a plug that's talking them brinks, them that Yao Ming
Got a plug on that gas, and that lean

I know junkies that will kill, for a bump
I know niggas that finesse pigeons out the trunk
Lil' goons on the block like a 9 to 5
I know J's that cut your grass just for a dime
I know hoes that sell they soul for bankroll
Same bitch in high school, she act like I don't know her
Birds flyin' in, just for the summer season
Coca so good, had the junkies nose bleeding
Junky clean my rims, rake my leaves, wash my car
Cause he know I got that pack [?] tp Mars
I ask lil' mama have she ever [?] of them bars
She suck me up then call my phone askin' for them bars
Feds calling up my phone saying that I'm selling squares
Selling birds, selling pigeons, flying to Brazil
Feds calling up my phone saying that I'm selling squares
Selling birds, selling pigeons, flyin' to Brazil

Plug across the water, I'm taking a vacation
Plug helping me eat, [?] salvation
Your bitch with me (What time it is?)... penetration
And I fucked her so good she hyperventilating
International J's some be Haitian some be Asian
Quarterback vision, you can call me Peyton
J's at the Texaco working like they slaving
Working with the soda, it's already baking
Fiends crave it, fiends itching like it's poison ivy
Moving all these drugs, CVS should gon' and hire me
Shake and bake on a plug, call it Ricky Bobby
Sylvester Stallone on my wrist cause it rocky

Some fiends like the mollies, some fiend like the icles
Some fiend like the xans, white like Klu Klux Klan
My money be piling, my goons move silent
My goons be violent, finesse I'm outtie