

3 Way

Migos

3 way
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Quavo!

I'm attached to the stacks
Still having big straps
Phone tap running laps cross the map hot trap
50, 000 on craps
Plug got that baby powder
These niggas out here sour
80k perform for an hour
Should of played for the Dolphins
Should of played for the Saints
Nigga saying it's a drought
Takeoff still having pints
Still playing with that oil
Still playing with that dope
Might catch me on the nawf
Still chopping it up with Bo
I got bitches out in Florida
Having bitches out in Georgia
New bitch hit my phone said she wanna give me dome
Cutting dope by Georgia dome
High school no diploma
Remember days on the nawf
Now I'm quarterback a coach
Better watch your approach when you pull up on the Chos
Yeah my niggas having sticks
Mama didn't raise a bitch
Now your bitch always call my phone for motherfucking snow
Today I just met the plug put him in the figure four
Old Quavo might just pull up and just kick a door nigga
Free my nigga Westside got 5 to the dope nigga
Free my nigga Kobe got 15 to the net
Now I got some hired shooters with the [?]
I don't mean no disrespect but I came for the checks
They free'd the savage Set
Concerts in Quebec
Put her on the grits
Young nigga hitting them licks
No Label 3
Independent signed for bricks

(Huh-huh) Jumped off the porch
(Huh-huh) Picked up the fork
(Huh-huh) Stay with the torch
(Huh) We did this shit from the nawf
(Huh) Niggas be [?]
I'm with the shit I don't give a fuck
Slaughter your daughter get passed to my partner we fuck her then call up an
Uber truck
Fuck it up (fuck it up)
Fuck it up (fuck it up)
Getting that pot do an uppercut

Get in that pussy like cootie cutters
Get you some money then live it up
Pull out that stick he start hiccing up
You see the ski start bitching up
Stand on the stage and pipe it up
Fucking your hoe while you wife her up
I got the birds like Mighty Duck
Swerve on the curb in the Bentley truck
Fuck what you talking we pulling up
Your face on the ground nigga pick it up
No Label (huh-huh)
No Label (huh-huh)
No Label (nah)
I'm getting my own paper
I get your bitch and slay her
I'm the president I'm not the mayor
Diamonds got my body cold I got em' bout four layers
I need a bitch that look like Drea
Catching bricks off in the mail
Nudie jeans
Ice creams from Pharrell
I'm a player

Came in the game
Knock at the door
Nobody answered had to do a kick door
My niggas they on the same shit
Had to tell em' what that bando was for
I know that we not from Atlanta nigga what you think them two fingers and th
umb for
And they been hating on me since I was a lil' boy tell me something I don't
know
It's been a long road
I put in work but no cheat code
Pen on paper like kinko
Never look back and won't sell my soul
Real niggas never fold
Say you a hundred but you told
It's hot outside it ain't cold
Nigga seen the draco and froze
Nigga acting bold I'm a fuck around and wipe the pussy nigga nose
Strip a nigga out his clothes
Don't like it then pay what you owe
Bigger back end at the shows
Spanish for Telemundo
I got the Act in the bag right now
But I won't send you a four
Dope dressed up in saran it look like the pope
And get smoked from the gas bags it'll make you choke
If you pour up, smoke or snort coke
That what float your boat
This No Label [?]
Come from the goats
(Takeoff!)