

Bags

Migos

Half a bag, whole bag, half a bag, whole bag
Half a bag, whole bag with the price tag
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Half a bag, whole bag with the price tag
Half a bag, whole bag, half a bag, whole bag
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What you want a whole bag or a half a bag?
I need cash, I need cheese, nigga I need all my racks
Running from the [?], silver block with them tags
Stink kush pack it smell like a trash can
Whip it on the stove then I cool it with the fan
And my left hand told me it's in love with pots and pans
Addicted to the whole bag can't even serve a gram
And I'm doing it for my niggas who be locked up in the slam
Price tags in the bag, in the glass baths
Get my work from overseas, my work from Trinidad
Got bombs of the gas like I'm in Afghanistan
And I'm posted on an island, you can call me Gilligan
In the bando wrapping packs in Saran
Some of the bricks be white, some of them bricks be tan
Posted on the block with a whole fucking bag
12 pull up, everybody ran

Quarterbag, half a bag, I need the whole thing
I know niggas knock you out, call it Sugar Shane
Red and white, pull up in the Lamb, candy cane
Got damn, racks too heavy I need a cane
Two styrofoams filled up, I'm drinking on Wayne
Foreign bad bitch in my crew, she came from Spain
On the phone catching [?] while I'm getting brain
Yeah he say he want that white, then the drama came
Make the work disappear, call it David Blaine
Walk around nina on my hip, John Wayne
Pull up in the dump, LeBron James
10 chains on my neck, but I'm not a slave
Batman coupe, pull up in the Batcave
Old money on me so they call me OJs
Run away with the set like OJ
Shawty rolling off a b she need some OJ

Got the bag on my back like a soldier
Gucci bag and it's a roller
And it filled up with the doja
Walk past you can smell a loud odor
Got lean in my cup no Foldgers
And I pulled up in a Rover
And I hit hoes like Sammie, no Sosa
No coca-inina, no teaser, take trips, no visa
I make a hurricane, no FEMA
.36 hold it up like a nina
And I pulled up in the beamer
Count Franklins like Aretha

And I got dough, Little Caesars
The block so hot, catch a fever
Already know I got bags filled to the top, no hash
Got beans, got lean, got gas
Niggas better come with that cash
Gucci bag came with the flag
Hell nah I can't front you no bag
Hell yeah I just fucked my team