

## Bars

## Migos

Yeah  
Migos  
Bars, bars, bars, 16 bars  
16, (laughs) 16  
I don't know

You take the deuce of that yellow then drink it  
I be like, "Damn, boy!" what is you thinking?  
When I hit Henn' bitch fuck it, I'm swinging  
Walk in the Nawf, you know that they banging  
(You know I got to pull up on the Nawfside one time)  
Dope boy mentality, dope boy mentality  
Walk in the kitchen, I make a fatality (finish him)  
I feel like Takeoff, yeah we moving to Canada  
Cause I still feel like people be after us (12!)  
I got the chopper don't challenge us  
White girl, she geeked off of angel dust  
Boy you sugar and spice, like a Powerpuff  
Shoot a nigga like a catapult  
You tell me you broke; I don't give a fuck  
I fuck her one time and I'm sick of her  
Perform at the Fox, no Vivica  
Get that pack out the box on the Reebok  
When you get the dope and it's recooked  
You talking about something that he took  
The first time you shot, it was off a little bit  
Then you came back and got rebooked  
Twenty-four karat, all gold on my neck, you think I got it from Egypt  
If dabbing go for a contagious disease, you think that shit was the measles  
Everything foreign, everything foreign, came a long way from that regal  
I got the birds, like an eagle  
Traded away, that's a Michael Vick eagle  
You just worry about yours  
I'ma just worry about mine  
Shout out to my nigga, Jerz  
We used to trap nicks and dimes  
I don't drink, but I still buy pints  
Hundred thousand cash make your hoe faint  
Drugs and money is something we talk about all the time, but you can relate  
Don't imitate, the dab I create  
I'm in YRN clothing or in Bathing Ape  
Niggas be saving up for a lifetime just to  
Get a new rollie and go out and skate  
Billionaire looking my way I'm on pace  
Feeling like Donald Trump back in the day  
Don't beef with no rapper it's a money race  
It won't be an issue if you come in first place  
Give it to him in the worst way  
Finesse the plug with a fade away  
I bought my diamonds from a Blu-Ray  
I bought Versace shades from Ray  
Put a 'tato on the K  
It gon' be loud anyway  
The Migos life, you think, a maze  
But really, my nigga, we straight  
(We straight!)

Takeoff!

Nigga we straight, no one down to debate  
At the round table stacking a stack on my plate  
I stack and pray and I stay out the way  
It's a good day today, I'ma pour me an eight  
Grab the act out the refrigerator  
Call up the plug, see what we gonna do today  
Hundred-round on me, don't speak or say "Hey"  
Nigga look in my way, you get shot in the face  
Dab when I jump out the Wraith  
When you talk on the telephone, watch what you say  
They gave them one hundred and they closed the case  
Got off the [?], I threw half a mill in my safe  
Transactions on trap phone, so it ain't no trace  
Don't come out the house, you can't make it back safe  
Walk in with a knot; you know I'm cashing out  
Used to tell them folks "Put your shit on layaway,"  
When it's the summer, the spring, or the fall, or the winter, my niggas they  
having pistols  
You pushing that rental, my niggas pull up on you with them  
Don't say nothing, Domingo gone get 'em  
After you get 'em, Domingo gon' split 'em  
Can't let these niggas fuck up my momentum  
These bitches is snake, trying to feed me that venom  
I trap out the bando; the boards come on the windows  
I remember, I can't afford a fender bender  
Now I'm fucking bitches and I'm Malcolm in the Middle  
I see you toting that pistol, but you ain't gonna shoot it with 'em  
What the fuck is you doing, nigga, you might as well kill him  
Niggas rapping and stealing the flow, but nigga I invented it  
You bitch want some boot, and I ain't talking about Timberland  
These bitches gold diggers, ain't gon' give 'em non'  
Gold on my pinky, so you know she digging that  
Plug in Arkansas; I call him a Razorback  
Fuck what you talking about, I ain't hearing none of that  
All them niggas stick 'em up for a 60-pack  
Chopper on 'em make a nigga do jumping jacks

I'm slanging tree, like I'm the lumberjack  
Front me a brick, I'm running, I'm not coming back  
My gas is the greatest, Mohammed Ali  
Roll the backwood, it hit like a punching bag  
Got the beam on the chopper, play laser tag  
Cooking up M&M, wait for the aftermath  
My car is robotic, my wrist is robotic  
Hit the Glock and I cock it, you take a nap  
I'm a Nawfside lil' nigga, don't fuck with no nigga  
On your cheese, they put you in a mousetrap  
I can't remember the last time we had a drought  
Plug up in New York, them birds flying south  
We fuck these bitches and then swap 'em out  
Chopper break all your bones diagnose you with gout  
Julio Jones, we running paper routes  
John Wick in the cut deducing his crouch  
Don't be a fool, you get wet like a pool  
Got a hot ass Uzi, cooling, keep that shit cool  
In the court room represented by Jews  
Hundred thousand, two hundred, working moves  
When you got a pistol you go to advantage 'em  
Ready for war, 'case a nigga get manage  
Niggas see Offset; they start to go panic  
They know I'm no bullshit; I'm ready to damage  
I'm screaming out, "Fuck it," my cup is still muddy

Don't kick it with niggas; don't play "buddy buddy"  
Pussy ass nigga, you soft, Teletubby  
Pulling up on you lil' babies, like Huggies  
Spanish bitch in the kitchen, mamacita  
No panties on, she just got on a wife-beater  
They say that the Migos better than the Beatles  
We leaders, we pour an eight up in a liter  
I came from the dirt; they call me the Grim Reaper  
It's cheaper to leave her; I leave her to beaver  
Dabbing on them Louboutins, like a zebra  
Want to know anything about the bando, I'll teach you (Whatchu need?)