

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!)\br/>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 refrigerate
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?)