

Brokanese

Migos

Migo, we in here
I don't know what language you're speaking
Every time you see us we get larger and larger
I don't understand the lingo

Everytime you see us, we get richer and richer
Everytime we see you, you get broker and broker
Everytime you see us, we get richer and richer
Everytime we see you, you get broker and broker
Brokanese, you speak Brokanese
Brokanese, you speak Brokanese
Brokanese, you speak Brokanese
Down on your knees, you speak Brokanese

Brokanese, Brokanese
Talking Brokanese, I take yo' bitch and broke her knees
Brokanese, Brokanese
You're speaking Brokanese like : Can I have a dollar please?
I'm Hercules, you're Brokales
Extortion we want it, so bring that money back to me
WWE, you boys jabronies, GLAW! GLAW! GLAW!
I come with the chopper feeling like Tony
You niggas is cloning, copy me
Then you look at us, like you ain't did nothing wrong
You got the nerve to bite the swag, then try to get us on a song
No fuck nigga, we don't rock like that
That's how niggas go broke like that
If you wanna make millions, then join QC independent

"Bon appétit", it's time to eat
Beat the pot like a nigga boxing bob and weave
I'm whippin' a quarter key
A whole thing
I don't talk your language 'cause you're talking Brokanese
You broke down to your knees
Hold up freeze
You ain't got no money in your pocket don't talk to me
No comprende I talk Benji
Whippin' the Anna Nicole and Lindsay
No off-days, everyday payday
My diamonds looking like KK (white)
You broke and asking for favors
Young nigga I got 40 acres
Mansion house so damn big, I don't talk to nobody
I ain't got no neighbors
My neck is cold as a glacier
I fucked her, you should've save her
We're ballin', you're not a player
Front row, courtside at the Lakers

I don't understand you, you speak Brokanese
Never play piano but I whip with lots of keys
Trappin' and cappin' the fishes
Bando smell like Captain D's
Talking to my plug, Jackie Chan in Japanese

Private jet to Belize, smoking OG Christmas trees
You niggas ain't speaking my language
Ain't got a dollar you're so Brokanese
Why you niggas pocket watching
You need to be stacking that broccoli
I am the father and you are my son
I'm mister Miyagi and that's why you copy me
You niggas so broke it's killing me
That was embarrassing, really ridiculous
A nigga still on the block
Selling them quarters and mention my niggas been dealing it
I travel overseas, I water whip in The Bahamas
In Australia I'm the crocodile hunter
In Africa in the jungle