

# Chapter 1

Migos

Trendsetters, go-getters, drug dealers  
Dope dealers, all my niggas  
Can't leave that house without your pistol then I fucks with you  
Pimp niggas, can't forget about my rich niggas  
Bad bitches independent that don't need a nigga  
Ain't got no flaws, pause, bitch look like a model picture  
Ball, we gon' buy it all, hit the mall with you  
This for them niggas and them bitches been through pain with you  
Get the picture?

Trap niggas trap in the trenches  
They been fingerprinted, they all in the system  
Rest in peace Sandra Bland and Michael Brown  
I pray I don't become a victim  
Rest in peace Pistol Pete, nigga I miss you  
Smoking that OG gas bag in a swisher  
Drinking on codeine, don't fuck with that Henny  
And it's 7% alcohol in it  
Free West Side, he doing five  
That's a sentence, time ticket  
Want my niggas to be free so they can just see how we living  
That boy Freaky, he be geekin' on them Xans, trigger itching  
Look like Kim Possible from Disney, I send him on a mission  
Niggas throw salt on your pimping, they can't wait to catch you slipping  
Tripping, burnt out niggas [?], don't know what these niggas sipping  
Trapping that contraband, never run out of narcotics  
Drug dealer that is my nigga  
Asian persuasion, caucasian, black, white, and Jamaican  
I never discriminate races

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Got a bitch up in the kitchen whipping up Diana  
Got a banana, black bandana hang off the handle  
Trapping the Porsche, hit the panel  
Stuffing the dope in the camel  
My niggas is too hot to handle  
This is a real nigga anthem  
Bad bitches, independent, on her business  
I pull up in the phantom and I got ten models with me  
Plus ten choppers with me  
Sipping on drink, my doctor with me  
Fuck that ho in a drop top Bentley  
Too many shooters so you cannot get me  
Hop in the foreign, and jump out the Bentley  
These bitches sucking on dick so don't kiss me  
Ain't talking money so dismiss me  
Your bitch keep telling me she miss me  
She eat up the molly like Nestlé

Call me sir when you address me  
Don't let the money get the best of me  
Can't let these niggas get the recipe

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Ball players, trap niggas, trendsetters  
Gang members, we the same niggas  
Thick women, little bitty women  
Big mama, little mama, y'all the same sister  
I been on my grind, I beat the odds  
I know that I tried at least a thousand times  
My grandmama died, she stay on my mind  
At least I let her see me at the top and I made her smile  
I keep it real for my niggas, got love for my niggas  
Remember them days, we kicking in doors, came up off of pistols  
And it's so sad niggas in your hood hating on you  
But it's all good, you got niggas cocked and aimed on 'em

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