

# Flying Coach

Migos

I can't love her, 'cause she like a ghost  
That bitch that do the most  
She like ... ghost  
I can't love her, 'cause she do the most  
Oh!

I can't love her, 'cause she do the most, (lil bitty bitch) yeah she do the most  
I gave her all I had, and now she ghost, (lil bitty bitch) now she ghost  
Independent, we been jumped up out the porch, (lil bitty bitch) jumped up out the porch  
We fly business; you mad 'cause you flying coach, (lil bitty bitch) yeah you flying coach

I got so many decisions, ravens fly with the pigeons  
I beat the pot, while you be the witness, try me - we don't aim at kidneys  
I throw back a perc' to call my tensions; we pipe it up in the city  
I got your hoe in my DM's; I got your hoe at my mentions  
The plug, he live in my mansion  
He got bitches in the kitchen dancing  
Then they gone for a month  
Then go to trapping all the way in Kansas  
Nigga never rode a transit  
Hit the pot, like a canvas  
Feeling like Jamie Foxx, 'cause I'm in love with a bitch named Fancy  
This game is dirty like a fucking Banshee  
When I started getting money, now you can't stand me  
I almost lost my life, one night in Miami  
I go back to Miami, drinking out the hammock

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I cannot love her, that bitch do the most  
Want to slam my door, what you mad at me for?  
Mad 'cause I didn't let you come to my show  
But you calling my phone, standing at my front door  
Is you mad 'cause I didn't take you serious, hoe?  
Comedian bitch, you delirious, hoe  
Kill yourself, jump off the building  
I walk in the kitchen, grab the knife, and go slit your throat  
I don't do favors; you know that's a no  
 Fucked them up on the dab, going up on the show  
Kicking a door, when the bando get slow  
F-f-f-fuck up the pot, they want more  
These bitches fucking for (zero)  
These bitches give it up  
I guess you want lust for the trust  
I'm like a squirrel; I just want me a nut  
Take the pot and I give it an uppercut  
Most of these niggas be dick riding nowadays  
Tell these niggas to wrap it up

Like an octopus, I'm getting money in eight ways  
Young Takeoff, my stack is up  
Since I remember, two years ago made 'em say bando  
Now they say pipe it up  
Remember they talked down and doubted us  
Now when I walk the Earth, I make the street erupt

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I can't be loving this hoe  
This bitch like the green light; this bitch like to go  
I gave her the Beamer; I gave her the Rolls  
But this little bitch still gon' creep on her toes  
I see the moves, so I watch how I move  
She fucking niggas; she tryna' to be cool  
She broke as a bitch; she got nothing to lose  
Giving it up just to put on some Loub's  
How can I lie, bet that thing like a pool  
All of these bitches be loving the crew  
Ain't no one on one we fuck by the two  
YRN fashion, I'm dabbing on you  
You mad at me now, so I'm laughing at you  
You something to do; you get hit in a room  
Mama told me not to jump over broom  
They hungry for money, they tryna' get grooms  
I like this bitch; she got an attitude  
I think that I like the bitch, but I can't wife the bitch  
I'm in a Lambo, look what racks do  
Whipping up crack; I can make a deuce  
Bringing it back, make a brick turn to two  
Bringing it back, make a brick turn to two!

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