

Hotpocket

Migos

Yo, yo, hold up man
Ay skip
All these goddamn bricks man
Hurry up, put em up
There go the feds
Go!

Put the bricks in the attic, hope the feds ain't watching
Sniper on the roof for you fuck niggas plotting
Yeah she spoiled rotten, she got chickens in her stocking
F & N on my side (fly), that's a hot pocket
Gone!

All white Charger pull up with the police lights
Red, blue, and white, asking questions, I'll take flight
Run back to my trap, stash them bricks off in the attic
12 hit my spot, throw saran wrap and plastic
They thought they was gon catch me slipping
Looking and searching for chickens and pigeons
They ain't find shit but a fork in the kitchen
And a couple seeds from the bags full of midget
Finesse Takeoff, you ain't never catch me slipping
Keep an egg beater, yeah I'm always whipping
Stay with a PT, always sipping
Young rich nigga with the all gold kitchen

I'm whipping and whipping the chicken
The bricks in the ceiling, finesse on no feelings
The bitches they play with the water
They splashing the work and I call em Free Willy
Finessing the plug and I'm not gon stop till a young nigga hit
a milli
Young nigga with banana clip (ba bow!)
Niggas start peeling
Busting the bricks out the wrapper, I will pop you like a snapper
Young goon put it on your head, they'll eat your ass like an apple
Young nigga and I'm sipping on mapple
I meant maple, 50 bricks to the top of skyscrapers
My house got marijuana acres

Ay what's happening man, you tuned in to motherfucking Brick Squad radio, you tuned into Migos right now, 1017 Migos man, you know what I'm saying, at all times I got that hot pocket on me, all motherfucking time, you better believe that, gon use it if

you suckers take my soul, don't you