

I Can

Migos

Yuh, yuh, yuh, huh, Migos

I can, I can, I can
I will, I am gon count out them bands
I bought a brand new time piece
And it came with a bad bitch pants
I bought a pyrex pot put it next to my wrist
And I look at it dance
Dasher, Rudolph, and Prancer
Percocet, molly, and xans (percy)

Tiptoeing on the gazebo
Pulling up ballin like zebo
I am connected to kilos
Fifty gang members got Rico
Young nigga trapped by the peep-hole
Late to the game got your seat stole
You tried to pull up with that little bowl
My niggas pull up with that truckload
Backwards stouts, eggrolls
Ain't having clout doing free shows
Everybody know she the cheap hoe
I'm on my bad tortitos
When I pull up it's the Migos
Bleed til your girl keep her knees close
We shooting shots like freethrows
Money coming three ways like Cee Lo (three)

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Codeine on top of my stand
Right there by the extra handgun
They told me I couldn't, when I can
We still make transactions off a Samsung (brrrt)
I beat the pot using both arms (beat it up)
I keep that drink when that drought come
Takeoff from Cuba, it's a mile run (12)
Act in my pimp cup feel like Don Juan
Never forget where you came from (no!)\nPreach to these niggas like Farrakhan (preach)
I teach you lil niggas like Daniel Son
Then blow up the spot like Saddam (Hussein)
I'm at the top of the renaissance
I fuck her face til it's numb (ay)
Hundred round drum
I'm in the slums, grippin' some, no Grey Poupon
Uh

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Gon' count out them bands

I bought a brand new time piece
And it came with a bad bitch pants (woo)
I bought a pyrex pot put it next to my wrist
And I look at it dance (skrt)
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Call up Migos, work the work like the Mexicans
Similar to the OG, I'm a veteran
Breakdown the backwood fill up with cannabis
I'm on the molly, percocet, and xanax
Shoot with the chopper, I might hit your granddad
We the wave nigga, you ride the bandwagon
You tryna get it
We young rich and we been havin'
Long hair don't care like I'm Lenny Kravitz
Real niggas only you pussy faggots
Bought a new chain, call it 20 Savage
Bricks now, used to serve crack addicts
My bitch like Mariah, no Nick Cannon
My young nigga wild'n out with the cannon
Still flex on my ex bitch she can't stand it
20 bags from LA, they just landed
Graduated from trap school, did outstanding
Walk in the strip club like the marching band
Four rings on me
Nigga I might not shake your hand (young rich nigga)
Mexicans strapped like a Taliban
I can hear the snake on my neck rattling
All this water like a nigga was paddling
Hi-tech and Actavis mix up the medicine
Perc and the lean I bet you feel better then
Eatin' at Cheetahs, I guess I'm a gentleman
I want the plug I don't talk to the middleman
Geeked the whole trap up, I need me some Ritalin
Nigga my best friend first name is Benjamin
Three bitches, salt pepper and the cinnamon
Still fuck the law we be breakin' and bendin' them
No more catchin' bags now, we sendin' them
Old school dirty bird, Brian Finneran
Used to want a bag now I got ten of them

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