

# Islands

## Migos

Yo, nice to meet you  
Adios!

We taking trips, on the islands  
My bitch bad, she from the islands  
Where the plug? He on the islands  
No Gilligan, I'm on the islands  
Splash, trip, islands  
Water, islands  
Splash, trip, lots of islands  
Living on the islands

Quavo, Quavo, on the islands cooling like Gullah Gullah  
I'm independent I ain't tryna sign to Warner Brothers  
We'll take ten mil' for a Label deal  
And I don't want the PT if it ain't Double Seal  
Life is a gamble game, wrist still a hurricane  
In a Audi getting brain, swerving in the other lane  
They wanna fuck with me cause I'm a millionaire  
Spectacular, the choppas in the back and in the frigidaire  
You don't even wanna bust a move, come on my friend  
Got them on stand-by on snooze, stand-by my free  
I just pushed the button and you lose, you lose my free  
PAW!

I got dreads like I'm from the islands  
Smokin' weed like I'm from the islands  
I just met a bad lightskin bitch on Highland  
I'm a get some brand new pussy tonight  
Dolla Sign and Migos we the trendsetters  
Pushaz Ink the label we the trendsetters  
That's yo' bitch, on God, she was just with us  
That's yo' bitch, tonight, nigga don't kiss her  
Rum and coke, she drink pina coladas  
I only smoke kush, these niggas still on the chronic  
Met a redbone, in bikini bottoms  
Look just like Rihanna, say she from the islands

My bitch from the islands I covered her in diamonds  
The haters can't stop me from shinin'  
Don't play with me nigga, Machete will hit you  
Young nigga you know that I'm Haitian  
I had to stay down while we trappin' the vacant  
Mama she said we would make it  
Feels good to be rich  
Got a jet, take a trip  
Fuck nigga we made it!  
The plug on the islands, no Gilligan  
I pull out my wallet, finessin' him  
I be with the migos, no Mexican  
I'm a young rich nigga  
I'm buying whatever no matter the cost  
Yo' boyfriend about to come fuck with a boss  
I ride in a Maybach, no Ross

Welcome to my island  
Lions, bears, and tigers  
Selling babies, cooking toddlers  
Bad bitches givin' knowledge  
Welcome to my land  
Molly santan' kickstand  
Choppas on deck like Iran  
Whippin' and flippin' them candy yams  
On the islands, no Gilligan  
You niggas are sweeter than Cinnamon  
I run to the money with energy  
My loafers are 'gator amphibians  
Rocca been trappin' for centuries  
How the hell you don't know Benjamin?  
You run up on me it's a penalty  
His pack went missin', a mystery