

# Now

Migos

Now nigga  
Nigga now  
Nigga now  
Nigga now, now, now  
Now, now  
This shit sound like now

Hey fuck boy won't you talk that shit now?  
Gucci, I'm so turned up it make you look turnt down  
Now I turn your smile to a frown  
I'm the king there with a crown  
Keep your eyes to the ground  
Now you must be from out of town  
Cause everybody round here know that Wop don't fuck around  
You was rich back then but I'm rich right now  
You was the shit back then, I'm the shit right now  
Took your bitch back then, with your bitch right now  
Get every R&B chick on my dick right now  
Now this shit sound like now  
While y'all all played out but I'm hot right now  
Gucci

Run the pack out right now  
We can bring the racks out now

Pull up with rings on  
I'm puttin' my team on  
I wanna fuck her but she can't take no racks home  
Migos and Gucci we back home  
My pockets stay green like geckoes  
What if your wrist get tired Quavo?  
Then I'm a whip with my elbow  
Only one that fuck with me now  
Why the fuck you come around?  
I screwed the little tip on the silencer so a nigga can shoot with no sound  
I take your bitch to the island so she can know that you won't come around  
I fell asleep in her pussy while you keep textin' and callin' her now  
I'm a put dab in this style and you lil niggas should know that by now  
I'm tryna sell you the swag, you lil niggas should order it now  
Smokin' a pound of gas now  
Keep it goin', a sack now  
It's all a nigga had now  
So let a nigga brag now

Run the pack out right now

I bust a nigga back then, I'll bust a nigga now  
At first we were trappin' the ounce  
Now we got bricks in the couch  
50k in the pouch, J's in the lot in and out  
My diamond hit my nigga, ouch  
I put this pistol in your mouth  
Servin', swervin'  
Lamborghini hit the curb and  
Niggas freeze up when they nervous  
And I'm servin' clean, detergent  
I got babies and I nurse 'em  
Dirty little bitches they worsh' 'em  
I'm on a mission to murk 'em  
Eat 'em alive and I burp 'em  
Ain't no Thanksgivin' nigga but we still in the trap with the turkeys  
You used to be at the top, I watch, and now I look down at you hurtin'  
Back in the day I was broke but now I got money, I'm flexin' on purpose  
In the Maybach with the curtain with my feet up while I'm sippin' the sherbe  
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We can bring the racks out now  
Top drop down, make a nigga look around  
All my niggas havin' the packs and the racks  
Can't forget the strap, nigga get gunned down  
Bah-bah, gun sound, run now  
Bulletproof vest on, still man down  
If a nigga broke, don't come round  
Drinkin' Actavis out the double seal right now  
Come get that dope if you want it  
Diamonds cold on me, pnemounia  
Walkin' with 50 racks on me  
I wish you would run up on me  
Play with money like you're play-dough  
Put some on your head like a halo

They talkin' but it's okay though  
No OVO and we Drake 'em

Run the pack out right now  
We can bring the racks out now