

Pack Gone Missing

Migos

Woosh, pack gone missing
Migos!

Woosh, pack gone missing (Fheww!) [x4]
Houdini me [x8]
Woosh, pack gone missing [x2]
Huh, huh, huh, gone!

Yea
Fuck nigga I just took the set, I just took the pot
Hit it with the Shaq' attack: slam dunk!
It's nothing but 33 Larry Birds in the trunk
We trappin' and cappin' the top floor
Why the trunk got it smelling like skunk?
Gas, gas, they callin' up 12 he gon' mad
Here take all these pocket rockets bitch
Put him in yo' Birkin bag
What you gon' do at the top floor
Grab the parachute, hit the window
Quavo you trippin' hell naw
I ain't gettin' caught with all this indo

Pack gone missing, I'm no magician
My diamonds they flyin' like Bobby and Whitney
Walking around with a 50
My bitch in the trap naked in the mansion no bra and no panties
You mad cause I'm rich
Cuffin' and loving that bitch
We smash and we switch
I pull up to bando with bricks in a Bent'
I stand round the trap like a fence
Finessin' I run with the money
I'm wrappin' and shippin' the dummy, Houdini me
The kitchen I'm mixing them chemicals nigga no chemistry
Rich niggas in Paris they takin' them pictures
She suck it, she swallow, you probably kiss her
Woosh, Pack gone missing, Rich The Kid still finessin'
I'm RICH!

Got so many hoes on my line you think I'm fishing
She might be a girl, turn around that thing gone missing
Her and her start kissing, liquor in here system
Don't be standing near me in the club, go get some bitches
Got a crib without a ceiling when I hit it you gon' feel it
It's my new motto, nigga, anyone can get it
Damn smoking papers, my new crib come with acres
Gettin' cake with just the wave of a hand
You think I had a favor sump'n

I think it's a ghost in the city
I hustle I feel like I'm Nipsy
Patrolling you missing, so where did he go?
Send my young nigga kick through yo' back door (POW!)
As anybody seen the pack lately
They knockin' my door like the candy lady

I don't know what the fuck want these niggas
These niggas be snitchin', bitches want a baby
The pack he gotta go (Fheww!)
Beep, beep! Truck load
Whippin' and cookin' up Anna Nicole
Versace got me travelin' across the globe
Blue money, blue hundreds
The gas smellin' like it's fungus
Woosh, pack gone missing
Ride round the city, 30 round extensions

Shout out to all my connects in the hood I'm finally famous
Shout out Big Sean and I don't mean the rapper that coke made me famous
Woosh, hey, they try to get me for the packs
Woosh, hey, like nigga who the strap (Blam, blam!)
Huh, I had to jump it straight out of the pot I be cookin' the oil
Don't got no connect for you pussy ass niggas you'll never be loyal
Beyoncé with all of this money you know that I gotta big ego
Robin Hood I'm in the hood and I'm tryna look out for my people