

## Slide On Em

Migos

Young rich nigga shit, know what I'm sayin'?

Drop my top now  
My prices cut down  
Your niggas tough now  
Till they hear that gun sound  
(Baow, baow, baow, brrraow, baow, brrraow)  
Till they hear that gun sound  
(Fuck nigga, fuck nigga, baow, baow, brrraow)  
Baow, baow, gun sound  
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga  
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Keep my eyes on that nigga  
Keep my eyes on that nigga  
I put his stitches in lil pistols  
I got a drone that's digital  
Your nigga be talkin' tough  
But really don't wanna get physical  
Nigga you run and we bust  
Fuck in your home while you cuff  
Whippin' in it to a rock up  
I don't do nothin' but pipe up  
I shoulda played for the Thunder  
But instead I trap with youngster  
Sit on my money with comfort  
Spread and the dab caught the country  
I do a show out in Spain and get back in go back to the gang  
I might go give him a 10, know it ain't nothin', go get a Mustang  
Damn they callin' my phone, they keep telling me that the dope is insane  
Pour out my liquor for all of my niggas that died or locked up in the chains

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Drop my top now, Lambo too loud  
Richest nigga in the car lot, me, my niggas, we don't fall out  
Get gunned down, better run now  
Watch what you say, cut your tongue out  
Fuck all that shit that you talkin' bout  
Draco's we run in your momma's house

Grass so I can't see the snakes now I gotta come cut your lawn down  
My [?] little killers on frontline, they robbin', drug dealin', till sun down  
I pull up in curtain in privacy  
Smokin' on cookie, I know she acknowledge me  
She givin' me knowledge, psychology, I'm dabbin' the deal like somebody just  
body me  
I'll fuck your baby moma while your kids there  
In the same house you pay bills so I can leave her  
If a nigga ever play with one of my Migo brothers, I'm a put him in a wheel  
chair  
We gangster so it is no fear here  
My lil killers they will kill you for real here  
Catch you in traffic is road kill  
We wipin' you lil nigga's nose here

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