Type Shit

Migos

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yeah

It cost a half a ticket for a glass wrist (Half a milli')
But it ain't cost me nothin' for this bad bitch (Ain't cost me nothin', ho)
We the ones that break the stage (Break), then get paid (Pay)
Came in the game, get yo' stain, bet the opps know all our names (Bitch)
Ain't you entertained? (Ho), I bossed her, now she plain (Plain)
The struggle where we came (Struggle), there's smoke behind my game (Smoke)

(Soo, grrraah)
Shots get to firin', 'cause some niggas got to hittin' (Hittin')
Made 'em spin twice, 'cause I swear I thought he missed (Go)
Fuck that smoke shit, I got ice on my wrist (Ice)
Still get my hands dirty, I'll wash 'em 'til it's drenched (Soo, soo, soo)

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
Bitch, it's the Rocket with all of these chains (Bitch, it's the Rocket)
She got a nigga, but shit, she told me she doin' her thang (Shit, that's coo
l)
Where there's a plug, well, none are more rockin' right now on terrain (Wher
e there's a plug, oh)
This the type shit that's out yo' lane

Type shit, type shit, this the type shit (Let's roll)
This the type shit that get yo bitch hit (Smash)
This the type shit that got you trendin' (Woo, trend)
This the type shit that get yo' shit split (Ooh)

I pour a pint and drink that shit in thirty minutes (Drink, lean)
Ever since I jumped up off the porch I been gettin' it (Get it)
Thinkin' 'bout them bags we had stashed in the kitchen (Bags)
They said that society had turned me to a menace (Fuck society, fuck 'em)

Look, I say this the type shit, bitches love to type shit
I pull up Marine Serre, you know, in some tight shit
My accountant think I'm gay, all I do is buy shit
From the projects to the private jets, I've been a fly bitch (Mwah)
Once hoes start doing bad, they need somethin' they can blame it on
Bitches couldn't be as hot as me in the summertime with a blanket on
Bitches really be puppets, I'm in the Lamb-
chop and I don't play along (skrrt)
Are you stupid, dumb, or slow? Got these frames from Ricky O
All these verses I done slayed, all these looks that I done gave
Could have let these fuck hoes drown, but I let them ride my wave
Man, these hoes lookin' real light and this ass lookin' real heavy
Feel like 'Yoncé with this Birkin, but I'm Rowland with this Kelly (Grrr)

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Calling shots (Brr)
Order the semi's, then score on the opps (Score)
Scrape up the pennies before I was poppin' (hey)
Fuck her, dismiss her, I'm that type of guy (Get out of there)
Upping my fire and I'm waving it (Fire)

Take off the top, I done gutted it (Gutted it)
Call me two harlet before I had busted it (Before)
Flex on you niggas, this shit gettin' ugly (Ugly)
I got a Patek inside of the Cullinan (Ah)
I tell her suck on me, I tell her fuck on me
Keep it a buck with me, up in it, stuck with me (Yes, sir)
If we get into it, you niggas gon' duck for me (Go)
Niggas go buck for me, shoot up the club for me (Shoot)
They want the recipe, body like Nestlé
Try get the best of me, but I ain't going (No)
She like an athlete, nigga, don't threaten me
Put out a hit, in two-months and he gone (Hit)
Put out the bitch, she was here for too long (Put out)
We don't need a loan, the mob Capone (Mob)
I make an M with a blindfold (Woo)
Jump out the gym with some bows of the dope (Hey)
Them niggas spinnin', they takin' they souls (Spin)
Want a promotion, now he gettin' blowed (Blow)
Niggas already know (You know)
Set ain't no ho, he gon' come as a ghost

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Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Mu-Mu-Mu-Murda

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