

YRN 2

Migos

Huh, turn the headphones up
I mean just a- yeah, yeah, you good
Let me turn these lights off
Let me fire up this cookie real quick
You know how we get it
Can't find my lighter though
Migos
Young rich niggas
Young niggas been doing real boss shit
They know where they got this shit from
Came in the game kicking doors, fucking hoes, and rocking gold
Now our pockets swoled
Been having hoes
Been having niggas on go
For real
Ask about it

I'ma put on for my city
You gon' put on for these bitches
Young nigga I came from nothing
And now I'm at parties with Diddy
See at first they didn't believe me
Now this shit coming way too easy
I'm with a paid assassin
Run to the money, we dashing
We the ones came up with dabbing
We put 'em on trap fashion
I made a play out in Athens
I'm whipping up Kylie Kardashian
Same niggas see me having
Used to be the same niggas laughing
Now my palm itching
Now my palms itching
Came from bomb pitching
My mama be the witness
Free my convicts
That took a long sentence
All my niggas came from the north, they born menace
Ay, ay, no Kanye
I walk in the trap, play with yay
Bao, bao, ra-ra-rao watch what you mu'fuckers say
Call up the lean, pour an eight
Then pour an eight, tray tray
Then I fill a Backwood, the cookies it came from the Bay
Bitch, I came from the trap
Take her phone, she wanna snap
I don't get no sleep, I just take naps
I look out the peep, 12 at the trap
I look out my peep, 12 at the trap
Ay, my nigga gon' run with that sack
Ay, my nigga gon' flex on that pack
I jump out the window then forty yard dash
That's the shit I used to do in the past
Now we through playing, we playing with cash
Chopping my top, get your top out the ash
Wrestle with work like my name Kevin Nash
Let me take it back just for two minutes

Fourteens and the nines, had tools in it
And you notice that it didn't have windows
That the first fucking million dollar bando

Takeoff!!

Some niggas came in the game dashing but Migos you know we came in with the fashion
Ain't talking 'bout the Nutella but we the most underrated rappers reppin' a nd havin'
My niggas have a 30 plus a 30 in the vicinity literally (so that's a 60)
I would give you names of these Migos clones but it's every rapper in the in dustry
And they wanna know why we pressing these niggas, they don't let us in they facility
Cause if you ask me I feel like I should get a percentage the way they be st ealing me
Elmo, these niggas they tickle me
Drink codeine and trap out the embassy
Mama said niggas'll envy me
Behind the lot shootin' at my enemies
Quavo got Kylie, well I got that Kimberly
Drinking codeine, I move slow like a centipede
We brought that flow back when niggas didn't know
Compared Migos to Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
I put my blood sweat and tears in the game
And I still got more years so I bet they'll remember me
All of these niggas they trying to rap nowadays
When I start spitting I ball cause it's inner me
Remember taking trips in the Infinity
Looking for gold, electronics, or Benjamin's
(hot, hot) the block is sizzling
Gotta stay low key cause witnesses snitching
Who the fuck told 'em north side wasn't the trenches
These niggas bitches, they want some attention
Niggas get put in detention
It ain't my fault, nigga, it's your decision
No presents up under your christmas tree
Cause I am the Grinch, stole christmas
Wonder why your children not watching Disney
Cause Migos we making a history
Bought twenty pints of Activis, you think I'm sellin' em, but it's just for me to sip it
If you don't believe me you can ask Quavo, matter fact Offset was right ther e with me

Offset!!

History repeat itself, I got locked up again
I came home to the Benjamin's
As a young nigga they always envied me
You copy my dab, you lil niggas are mini-me's
My necklace it cost me a brick a piece
Fuck the bitch so good I make the bitch' knees week
Dropped the top off the Bentley, it's up to me
I sat on a milly while I was in custody
Picked up my stick, hundred rounds in my clip
Double cup of Actavis, I pour a couple zips
I'm that same nigga that jumped in the VIP
Lot of niggas pussy 'cause they know that I'm a killer
Made a couple million, but the bricks up in the rental
We was in the bando, trapping, capping, I remember
I really beat the nigga, caught a pussy nigga stealing
Get hit with that stick and I bet you gon' feel it
Pull up in Maseratis, where my ceiling

I see a nigga plotting, where my semi
I can whip me up a brick in a minute
Throw on Margiela one day, then Givenchy
Got the game in submission, your bitch in my kitchen
Don't care 'bout no ho cause that money my mission
Chill Will want a body, his finger been itching
And my Ferrari got bricks by the engine
Don't fuck with no rappers, these fuck niggas bitches
I'm not being friendly, I don't want to kick it
Didn't write no letter, you niggas ain't visit
I took a plea, I said fuck it, I did it
YRN 2, nigga listen up, hear it
We back on our shit, you can't fuck with us period
I see a million when I'm in the mirror
Get hit with the Glock and I scrape off the serial
Hop in the Lamb, hit the gas, hit the gear
I got a shooter with me, he right here
I got your bitch suck my dick, on my leer
Police be watching me like a premiere
Put that lil bitch on some molly
She ride on my dick like a trolley
All of my cars are exotic
Knock a nigga off, don't get indicted
Grah