

Shit Megamix

Mike Will Made-It

Everything you hear
And everything you about to hear
And all the important shit you about to hear over the next couple of decades
Mike Motherfuckin' WiLL Made-It

Ayy

Talkin' 'bout ya bussin' heads (Ayy), nigga, you ain't shot shit

Talkin' 'bout ya workin' clips (Ayy), nigga, you ain't—

Ayy (Eardrums)

(Mike WiLL Made-It)

Ayy

Oh, you done got and get all them guns, and you ain't killed nobody yet? (Ayy)

How many times you shot that motherfucker, nigga? (Ayy)

Ain't nobody popped up dead (Ayy)

Thought y'all niggas was murderers

Shit

Talkin' 'bout you poppin' tags, nigga, you ain't bought shit

Talkin' 'bout a hundred bottles, nigga, you ain't popped shit

All you talk 'nana clips, nigga, you ain't shot shit

Spending money on these hoes, nigga, you ain't fuck shit (Ayy)

Shit

Shit (Ayy)

Took niggas out the hood like I'm from there

So you know it's all good when I come there

I hear you talk about your city like you run that

And I brought my tour to your city, you my son there, nigga

But I had to come through for the remix

On my haven't-done-a-verse-in-eight-weeks shit

And if a nigga say my name, he the hot shit

But if I say the nigga name, he still the hot shit

Fucked up, lucky I don't feed into the gossip

Niggas act like they don't know, but they should know

Yeah, I just think it's funny how they dangling the bait

But I'm the one that's killing niggas on the hooks, though

And niggas ain't got a grill, still ice-grill hating

I know y'all already know Mike WiLL Made-It

Just looking at the numbers, nigga, I feel amazing

I'll call Michael Jordan up and Mike WiLL Make it

I'm the young rap nigga with the 'Melo deal

You need to come to OVO for a better deal

Just know a million ain't shit once you get a mil'

And niggas say it's all good

That's how you better feel, nigga, nah

Fuck that, this year I'm talking big stuff

Rolling through the city like a young nigga bricked up

Fuck niggas gon' be fuck niggas, that's why we never gave a fuck, when a fuck nigga switched up, damn

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All you talk 'nana clips, nigga, you ain't shot shit

Spending money on these hoes, nigga, you ain't fuck shit (Mike WiLL Made-It, let's get it)

If money talk then your pockets ain't saying shit

I'm in the bathroom getting head from yo' bitch
And I ain't paying her shit
You want beef? You don't know who you playing with (Hey)
I tell my pilot to land the jet (Hey)
I'm hopping off, get 'em, we popping off (Hey)
Give a click and you niggas dead where you standing at (Hey)
I'm just a trippy nigga smoking on cabbage
Your money funny like Jim Carrey
I got a bitch and she super bad like Halle
And we still keeping that white like Barry
I'm a rich nigga, still keep a pistol with me
Nigga, you ain't fuckin' with a picture of me
I got all this cake and shooters with me
Just in case you pussy niggas try to get you a piece
What it is, my nigga? What it's hittin' for? (Hey)
Where the car you were whippin' in you video? (Hey)
Where the ice at, nigga? Where them pretty hoes? (Hey)
You a fraud, real niggas already know (Hey)
Broke-ass niggas, I can't stand 'em (Hey)
I hit 'em with the cannon
I'm buying off the mall at random (Hey)
Juicy J, that nigga fresh to death (Hey)
Smoke it 'til it's nothing left
Peel off, then I'm ghost in my Phantom

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I ain't tryna hear a whole bunch of that (Shit)
About how many bodies you caught (Shit)
My niggas is real thug niggas, them real niggas don't talk
Worldstar niggas get caught, wavin' all them guns at the cameras
Grown ass nigga, you ain't bout to shoot (Shit), you don't do (Shit)
You just think it's cool (Shit) to move bricks
Real niggas do it cause they got to
I know them real niggas and it's not you
And if they see yo' ass round here frontin'
Real shooter be somewhere and shot you
Man, get the fuck out the booth poppin' that (Shit)
Corny ass nigga just talkin' that (Shit)
Heard about it, read about it, never been around it
But you think ya soft ass give somebody that (Shit)
How you movin' round with your hoe?
You ain't even stickin' to the code
You don't even represent the life right
Pussy nigga sleepin' with a night light
Comin' for your head like Fight Night
I can get anything done for the right price, boy
(Bad Boy)
Take that

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Frontin' like you really on that bullshit
Gun him down, make a motherfucker do a full flip, chip chip
Nigga really really on that Crip shit
Bisquick whip, whip, whip, nigga, move it!
Got the toolie, yeah, the piece, I'mma use it

Nigga ruthless, leave a chump nigga toothless
Tell him "smooches", got that white girl
Get a tan when I ice her, Arm and Hammer
Mix in' venom like a viper, you the buyer
I'm the nigga with the fire, you's a minor
Now I'm major with the paper, coppin' acres
Overseas like a sailor, you a hater
And your daddy in the same boat, you a busta when ya chain go
Pourin' syrup on my Eggo, four liters for the eight though
To the face, now the day slow, you's a fruity lil' rainbow
Real nigga, call me Django, fifty seconds till the say low
Wild bucks shootin' halos, every pocket got a bank roll
I don't think you really understand me (Stand me)
Groovy Q ain't keep the nose candy (Candy)

Bought the hoe a hundred pair of red bottoms (Shit)
That's a quarter milli' on a hand job, my nigga
Brrrt, stick 'em (A'ight)
Fuck you and every nigga came with ya (Fuck 'em)
Go and put a nigga on a picture (Fuck 'em)
Go and put a nigga on a T-shirt (T-shirt)
Back in the day, when a nigga sell dope (Ayy)
I'ma slap your daddy out and then put him in a hole (Shit)
Glock 40, woo (Turn up, turn up)
My ambitions as a rider (Rider)
Sippin' on lean, getting higher (Sprite)
Nigga, I'm a codeine buyer
No, you not a foreign whip driver (No, sir)
Shout out to the shooters and the shooters only (Yes, sir)
You never walk around with a lot of money (Yes, sir)
Hundred dollars fallin' all out your pocket (Woo)
When you hit 'em in the head, can you keep it solid? (Woo)
Bulletproof whip, we'll blow it up (Woo)
Like some raw uncut dope, blow it up (Yeah)
Represent your gang, nigga, throw it up (Yeah)
I don't give a fuck where you at, nigga, throw it up

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Y'all ain't crunk like me, y'all ain't bout shit
AK-47 and that Ruger and some other shit
PT Cruiser, nigga, do a nigga, who the nigga?
I'm so ratchet with that plastic
Shit get drastic, leave him in the casket
Now my nigga Mike WiLL giving me a chill pill
But a nigga crunk still, plenty niggas got killed
I don't give a fuck though, still got some ammo
Dressed in camo, represent Atlanta, hoe
Pastor Disaster back like the rapture
Don't let me catch you, hoe, I'm coming at you
Bap on my shoulder, pocket full of doja
Keep my composure, fuck pulling over
Brrrrrr, stick 'em, fuck the niggas with them
I'm gonna get them, promise I'mma hit them
Pastor Disaster, get off my dick
I be clean from my cup to my kicks
Foreign, how I like my bitch
Y'all, niggas, ain't, shit

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Made the Forbes and I'm straight up outta projects
Still running with them niggas with that work check
It go "Brrrrrrrrr" with the chopper
That's the only way the pussy 'posed to stop you
Pour out a little liquor, one in every got a ghetto
Stack a twenty dollar bill, nigga, tall as Carmelo
Winter olympic games and the categories caine
Bet you one fuckin' thing, I'll win a gold medal
Why you actin' like a bitch? Lil Jon, my nigga
Don't you ever doubt me, I'm like LeBron, my nigga
I ain't takin' no shorts, bitch, I hit it with the fork
Fuck a wrist game, use my whole arm, my nigga
Snowman, bitch, y'all know me
Fourth quarter pressure on 'em like Kobe
Act like my shit don't stink, pocket feel like a bank
Neck lookin' like a forty ounce of O.E
Tell me why my album selling, they ain't murder me yet
If they do, bury me in a burgundy 'Vette
Talk behind my back, you could hate me all you want
But them same fuck niggas ain't shot shit yet
Yeah, you see me on Gangland, as real as it get
They just rappin' about it, I was livin' that shit, straight up

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Spending money on these hoes, nigga, you ain't fuck shit (Ayy, look man, fuck what you talkin' 'bout, dawg)

This for my niggas when they walk up out the house, they (Turn it)
Fuck what ya mouth say (Turn it, turn it)

Fully automatic rifle, hundred round drum on it with a scope
I done had that, nigga (Brrrrrrrr, stick 'em)
I ain't playing with these niggas, just kill 'em, turn it
Nigga talk shit, I'll blast that nigga
Shoot his ass right in front his homeboys
Kill the party, drove off and then stab that nigga
Everyone vicinity hear the boy hoe noise
I'm the Zone 1 king, from a whole one thing
Threw a hundred on it, shawty, I was doing my thing
You tryna get a million, I done did that
Ayy, keep it pimpin', keep a ticket where I live at
Ayy, listen, sucka, I got nothin' for you, but a new coffin
I'll shoot you walkin' 'fore you get through talkin', nigga
Catch me walkin' in your hood, trench coat swingin'
Mask on, step up on your front porch bangin'
Them Bankhead niggas, they a motherfucker, ain't they?
I'm the realest, richest nigga that you know today famous
Catch you flaggin' in your hood and you wanna be a gangsta
In you skinny jeans in arenas entertainin'
No matter how you paint it, better see the big picture
I'll get you, nigga, wit' you, then hit you nigga

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