

Cinco De Mayo

Offset

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Do like I do, nigga flip you some money
Okay, we really came up from nothing
Two hundred that shit, the clutch in the foreign
Two hundred racks in the trap when I'm touring
Thanking the lord when I wake up this morning
Christian Dior when I'm dressing in garments
Yeah, shoot at my targets
Yeah, aiming at artists
Yeah, trap out the Hellcat Charger
You niggas character, Marvel
Take your shoes off on my marble
Your bitches got lost in the sauce, off the startle
I pour up the drink and I give her a narco
Run with your pack, where is Waldo?
Look at my history, bags in my bio
Migo like Cinco de Mayo

Migo like Cinco de Mayo, I got the trap in my bio
Yeah, mini fourteen with the drum, I put your ass on a flyer
Uh, niggas out here really bums
Want take your bitch, I might buy her
Uh, sippin' on lean like it's rum, but it do not get me tired
Uh, if you gon' pull out that gun, you better cock it and fire
Uh, bitch I came up from a crumb, did this for grandma, she flyin'
Uh, you can come still get a one, fuck it my niggas gon' jump
Uh, saw off the front of the pump, put the gun up to your gum
50K on me lil homie, 100K knock 'em off sandy
Bitches out here need some money
Or they dependent on Monday
Peace to you bitches like Gahndi
One of my friends is a junky, fuck
Get up and get you some money, uh
Cookie smell like it is fungus
The bella, the OG, the onion, yeah
Pull out that fire, now he runnin'
He just caught four to the stomach, uh
He got some blood in his vomit
I cut the cord off your bungee
Goyard got racks in abundance
Hop on the jet out to London
12 behind me so I punch it

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I'm all in Texas, all in Houston, nigga sippin' on drank
Got a whole damn paint, nigga just cashed on a bank
Yeah nigga, I got money
Yeah bitch, what you think?
All these bitches love slimeball, yeah they love the plate
When it come to play, they know how I play
I got money in my pocket plus I got a pocket rocket
Niggas think they gon' stop me, bro I'm cocked and I'm gon' pop it
And I don't do no poppin', all my guns on poppin'
I just like to pop bodies, yeah I love to see 'em drop it
Yeah I like your bitch, she just pop, lock, and drop it
Yeah I'm in her, young nigga get in her, yeah
Racks on me in the air, yeah
She wanna fuck for the cheese, yeah
I know you snitchin', you cheese, yeah
Hold on dawg, I don't even fuck with that dawg
I'm a real big dawg
Roof, nigga I step on you dawg
Niggas ain't gettin' no money, quit flexing
Niggas ain't choppin' up shit, quit flexing
Nigga been choppin' up shit, no flexing
All this goddamn money, I'm flexing
Blue hundred bitch, nigga know I stay flexing
You ain't got no money, fuck nigga you flexing nigga
Meanwhile, while you flexing on another nigga's bitch
All these goddamn hoes on my dick
Yeah, you need to come check on your bitch, yeah
All these bitches, lil bitch
Yeah I got your bitch on my bitch, yeah
And I got rich, gettin' rich, yeah
Nigga you could never get this, yeah
All this guap on me, yeah
Know the big Glock on me, yeah
Know will pop with me, yeah
Please don't try me B, yeah
And you know I'm big blood
And you know I'm big dawg, yeah
And I know you a bitch, yeah
And I know you lil dawg
Nigga do like I do, nigga get you some money
Nigga get you some money
Money on your head, my young niggas gunnin'
Niggas havin' discussions, he's talkin' 'bout money
Nigga don't talk to me pussy, it ain't 'bout no money
Yeah nigga, don't talk to me nigga, it ain't 'bout no money nigga
Ayy man I don't know what to tell y'all niggas
Y'all niggas some broke ass fucks man
Fuck you niggas
Huh, look at me, copy me nigga

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