

Mixy

Quavo

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, oh, oh
(Murda on the beat so it's not nice)

How you in the mix, but not mixy? (Ooh-oooh, yeah)
How you count your blessings and don't mention me? (How you count your blessings? Yeah)
How many times I told you, "Fix your energy"? (I told you)
When all the love is gone, then it's for the streets (Streets)
Yeah
It'll be written in stone if it's meant to be (On God, yeah)
I put on my chains on top of links (Ice, yeah)
I put all my teams in the same room (Same room)
Link 'em all together, then they plot on me (They plot, ooh)
If you want each other, I won't blame you (Won't blame, won't blame you)
How you count your blessings and don't mention me? (Ooh)
(That's on God, ooh)
How you in the mix, but not mixy? (Yeah)
When the love is all gone, then it's for the streets (Ooh)
Pick up my phone and ignore the tweets (Yeah, yeah)
(Let's roll)

I ain't mixy, it get tricky
Havin' a couple up in my mixy
Doin' too much, they in my business
Tryna recover when niggas ain't shit
Get this, get this
I've been on a wave, I'm lit, I'm rich
Love it how you stack your Cubans up, that's drip
But like you and your odds, baby, I've been movin' cold
Just picked up the phone
It's another night I ain't spendin' alone (No)
It's another night I won't spend with Patrón
It's another night, turn my heart into chrome

See, I been in the mix, but not mixy
How you count your blessings and not mention me? (Ooh)
Said a million times, "Fix your energy" (That's on God, ooh)
Fix your energy, yeah

Mixy, yeah
When all the love is gone, then it's for the streets (Oh, oh)
Pick up my phone and ignore the tweets (Baby, yeah, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, oh-woah

(Takeoff)
Mixin' up locations, I just bought it, I don't do leases
We be mix-matchin' APs
Matchin' Van Cleef pieces (Matchin')
We gon' get nasty, talk greasy when we know we don't mean it (Uh-uh)
Mixin' your feelings with your business, baby, tryna get even (Damn)
Ain't gotta pack none, but you goin'
I don't know where, but you leavin' (Get out)
You so smart, life is hard
But the streets say you easy (Streets)
Look at my contacts, pick your number (Brrt)
Press the button and delete it (Gone)

'Cause this messy, mixy shit done got too high for my reachin' (High)
Look at this over-exaggeratin' lame nigga, he reachin' (Lame)
Patek say that I got time, baby, give me a reason (Just one)
Count your blessings and thank God and me when you speak a mention (God)
It's been a minute, but I promise I got no bad intentions (Nah)
That pussy mine and when you say it's over, we never finished (You know that)
That's my shit (Mine), that's my bad lil' bitch (Bitch)
Put that shit on, she lit (Lit)
Don't pick up the phone, she throwin' a fit (Brrt)
Like to go shop at Prada and Rick (Owens)
She want relations, that's a risk (Risk)
I think I might scratch her name off the list (Scratch)
'Cause she too mixy (Mixy)

How you gon' act like I ain't no blessin'
When I taught you all the lessons?
How you count your blessings, don't mention me?
See, that's your problem right there
How you in the mix and not mixy?
You got too much motion now, you're blind
When the love is all gone
When the love is all gone, then it's for the streets