

T shirt – Migos

Mama told me (aye)
Not to sell work (mama)
Seventeen five, same color T-shirt (white)
Mama told me (aye)
Not to sell work (mama)
Seventeen five, same color T-shirt (yeah)

[Post-Hook: Takeoff]

Young nigga poppin' with a pocket full of cottage
Woah kemosabe, chopper aimin' at your noggin (ayy)
Had to cop the Audi, then the top, I had to chop it
Niggas pocket watchin', so I gotta keep the rocket

[Verse 1: Takeoff]

Neck water faucet (water), mocking birds mocking (woo)
Act pint, stocking, nats keep thotting (nat)
Wrist on hockey (hockey), wrist on rocky (rocky)
Lotta niggas copy, name someone can stop me (no one)
Bitches call me papi, (bitch!), 'sace that's my hobby
Scotty on the molly, pocket rocket from O'Reilly
One off in the chamber, ain't no need for me to cock it
Niggas get to droppin' when that draco get to poppin'
All I want is cottage, roll a cigar full of broccoli
No check, want all cash, nigga I don't do deposits (uh-uh)
Bitches cross the water, nigga, bitches from the tropics
I'ma get that bag nigga, ain't no doubt about it (yup)
I'ma feed my family nigga, ain't no way around it (family)
Ain't gon' never let up nigga, God said, show my talent
Young nigga with the anna, walkin' with the hammer
Talkin' country grammar, nigga
Straight out Nawf Atlanta (Nawf side)

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[Hook: Quavo]

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[Hook: Quavo]

Mama told you

Mama told me (mama) not to sell work

Mama told you

Seventeen five, same color T-shirt (white)

[Verse 2: Quavo]

1995, 2005

Seen it with my eyes (seen it), dope still alive (dope)

Real mob ties (mob) real frog eyes (frog)

Real whole pies (woah), all time high (high)

Do it for the culture (culture)

They gon' bite like vultures (vultures)

Way back when I was trappin' out Toyotas (skrrt skrrt)

I'ma hit the gas (gas), 12 can't pull me over (twelve)

Space coupe, Quavo Yoda, pourin', drank in sodas

I get high on my own, sir, heard you gon' clone, sir

Stop all that flexin', young nigga don't wanna go there

Never been a gopher (no), but I always been a soldier

Young niggas in the cut, posted like a vulture

Divin' off the stage in the crowd, it's a mosh pit

Yeah, shawty bad, but she broke 'cause she don't own shit

Mama asked me "Son, when the trappin' gon' quit?"

I been ridin' round through the city in my new bitch

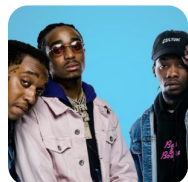
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych