

Migos Origin

Migos

So what part of Atlanta y'all from?
From the north side
Uh, yeah
Every show get crazy and crazy
We growing and growing every, every, every time at a show
Disrupted the game, the industry
was sup
Three young rich niggas, never did a push up
You want the origin of the flow, you better shut the fuck up
And listen up, to what the Migos bout to cook up
We killed the Versace, we went to Bahamas, shout out to the islands
Mommas and daughters taking a picture with me and they smiling
Charlemagne say the gang Donkey of the Day
Billboard magazine, 45K
Word on the street they say the Migos warranted
But they can't find the Migos, so they bite the recordings
When you ask for a show, can you seriously afford it
Check my schedule, itinerary loaded of course
Check my dab, it's priceless
And my niggas is righteous
I don't got no type, but I love to fuck Pisces
The chains on my neck, I might get arthritis
YRN Tha Album first album going diamond
Got my mama a Benz
Just to show her I'm grinding
Green dots in the pen but I hate the confinement
When Offset got out of jail he ate a bowl of hundreds
Dropped the Rich Nigga Timeline and we was crossed the country
Skrrt, cook up
Graat, he sup
I'm trapping the white, they cook up
My niggas got grenades and bazookas
On the private jet we smoking up in it
A hundred thousand, got a pick up in India
Headed to locker, we changed the millennium
Thirty thousand for a walk through minimum
Snakes in the grass start spinning out venom
That come with the territory when a nigga winning
Teddy Winters on the sprinter you don't need to see the semis
The block say I need to calm down, fuck a image
Your CEO a busta and my CEO a hustler
Choppa sound like percussion, run up on me repercussion
Came from nothing, came home with a half a million, hurt my stomach

I'm taking good care of my kids but they mamma get nothing
And if you think its wrong this ain't the right song you're bumping
Welcome to the jungle, lions, elephants and monkeys
Never see me lonely, best believe nina on me
Stuffed crust, my pocket walking with a 50 on me Pyrex pot on the stove, take they eggbeater
cook up
They looking for the origin, wanna know how did we make this shit up
Came in there right and we fucking it up
Jump off the banana boat, call me King Tut
Niggas be biting our swag I tried to switch it up
But these niggas still don't get enough
Niggas with attitude don't give a fuck
Young nigga flexing never did a push up
Migo flow everybody wanna look it up
Every ten years it's on my story bro
I bet you listen up, you don't gotta like it
Yo favorite rapper he be biting it
When I step in the booth, its a moment of silence
I bet yo bitch she get excited
When I'm doing show my front end and that back end be enormous
I need a double cup with my backwood when I'm on stage performing
Can't get in my [?] but bitch tryna fuck some, it 5 in the morning
I got some Dominican bitches that
Sucking and fucking and back to the origin
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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