

# Fight Night

## Migos

If you know me, know this ain't my Feng Shui  
Certified everywhere, ain't gotta print my resume  
Talkin' crazy, I pull up andele  
R.I.P. to Nate Dogg, I had to regulate...Public Service Announcement  
Where all my rich niggas at, man?MIGOS!Broke niggas stand to the left (to the left)  
My rich niggas stand to the right (nigga...)  
Lil' mama, she keep lookin' at me (lil' mama!)  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Hit it wit the left, hit wit the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Beat it wit the left, beat it wit the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight nightPocket rocket fire, watch him disintegrate  
It's a truckload comin' on the Interstate  
Sirloin steak all on my dinner plate  
Your main bitch say she wanna make a sex tape  
Rich nigga, I could never be a broke nigga (rich nigga)Broke niggas, I can never get along wit  
'em!  
Always been hated since a little nigga (always)  
It's forever, pussy nigga gotta deal wit it (nigga!)Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Rumble, young nigga, rumble!  
Lil' mama want a nigga like me in the sheets  
Ice Cube knock it out like Deebo  
Now, who's that talkin' that gangsta shit?  
Somebody gon' kick ya ass (ya ass)  
When I walk up in the club, I betta make a thundastorm  
Let 'em know that this a whole lot of cash  
Rich niggas on the right all night (rich nigga)  
Broke niggas to the left by yaself (Brokanese)  
Now, who the hell just said that the roof on fire?  
Call 9-1-1 like Wyclef!I'm a rich nigga, I don't like a bitch nigga  
Snitch nigga, broke nigga  
I don't deal wit you  
All of my niggas official (official)  
My bitches, they skrippers  
My niggas, they criminals tryin' to get to the M&Ms  
If your bitch is so innocent, why she suckin' my children?  
Last time I asked I dine and dashed and bitch I go in the buildin'  
Bad bitch make it clap, like Magnolia  
Young rich nigga on the couch talkin' to Oprah  
Bottles in the VIP while I stand on the sofa  
I don't speak your language, Brokanese, I thought I told ya  
These bitches they be smokin' on hookah, my nigga ballin' like Hoosiers

Geeked up in the Double R, go scare ya bitch, Freddy Krueger  
Flooded Franck Muller  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>