

## Body Parts

Migos

Yah!  
Young rich nigga  
Migos in the building  
Young rich nigga shit, man  
Fuck wrong with these niggas man...  
Go!

Yo' bitch wanna fuck the squad  
Cause she see exotic cars  
Them niggas hating on your boy  
Bow, bow, gruow, gruow  
We got body parts  
Young rich nigga tryna see a milli  
I got niggas that'll get you for a meal ticket  
I know niggas that remix, re-rock the whole chicken  
I feel like the president, Richard Nixon

Gotta watch for them snake niggas plotting  
Young rich nigga  
I'm walking around with the rocket  
I ain't seen you in two years so how I fuck with you?  
I ain't even gon' touch you I'ma let my man's get you  
I pull up and pop in the trunk and it looking like hopscotch, big blocks  
Remember me hitting the juugs and licks, and ducking and dodging the cops  
I feel like 2Pac, it's me against the world and I can't be stopped  
It's me in the drop, came from holes in my sock, and now I got guap

Yo' bitch wanna fuck the squad  
Cause she see exotic cars  
Them niggas hating on your boy  
Bow, bow, gruow, gruow  
We got body parts  
Young rich nigga tryna see a milli  
I got niggas that'll get you for a meal ticket  
I know niggas that remix, re-rock the whole chicken  
I feel like the president, Richard Nixon

Gruow, gruow, gruow we got body parts  
I don't need no body guard, I just use my face card  
In the kitchen frying fishes, got to come with tartar sauce  
Call me Pastor Takeoff, healing niggas Peter Popoff  
I'm A1 nigga no stakes off  
Baking the birdies, I'm having a bake-off  
Extorting these niggas and money they pay off  
These niggas got work but ain't working they late off  
I hop out the Porsche like I'm Jeffrey Dahmer  
A living legend, Ronald McDonald  
My wrist terminator, but I am no Arnold  
Football Xans, I call 'em Hey Arnold

Yo' bitch wanna fuck the squad  
Cause she see exotic cars  
Them niggas hating on your boy  
Bow, bow, gruow, gruow  
We got body parts  
Young rich nigga tryna see a milli  
I got niggas that'll get you for a meal ticket

I know niggas that remix, re-rock the whole chicken  
I feel like the president, Richard Nixon

Fuck nigga talking hit 'em with extensions  
Throw 'em in the river now the nigga missing  
Fuck nigga tripping I pan  
I hit em with semi's he don't even see it  
If I catch a body I'm gonna be innocent  
Clear the whole scene and I'm leaving no witnesses  
Everybody get it even civilians  
The only people that I spare is the children  
I'm sending you niggas to take away your body parts  
Karate chop that nigga like it's martial-arts  
Shot that nigga left 'em at the park  
Put the pussy nigga on a milk carton  
My choppa banana-clipped, it got a knife  
Don't roll the dice nigga you risk your life  
I'm pouring up lean on your grave-site  
I throw him the bullet he catch it like Jerry Rice

Ugh, fuck a bitch cause it's Thug Life  
Smoking good cause my plug right  
200k sold on my debut release  
200 felons locked up from the team  
Popping 200 bottles the day they release  
Yes, I am deceased, meaning I'm raiding from all of these sheets  
Get Rich or Die Tryin' keep that on repeat  
And all these bitches is trying to get on me  
And I fuck all of them hoes, got 2 cell phones, can't none of them call me