

# Migo Gang x Slaughter Gang Music

Rich The Kid

You know what I mean? Migo Gang shit  
Flippa  
Slaughter Gang, 21 shit  
You know what I mean?

Hit a nigga in the head (Hit him)  
We ain't shooting at the legs (Naw)  
Back in the day had a trick bike, had a bad bitch on the pegs (Bitch!)  
Some of my niggas bang blue (Crip)  
Some of my niggas bang red (Blood)  
Some of my niggas bang black (GD)  
All of my niggas keep straps (Grrah)  
Spend three hundred on a napp (Aye!)  
They sucking, fuck the whole trap  
Bitch, you know my pockets fat (Sloppy)  
Quavo walking Warren Sapp (Sacks)  
Takeoff buying only Act (Lean!)  
You niggas sipping just to act (Actors!)  
Bought a Beamer wrapped it matte (Skrt!)  
Got a shooter, peep hole out the back (Grraw!)  
Never been a minority (Naww)  
Take the pot and Chuck Norris it (Oh!)  
You niggas looking unfortunate (Woo)  
Different types of babies like a orphanage (Babies!)  
I hit my money, end of story  
I hate when I had to go to court and shit (Hate it!)  
You thinking that I'm cooking up porridge (Cooking!)  
The way I'm whipping up my wrist and shit (Whip it!)  
Damn, this hoe she annoying  
After I fuck her, I'm finna get rid of the bitch (Gone!)  
What type of shit that he on  
Go get the 30 young nigga, go empty the clip (Grraw!)

Slaughter Gang, I'm the king bitch  
Mac 90 with the beam, bitch  
Hi-Tech, you sipping green bitch  
21, hold the pot with my left arm  
Catching plays like Brett Favre  
You a gold fish and I'm a fucking shark  
Whip the pot nigga, whip it hard  
AK make a nigga hit the Quan  
Gas bag like I own the farm  
She blowing on it like she on a horn  
100 round drum and that stick  
Pull up, roll the windows down and I hit  
You cuffing that bitch and she loyal to dick  
Chasing money, I can't lay with no bitch  
Murda Gang, we don't play with the beef  
Put 'em on a plate and we gonna eat  
Niggas snitching, I put 10 on the G's  
Margielas, I put rent on my feet  
Niggas pussy, I see through 'em they weak  
Fuck 12, we keep shit in the streets  
I brought her to the spot that bitch was a freak  
Fucked her on the floor, can't fuck up my sheets

Offset!

We really invented you niggas  
The judge tried to sentence a nigga  
Fuck a pot, now my 44 nigga  
Stuck in the pickle, grinding from a nickel  
Trapping in trenches, two bricks in the rental  
I'm crazy I'm psycho, it's 'bout to get physical  
Run a circle 'round the plug, that's a pick and roll  
Feds watching so I walk on my tippy toes  
I'm rich as bitch, I want in on that lick  
I'm not romantic, my bullet gon' kiss  
Get in that pot, get the work in your wrist  
I was born with the gift, got the fame and the grip  
Hop in the jet and I take me a trip  
Geeked out on codeine, I sip and I sip  
Jump off the stage, I might jump out the VIP  
I'm covered in money, covered like a quimp  
I'm smoking on cookie, not smoking on piff  
Don't talk to the police, not giving out tips  
Dead in that booth, that molly look too clear  
I don't care what you heard, I jump straight in my Lier  
Standing in the kitchen, cooking fish fillet  
Run up my money, I stash me a Wraith  
Don't run up on me nigga, pump your brakes  
I feed you the 223, dinner plate!

Run up on me nigga, catch a slug  
50 and the 40, I don't use a glove  
You know we got the straps up in the club  
I don't fuck with you, you a dub  
21 Gang, we got weight  
All of my nigga, we straight  
Pull up on a nigga, we'll take  
Headshot a nigga, leave him in a lake  
Round table with the Migo Gang and the Slaughter Gang, we on break  
Bitch too skinny I don't want her, fuck the bitch, the bitch might break  
I got a hundred round drum on that K  
I keep that bitch with me, you know that bae  
Never let a nigga know where I stay  
Have a nigga staking out where he stay  
I get that cash, I ain't got time to play  
Hold up that choppa, this mask on my face  
Shoot out the [?], got bananas in K's  
Pussy niggas turn to preachers like Ma\$e  
Finna slide to where I keep me a K  
Juvenile hit a nigga with tre  
WOO!

Whipping a brick with a frying pan  
Made a 100 K with a broke hand  
Trapping down with the desert eagle  
Actavis all in my 2 liter  
Finnessing the plug for a whole thang  
Rollie all white like the cocaine  
I got a freak with a nose ring  
Cut that bitch down like I'm 2 Chainz  
Walking around with a 100 thou  
I'm actually rich, you just talk about it  
Pull up with choppers and air it out  
I empty the clip in your mama house  
Hit a jug for the work, still serving  
Get rich or die trying like Curtis  
I roll with a brick and she nervous  
Pull out the Wraith when I'm flexing on purpose

I started trapping in first grade  
I put the lean in a lemonade  
I pour a four, got a fever  
Dab school, I'm the teacher  
Riding scrap with the nina  
Big balling, no bleachers  
100 K for one feature  
Bad bitch, she no keeper