

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

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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

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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