

# Call Casting

Migos

Yeah, trap shit  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no

Up early in the morning trappin'  
You can get 'em how you askin'  
How many chickens? You can get 'em whichever way  
Nigga, trap turned Zaxby's  
I beat the pot with a passion (beat it up)  
A hundred acres on the mansion  
I dab in the latest fashion (eat it up)  
Bitches need a call castin' (yeah)

Act  
Put the backends in the back  
Draco on me, it's attached  
Name a nigga with the pack  
Name a nigga with the sack  
Elem' o'clock, I got the MAC (MAC)  
She eat the molly like a snack (eat it up)  
This gold on my neck a plaque  
Bando Shane's Rib Shack (eat it up)  
Rob the plug if he tax  
Sip the lean and relax (drink it up)  
Park the Lamb in the back (skrt, skrt)  
Big dog, you a cat  
Rich in the matte black (skrt, skrt)  
Twenty hoes to be exact (yeah)  
I need ten, that's a dime  
Want a nickel, that's a five  
One to fly, one to slide  
One to glide, ain't got time  
Put a thirty on my nine  
For a nigga out of line  
Mama cryin', niggas dyin'  
Wonder why I done gripped the fire, yeah

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Brrrrt (skrt skrt skrt skrt) burrrr, pot  
Niggas tried to send a thot  
That's the only way to plot  
Klay Thomp, corner shot (brrrr)  
Eight-ball, corner pocket (ayy)  
White boys in the game  
Call 'em Andy Milonakis (yeah)  
He won't hesitate to shoot 'em  
Private jet to Bermuda (woo)  
I knew I been had sauce (who)  
Cause I was fuckin' on my tutor (who)  
Truck backin' up the dually

A hundred pounds out the cooler  
Came from a Cup O' Noodles  
I fucked the game, Kama Sutra  
I got M's on my mind  
I got boulders in my time  
Put a model bitch on coca  
Told her read between the lines (coco)  
J's out there snitchin', yeah  
Heard it through the vine (J's)  
Packin' up the kitchen  
Think I ran out of time, yeah

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Woo woo woo woo woo, packs  
I paid the ticket, get you whacked (brrr)  
I chop the brick with the axe (hey)  
The cookie smellin' like a casket (cookie)  
I'm sellin' crack in my Rafs  
Put the addy in the nav  
He steady poppin', know it's cap  
I hit the jungle, then adapt (rarr)  
30 thousand on the couch (30 bars)  
All my bitches from an app  
Instagram and the Snaps  
I bet a hundred on the craps  
I'm good on shawty, do without (ooh)  
She fucking niggas for the check  
I'ma only get the mouth  
Hop out a Lambo, crossover on a bitch (skrt)  
I poured a four, Actavis (Act)  
Walk in Goyard, got a bag for my bitch  
Won't give a kiss 'cause I know you suck dick (mwah)  
Spent you hundred, Philippe on your wrist (Patek)  
Twenty-five pointers, one fist (points)  
Twenty-five bitches on list  
Kel-tec, rubber band grip (brrr)

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