

# Contraband

Migos

That bando music  
Trap shit  
Narcotics  
This for my niggas in the trap selling..

Contraband, contraband, contraband  
Contraband, contraband, contraband  
Trap house, it don't even matter, or the bando, everybody cook it up  
Contraband  
Narcotic, narcotic, narcotic  
Narcotic, narcotic, narcotic  
Dope boys right now on the block  
Running up numbers, young nigga don't need a wallet

Dope boy, dope boy, dope boy  
When a nigga grewed up wanna be a dope boy  
Mom bust in, caught me counting money  
"Say you better not be dealing that coke boy"  
Got caught up in breaking them houses  
First time a young nigga seen 1000  
Then I went and copped my Audi  
Then I had a meeting with a plug on a mountain  
The plug start frowning  
Cause I needed 1000 ounces  
Why you needed 1000 ounces  
Cause my young nigga finna go snatch 'em  
Plug, gotta tax em  
Calling the plug for ransom  
Rich nigga pull up in Phantoms  
Trapping the nicks, flipping them nicks  
Young nigga I'm walking with cannon  
My bitch got the dope in her panties  
You too dramatic  
All of my niggas go money savage  
Bricks in the Hummer, it's automatic

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Contraband contraband contraband  
Take down one hundred birds, I'm a country man  
The plug is talking Español, I understand  
Throwing a brick like Randall Cunningham  
J's they love me cause I got good customer service  
I live in the trap so sometimes I be nervous  
Get rich or die trying like Curtis  
The trap concession stand, get you a slurpy  
You obviously never been in a trap (never ever)  
We shortage you, you ain't get money back  
Beating the pot Mortal Kombat, Jax  
Brick big as hell, hit it with the axe

The gas is Ricky and you need some Act  
The stove don't work just use a match  
I'm fucking your bitch, she a nat nat  
You don't Panamera, got a hatchback  
Customer customer I am a hustler  
I got candy Reese's Buttercup  
Offset is worth 10 million plus  
Touch down the plug, then drop a rope

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Smoking OG's from Afghanistan  
I got the candy, they call me the Candy-Man  
Bands can't fit in a rubber band  
No football, I'm walking with thigh pads  
Baking soda with the water  
Stove on, throw the dope in a fire pan  
Pick up the spatula, I'm the ambassador  
Audi [?], like a tarantula  
Making moves, spectacular  
Beating the dope with the stick and it's magical  
I set the block off and it's epic  
For America, fucking register  
Can't fuck wit you niggas, too skeptical  
Undercover, you work with the federals  
OG, got bags and it's medical  
Work in my bando  
Got cookies they edible  
Stretching the work it's incredible  
Pull up on the plug so I can go pick up some

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