

# Cross the Country

## Migos

Young rich nigga, riding round the city with the mac  
Take a chopper, and a chicken, now what's the ticket  
Whipping and breaking it, making it, taking it  
Nigga they mistake me, think I'm selling that midget  
Nah for real  
What the fuck a nigga really wanna talk about?  
You a bitch, we ain't got nothing to talk about  
Shaking like a stripper, put that magic up in his mouth  
Skippa Da Flippa, he told me weigh it up, and bust it down  
Migo Jerz, whipping that lambo, now watch it swerve  
J-1 got PT's, and sold that reserved  
I'm a (Hot) Boy, so you know I gotta stay low  
Quavo told me, trap on the block and bang 'em like OJ Mayo  
You niggas are rookie but young Takeoff, I'm a vet  
Set! Told me trapping and dabbing gon' get that pussy wet  
No Crocodile Dundee, Stingray vet  
Whatever I wanna do, I do it, Nike check  
I'm a young nigga, with the rich nigga ambitions  
At the Migo show, a nigga autographing titties  
There's levels to this shit like Meek said  
And you embarrassed to admit it  
I don't want to kick it  
After my show  
The gangster-ist nigga, he looking suspicious  
Walk right up on him, I'm pressing my nigga  
And all he wanted was a picture  
I used to smoke swishers, like a regular nigga  
Now I'm a backwoods type of nigga  
A nigga, he run up, tried to rob, I shot him  
White people, they still treat me like I'm a victim  
Now people they screaming out "Free Activis"  
They talking bout that Activis be discontinued  
Kept my cup of muddy trouble, trapper, got packs in the attic  
Kept me 'round, with pricing my rental  
Trap, trap down when I'm on the revenue  
Cooking a brick, and remix it with the dog food  
Diamond brick with a note on it, nigga you Blues Clues  
24 karat my time, Mr. T, pity a fool  
Master P, no limit, money been all jumping like a bungee  
Kevin Hart, your money is too short, you too funny  
Call me Takeoff Hugh Hefner, I got playboy bunnies  
Fuck it, I beat it, she sucking me till a nigga be cumming

Cross the country  
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You ain't never been there to catch me  
Cross the country

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Cross the country  
Coca leaves, and palm trees  
We cross the country

Cross the country  
Cross the country  
She don't understand English, but she want me

Cross the country  
Cross the country  
I had to get a visa, cause I'm in and out the country

When you in the streets, you know you gotta make a name  
I stole a mustang, drop top, no brain  
Police had a nigga, cause they know I'm in the game  
Taking pictures of a nigga, like a groupie, like a fan  
On my first lick, only got a little bit of change  
Thinking like Obama, something gotta change  
Did a lot of dirt, I had to sit up in the chains  
When I got outta jail, did the same thing  
I spent that money, money, coming back like boomerang  
Cocaine in her nose like a Sodom rain  
My nigga be trapping the gas, propane  
Hit the nigga with a chopper, nigga bang bang  
I was getting money, way before the rap game  
As a young nigga, used to wear the fake chain  
They say that I'm ignorant, \$50, 000 on a chain  
You know it ain't come from Johnny Dame  
Fake watch, busta can't bust me, no lie  
Walk at me with the fake jewelry, I got too much pride  
They killed my nigga Pistol Pete, for a three-five  
I pay the ticket, when are you gon' die  
I'm in the kitchen, I be cooking crack pies  
I got chickens in the trunk, you think I work at popeyes  
The streets is a jungle, my nigga, you better survive  
Getting married to the money nigga, that my bride  
My diamonds gon' shine, might poke you in the eye  
You selling by the ounce, my nigga, you just getting by  
Put the birds in my hands, knows when's it gon' fly  
Clack! Clack! Clack!  
In the bushes like a spy  
Nigga talking stupid, we don't let that shit fly  
Talking crazy to the migos, boy you know we keep the fire  
Got that chopper, flip a nigga like a domino  
Young rich nigga, never made the honor roll  
Hit his ass with the 4 4, make him fold  
Chattahoochee river where that nigga body float  
On the nation, my nigga we throwing up the Folks  
She on a mission, trying to film me, better get your ho  
Big bank, take little bank  
Yellow diamonds on my rella like a moon cake  
Two Glocks on my hip, like tomb raider  
Arnold Schwarzenegger, turn into the terminator

Cross the country  
My plug he in Wyoming  
And the only time I pull up on you, if a nigga owe me  
And the whole word know that a young nigga rap  
But a pussy nigga better not provoke me  
Came in the game with the formula, sold it  
Now I gotta switch it up on you phonies  
Pocket full of macaroni, mac-11, run up on you  
All you can eat in my trap, like it's Shoney's  
Rich Nigga Timeline  
That's my motherfucking testimony  
Out in the desert, got bricks in the donkey  
Rich nigga, with a pot of gold, like a leprechaun  
And I'm thinking 'bout moving to Babylon  
My niggas collecting extortion funds  
We built an empire like Megatron  
QC the label

Migo the gang  
Already told you  
I want the M&Ms, fuck the fame  
No shame in game, I'm a bull with the nine  
Like Loul Deng, finna bang with the thing  
Walking through the crowd, ain't gotta touch the chain  
Get juugged, get capped, that's a part of the game  
Squad shit  
Oh no  
I done rolled around the block and I don't see him  
I paid a J \$200, just to hit me when he see him  
If I was you right now, I wouldn't wanna be him  
Caught him two weeks later in the club, with his mamacita  
He had some jewelry on him, worth \$100, so I took it from him  
Took the first PJ across the country, got too hot for a moment  
They say he got work, now I own him  
Now my squad, they going nuts, no Makonnen  
In the players pad, at the Caesar's Palace  
Out in Las Vegas, like I'm Roman  
All types of euros and yen  
I got money in Berlin  
I told the Lord forgive me for my sins  
Cause I don't wanna do it again

[Hook]