

Deadz

Migos

[illegible][illegible]

Fresh out, outta the bed, count up the deadz (bow, bow)
We heard what you said, we heard what you said
If I wasn't trappin', I'd be wrappin' up them bundles
If I wasn't rappin', I'd be trappin' out the condos (know I'm sayin')
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas (know I'm sayin')
No forreal, no cap, I keep a sack like Savon Tucker (sacks)
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (think about it)
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (gone)

You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
 No forreal, no cap, my money long like anaconda
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
 You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
 If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble

[illegible]

Gang bang slang 'caine
Heroin, half a ton, Purple Haze, Cam'ron
Plays off a Samsung, get the job done
If I go jog at night, yeah, call it a mall run
You know what I did last night, 'cause I gave her all ones
You niggas in trouble, rock chains by the double
Got dames by the double, do everything but cuddle
Might buy a bowling alley, I got money out the gutter
Fully automatic, and it don't don't stutter (rra!)

You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anaconda
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
You niggas in trouble, you niggas in trouble
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble

Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads
Uh, ooh, fresh out the bed
Uh, ooh, count up the deads

Hop out the bed and I'm countin' them faces
I jump out the whip and them bitches start faintin'
No twenties or fifties, just Benjamin Franklins
Block on lock, call me Kurt Angle
I keep the banger, my brother, my partner
Don't fuck with no strangers, they tryna get famous
I put the hood on my back
When these niggas couldn't do nothing but love it
But niggas still hated
No they ain't real but these niggas gon' fake it
If they got a problem, my niggas gon' straighten it
Niggas debatin', they hatin', they plottin', they waitin'
They want my ice, tell 'em come take it
Have 'em pretend that I couldn't make it
Now I'm doin' shows outta state in the nations
My momma told me I stay humble but don't be too ready
You gotta have patience

Droppin' them bangers, bangers, bangers
Double cup stuffed full Texas Ranger
One in the chamber
I shoot a hundred round clip like Wilt Chamberlain
Go to the top and I'm gon' bring the gang in
Bitch, do anything to get famos
My wrist cost me a brick and it's frigid
I'm rich, but I did not let it change me
Statistics say that you niggas ain't gangsta

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If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble