

# Megan Thee Stallion, Make a Bag (Ft. Moneybagg Yo)

[Intro]  
(RamyOnTheBeat)  
(LilJuMadeDaBeat)

[Chorus: Megan thee Stallion]

Ayy, yeah  
Bitch, I'm exquisite, no cheap shit (Money)  
Ahead of these bitches, I lead shit (Ahh)  
Makin' it pop on some freak shit  
You bring it to me  
You know I'ma make a bag  
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk  
Make that bitch jump  
You know I'ma make a bag  
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk  
Make that bitch jump, ahh

[Verse 1: Moneybagg Yo]

I'm at Pappadeuax eating seafood (Seafood)  
Racks in my pocket and a big tool (Big tool)  
The shit that I'm rockin' got red on the bottom  
Ho, these ain't no cheap shoes (Shoes)  
I really be hustlin', I really be thuggin' (I really be thuggin')  
I ain't one of these rap dudes (I ain't one of these rap dudes)  
Diamonds jumpin' out the face of the Audemars  
Doin' the Michael Jackson kick move (Damn)  
I'ma big dog, you a shih tzu  
She gon' kick the nigga out 'fore I come through (Ah)  
You ain't been through what I've been through  
Now I'm up, I'ma gon' ball like Caillou (Like Caillou)  
Achoo, bless me, please don't test me  
I won't hesitate to bust the Smith and Wesson  
Dope boys and some killers in my section (Right on, right on)  
You a lame, we ain't fuckin' with you peasants (No)  
I got big pointers sittin' inside the necklace  
Reach for my chain, send your ass to heaven  
Shoot first, we don't do the second guessin' (Hit it now)  
Hit his nigga and I bet he get the message  
I'm in a Maserati truck (Skrrt, skrrt), fishbowl, nigga  
I know they ass seein' me but I don't see a soul, nigga

[Verse 2: Megan thee Stallion]

I'm at Grand Lux eatin' a Caesar salad with my sugar daddy (Yeah)  
Pulled up on me in a big Benz, told me to drive  
I told him, "Let me have it"  
No time to play with these niggas, huh  
After I break 'em, I kick 'em, huh  
Told him to put me some ice on my neck and my ears if he want me to listen, hey, huh  
He wanna swim in my lap, huh  
He tryna get in my snaps, huh  
I'm tellin' bitches I've been in my bag  
But now I got the wallet to match, huh  
He love how I fit in my clothes, huh  
He love how I talk, I'ma poet, hey  
He told me he think that he fallin' in love  
And I told him I'm already knowin', huh  
I might balance a bitch on these 'enciagas  
I can't see the haters through these fuckin' Prada's  
They gon' book me 'cause I bring the pussy poppers  
And the niggas with money that's poppin' bottles  
I'ma make a bag and make it twerk  
I'm finna run up a bag in a skirt  
They checkin' him but the gun in my purse

I'm killin' these hoes and I know that it hurt, ahh

[Chorus: Megan thee Stallion]

Yeah, bitch, I'm exquisite, no cheap shit (Money)

Ahead of these bitches, I lead shit (Ahh)

Makin' it pop on some freak shit

You bring it to me

You know I'ma make a bag

And make it twerk, twerk, twerk

Make that bitch jump

You know I'ma make a bag

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Make that bitch jump, ahh