

# Migos, Dirty Stick

Young nigga hit juugs with that dirty stick  
Watch me scrap the pot (skurt!) with that dirty stick  
She a bad bitch, finesse you, now she dirty, bitch  
Oh my God, young nigga I love that dirty stick  
Dirty sticks, dirty sticks, dirty sticks, dirty sticks  
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Young rich nigga keep a dirty ass stick  
Finesse you out the pair with your [?], that's a dirty bitch  
Cooking up the pie with that dirty ass stick  
Pow, pow, pow, gggraow with the dirty stick  
What's that in your cup? Man that's that dirty shit. (Lean!)  
All my goons go crazy they be on that dirty shit  
Ridin' round the city in a dirt ass Benz  
Had to cut some niggas off, I had some dirty ass friends  
32 dirty birds and they white, look like Michael Jackson  
Try me with the fuck shit, then my animals attack 'em  
Uncle Sam, had to tax 'em  
Warren Sapp, quarterback sack 'em  
Good gas, good cookie, sip the Green Bay I pack 'em

I'm mobbin', I'm working the pot with them dirty sticks  
Got bino all up in the pot, whipping up 36  
Like Grady and Fred G. Sanford I don't fuck with no dirty bitch  
I lick on the molly and hit that bitch with that metal stick  
Longway Hefner on a nigga they calling the boy your majesty  
Them dirty sticks, them dirty sticks, young nigga come blast a bitch  
You cuffing your bitch, I'm cuffing your bitch  
We switch and we smash that shit  
You talking bout racks, they stuffed in my MCM bag  
They next to my dirty stick  
Don't fuck with no rat, no snitch, get found in a ditch  
Get hot with that dirty stick  
We call for them birds, young nigga with dirty sticks  
They same what to happen Bird and shit  
Got hit with them dirty, dirty sticks and they were finessed by a bitch  
Slim Dunkin on layup and shit, 3 amigos along with his shit  
Took [?] to serve up a brick, instead of shopping we ....

I be playing with them dirty birds like my name Jamaal  
Pull up, hop out, I valet the Jag and Kamals'  
Actavis that is my medicine  
No internet but I'm connected to that white girl, Kevin Federline  
Takeoff the vegetarian  
I gotta have my lettuce and celery  
I'm taking them trips to Beverly  
I'm strapped with dirty artillery  
The bando it got a dispensary  
Lil mama she diggin' she feeling me  
She told me she want to run round the lobby  
I gave her a molly and left the club in the Ferrari  
I'm pouring that dirty, that 40