

Migos, Dope In My Sock

Young nigga flying pigeons all over the sea
Wrist game got my arm strong Hercules,
Flex, got that molly in the jar it look like dippin dots,
Hannah getting money, I got work call it Chris Rock,
I got the dope in my sock, I got the dope, I got the dope in my sock
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I got that dope, hit it one time and I bet you gon choke
Tryna take my dope, my nigga I'm coming to hang u on rope
Fellin like slick the ruler versace my shirt, I love Medusa,
Can't get in contact with my plug so I'm takin that flight to bermuda

I got the dope wipping and wipping a brick my arm get sore
Drop a hundred bandz off to my mama nigga, tryin' to make sure everything kosher
Hit a nigga ass with the rope a dope, 'cause I see these niggas gettin tired
You run out the bullets my nigga gon get you BOW BOW nigga It's a homicide.

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I put the dope in my sock, I put the dope on the block
I'm fucking your hoe
OG I'm trappin at Texaco, nigga talk shit but he buying my dope,
He buying it, breaking me pieces off chickens,
Servin the J's chicken tenders
Finessed the plug for a bag of work...
I know some lions some bears, some tigers, hyenas and even gorillas
My jeweler he cold like a cooler while buying your sugar
My boss credentials, that willow, they callin' me king in front of their mister, KING, you get the picture
I'm not the DJ but I will remix ya
Don't get it twisted.

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