

# Migos, Mama We Made It

Put on a mask like Jason  
Kicking your door and we raiding  
My niggas came from the pavement  
Talking that shit boy save it  
You talking bout' cookies, we baking  
I fell in love with the faces  
Quarterback Migos, Troy Aikman  
Screaming out mama we made it

Young nigga came from the bottom  
Young nigga go get the guala  
Trap out a hotel with Marta  
They calling me Quavo Mufasa  
Open the trap like carcass  
We knowing you niggas imposters  
They liking the Piña colada  
I remix it with a lil' powder  
Hit a nigga with a chopper  
It will take about 48 hours  
No Courage, you niggas is cowards  
He got the pack and my niggas surround him  
The Chattahoochee where they found him  
My niggas go get the bounty  
We hold em' up for ransom  
If a nigga get hot, leave the county  
Migos on top of the mountain  
Listen up boy, it's a Migos announcement  
I got the pigeons and falcons  
Now I got the keys, I used to trap ounces  
Came from the boards on the houses  
Them niggas is telling I'm calling them mice  
Beat the pack like Ronda Rousey  
Free Bobby Shmurda and free my boy Rowdy  
I came from the pavement  
Look at them niggas they mad that I made it  
Look at their faces  
Cause I'm at the top can nobody replace it  
I used to be robbing  
Hang with the goons, my niggas were goblins  
Trap out the apartments  
Turning the North side into a lil' Harlem

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My niggas came from the pavement  
So many chains like a slavery  
Taking a trip to Croatia  
Plug sent the pack be coming in from Haiti  
Counting up these Benjamin faces  
Young nigga I got rich off of Caucasian  
Migo my gang, ain't no trading  
Fucking these bitches, they from different races  
Rick thorns, they came with no laces  
Cooking up dope and the junkies gonna' taste it  
Your bitch gave me brain, that's my favorite  
Told that bitch watch her teeth cause' she got braces  
Remember me nigga, gone' envy me

People gone' hate on me, just cause' I made it  
Talk about me like we might be related  
You need to sue your jewelry, Rollie outdated  
Don't you twist your fingers if you ain't banging  
I be in the bando with the dope boys slanging  
Pouring up a soda, I leave it contaminated  
All of my niggas that screaming out mama we made it  
I know y'all niggas flexing for the check  
Now one of them chains is yours around your neck  
We start from the North side, screaming free offset  
I gave him a test, get a vest, and then get hit with the Tec

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