

# Chirpin

## Migos

[Hook:]

It's a brand new day and the birds they chirpin  
It's a brand new day plus my Nextel chirpin  
Ya'll niggas got work but ya'll never ever workin  
Throwin money in the club when you know yo' pockets hurtin

[Verse 1: Takeoff]

It's a brand new day, got brand new bitches  
Wrapping up chickens, I'm leaning, I feel like I'm feenin  
But really I'm trippin  
Only want balance when I rock the Bentley  
Gas so loud, y'all niggas can't hear me  
Pull out that KLAWE, know they gone feel me  
Whippin that Brittney, that Whitney, That Lidnsey  
Like I'm a chemist, treat em like dentist  
You showing your benjis on instagram flexing  
Maybe tonight, but ain't got a session  
I hate to be you cause I know it's depressing  
Must think it's upsetting the way that I'm dressing  
I walk up in Neiman, I see it I cop it  
I pull out my pocket, you pull out your wallet  
Who you impressing, you know you ain't got it  
Diggin through pockets, changing the topic  
Nigga just stop it, it hurt me to see you ain't got it  
Make me wanna come out my pocket  
I'm a get it back cause a nigga got a sack, so my lil' double cup got full of the act  
Young nigga got bricksquad, we crack  
If a nigga talkin back, I'm aimin the strap  
It's a brand new day, in a brand new whip, and a brand new 45 sittin in my lap

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Quavo]

Aye hold up Takeoff, you see that nigga  
It's a brand new nigga on the block, hit his ass with a brand new Glock  
Knock em off the block like he playing hopscotch  
My niggas is crazy, we keep the new babies  
We ride in Mercedes keep crack like the 80s  
They cook it, they whippin, they slavin

I 'round the city screaming "Mama we made it"  
I'm busting them bricks out the wrapper  
Too hot for a trapper, so now I'm a rapper  
My pot too big, got too much water, so I skrt-skrt with a broke paddle  
I see you running with the sack,  
Quavo the linebacker so I had to make the tackle  
Got Migos in Mexico right now, putting 50 bricks on a horse saddle  
I'm servin them patients, my money is ancient,  
My diamonds are lookin like I bought a ice glacier  
Addicted to paper, I movin to Cali, I roll me a blunt and I go watch the Lakers  
So much gas you'll need a ventilator, my house so big got marijuana acres  
Pots in the pan, Quavo the baker, money in the jar, look like a saltshaker.

[Hook]

---

Lyrics submitted by Natasha Feilds.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>