

Cant Go Out Sad

Migos

Yeah

Talk to me

See this day and age, these young niggas getting paid
Wrist clear, Sprite, yuh

Mike Tyson bite, yuh

Cup real dirty, yuh

Motorcross bike, yuh

We don't fist fight

Chopper real life

Double seal tight

Detroit got me right

Piccolo green it's millions, and the old money got mildew

Kick her out 'cause she keep filming

They calling me Bob the Builder

Quavo Paul Pierce 'em, whip a ball, Wilson

Put my all in that bowl, put my all in it

I want all my dogs to win it

I want all my dogs to win it

Remember my dog was sentenced, no, no

I ain't gon' take it back to the beginning

Just get in the Benz and sit in

(Talk to em'!)

C'mon (Ay!)

(Get in there!)

(Chill!)

(C'mon!)

Standing in the trap, been a long day

Thinking bout putting insurance on my wrist and AK

Mama tired, daddy died, ain't no Real Housewives

Now it's no more crying, 'cause we upper echelon

I can make a Tuesday, go up like a Saturday

I don't play where you fools play, you must be from out of state

Molly yo girl dinner plate, you take her on dinner dates

Dabbing in Raf Simmons yeah I dress the huncho everyday

Ricki Lake, wrapped up, came from Kuwait

Everyday, everyday, young nigga looking for bae

Got a bitch on Jimmy and she do whatever huncho say

Her boyfriend wanna be me 'cause I keep that shit the gangster way
I got to put you down

Ay man, these niggas goin' out sad

I'm tellin' ya, can't go out bad

Naw, 'specially bout that bitch I'm not goin' out sad

I'm not goin' out sad

I'm not goin' out sad

'Specially 'bout that bitch

I can't go out sad

I can't go out sad

I can't go out sad

'Specially 'bout that bitch (Offset!)

Not 'bout the bitch, naw, not 'bout the bitch

She call just for the dick

Aw, Lord, don't say this your bitch

I'm young and rich

But I can strong arm a brick

I heard you was born a bitch

Rick Owens they cost your rent

Pay up, straight up

John Wick got to put the K up

I'mma smash ya but we don't lay up

I'mma bachelor get ya weight up

Throw the north, bitch you know where we from

Think it's sweet and we pull out a drum

You can be rich and a bum

I want it all, not some

She fucking for fame, for sum

I think she came for money

I swear I ain't hurting for nothing

So I just gave the money

Hoes in my house like Hugh Heffner

But I'mma slay the bunnies

She goin' insane, she talk' bout my main quit sayin' my name lil' mama I got to put you down

Ay man, these niggas goin' out sad

I'm tellin' ya, can't go out bad

Naw, 'specially 'bout that bitch I'm not goin' out sad

I'm not goin' out sad

I'm not goin' out sad

'Specially 'bout that bitch

I can't go out sad

I can't go out sad

I can't go out sad

'Specially 'bout that bitch (Takeoff!)

I can't, go out, sad about no bitch

Who me? Takeoff never mad about no bitch

Depressed need to get some off my chest, ain't stressed about that bitch

She let, me nut on her chest, you still arrest that bitch

Bad, yeah lil' mama bad, you let her get the Jag and crash

That's goin' out sad
You took on her on a date with dad
The question is boy did you smash?
Been strong week and a half, and everything you get to get a bitch have (Tricked you)
Aw man, goddamn, these niggas goin' out sad
Wifin' ho's up, there's not one nigga the hood done been had
Smash, cuff, but you can pass, ignore but can't erase the past
If she fool you once, shame on her, if she fool you twice it's yo ass I got to put you down
Ay man, these niggas goin' out sad
I'm tellin' ya, can't go out bad
Naw, 'specially 'bout that bitch I'm not goin' out sad
I'm not goin' out sad
I'm not goin' out sad
'Specially 'bout that bitch
I can't go out sad
I can't go out sad
I can't go out sad
'Specially 'bout that bitch

Songwriters

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