

# FUCKEMx3 (feat. Migos)

## OG Maco

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Musty pussy maggot bitches tryna lick my sack for riches  
Mhm, yeah yeah, bet I seen your plan, uh huh  
Bet I smelled it out, uh huh  
Now we met their daughter's cross the map  
East cost to the west coast, OG Mac doin the fucking most  
Yeah yeah, told em bitch you guessed it, now I'm living  
Drinking, popping the seal, got no prescription  
You can read it, you can see it, you can want it but you won't achieve it  
You can see me but nigga, can you be me?  
No no, no no, yeah yeah, fuck em fuck em fuck em  
I ain't do it by myself Alotta niggas want to hate on me  
What's the reason, nigga who knows  
Say I'm focused on the wrong shit  
We just putting up the new door  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
We don't love em, love em, love em  
I'm a hustler, hustler, hustler  
Rolex diamond flooded, flooded  
Police they watching, investigation undercover  
I would never tell on my brother, I put it on my mother  
Pull out the chopper, the chopper eat him like he mustard  
Look at me now nigga, money grew up, Rudy Huxtable  
Mason Margiella, we mafia like Goodfellas  
I got 20 bitches on my schedule, I'm living better  
When you go to a Migos show it's looking like Coachella  
When the police ask me questions, acting like I don't know better  
Fuck a nigga, we don't give a fuck about a sucker nigga  
I got a milly, bought a Bentley, hundred rounds up in my semi  
Hit the fuck nigga with a chopper, do you feel me now?  
You a bitch nigga, pussy nigga, you need a fucking blouse  
Fake goon, cartoon, you a mickey mouse

I got your bitch in my condo, I'm bout to fuck her now

Take a ride with a G, nigga buckle down

QC fuck nigga, catch 100 rounds

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em

Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Fuck em, fuck em, nigga get out my section

Don't want to see him, I don't want to touch him

Look at my diamonds, my jeweler from Russia

Walk in the club with 50 chains like I'm Busta

When I say fuck em, migos come and get em

OG Maco and Migos some real niggas

Got 50 pigeons in the charger

Pull up on the plug make that steal nigga

I'm pitchin' hardball like the Dodgers

I got the Green Bay pack, Aaron Rodgers

Chopper bullet coming, better dodge em

In the kitchen, cooking pot like a cobbler

I pull out the pistol like Mad Max off Shottas Yeah yeah yeah, like OG Maco said, fuck em, fuck em, fuck em

You ran off with the work but flexing in the city, Stupid motherfucker

My mama told me I can fuck em

But you better not never ever trust em

They say Actavis discontinued, check my cup I'm sipping muddy trouble

Pull up on a nigga at the red light

Hit em with the chopper he a dead motherfucker

You fuck with my money, it's repercussions

Niggas start running when they see the chopper, a nigga gunning

Killing and itching and I got the bodies Don't know where to dump em

Wrapping the work like a mummy, finessing the plug for dummies

100K when I be kicking, pimping, dripping in London

When I open up the OG, smell like a bag of the Funyons Alotta niggas want to hate on me

What's the reason, nigga who knows

Say I'm focused on the wrong shit

We just putting up the new door

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>