

# Fight Night (Lambo Trap Remix)

## Migos

If you know me know this ain't my feng shui  
Certified everywhere, ain't gotta print my resume  
Talking crazy, I pull up andele  
R.I.P to Nate Dogg, I had to regulate  
Where all my rich niggas at man?  
Migo! Broke niggas stand to the left  
My rich niggas stand to the right  
Lil' mamma, she keep looking at me (lil' mama!)  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Hit it with the left, hit with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Beat it with the left, beat it with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
If you know me know this ain't my feng shui  
Certified everywhere, ain't gotta print my resume  
Talking crazy, I pull up andele  
R.I.P to Nate Dogg, I had to regulate  
Pocket rocket fire, watch him disintegrate  
It's a truckload coming on the interstate  
Sirloin steak all on my dinner plate  
Your main bitch say she wanna make a sex tape  
Rich nigga, I could never be a broke nigga (rich nigga)  
Broke niggas I can never get along with them!  
Always been hated since a little nigga (always)  
It's forever pussy nigga gotta deal with it (rich nigga!)  
Broke niggas stand to the left  
My rich niggas stand to the right  
Lil' mamma, she keep looking at me (lil' mama!)  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Hit it with the left, hit with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Beat it with the left, beat it with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Rumble young nigga rumble!  
Lil' mamma want a nigga like me in the sheets  
Ice cube knock it out like Deebo  
Now who's that talking that gangsta shit?  
Somebody gonna kick your ass  
When I walk up in the club I better make a thunderstorm  
Let them know that this a whole lot of cash  
Rich niggas on the right all night (rich nigga)

Broke niggas to the left by yourself (brokanese)  
Now who the hell just said that the roof on fire?  
Call 911 like WyclefBroke niggas stand to the left  
My rich niggas stand to the right  
Lil' mamma, she keep looking at me (lil' mama!)  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Hit it with the left, hit with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Beat it with the left, beat it with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight nightI'm a rich nigga, I don't like a bitch nigga  
Nigga broke nigga, I don't deal with you  
All of my niggas, official, My bitches they strippers  
My niggas they criminals trying to get to the M&Ms  
If your bitch is so innocent, why she sucking my children  
Last time I asked I dine and dashed and bitch I go in the building  
Bad bitch make it clap, let me know ya  
Young rich nigga on the couch talking to Oprah  
Bottles in the VIP while I stand on the sofa  
I don't speak your language, Brokanese, I thought I told ya  
These bitches they be smokin' on hookah, my nigga ballin' like Hoosiers  
Geeked up in the Double R, I scare ya bitch, Freddy Krueger  
Freddy VermeulenBroke niggas stand to the left  
My rich niggas stand to the right  
Lil' mamma, she keep looking at me (lil' mama!)  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Hit it with the left, hit with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night  
Beat it with the left, beat it with the right  
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night

Songwriters

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