

# Deadz (feat. 2 Chainz)

## Migos

You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble (niggas in trouble)  
You niggas in trouble Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads Fresh out, outta the bed, count up the deadz (bow, bow)  
We heard what you said, we heard what you said  
If I wasn't trappin', I'd be wrappin' up them bundles  
If I wasn't rappin' I'd be trappin' out the condos (know I'm sayin')  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas (know I'm sayin')  
No forreal, no cap, I keep a sack like Sapp and Tucker (sacks)  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (think about it)  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble (gone) You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas  
You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed

Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deadsGang bang slang caine  
Heroin, half a ton, Purple Haze Cam'ron  
Plays off a Samsung, get the job done  
If I go jog at night, yeah, call it a mall run  
You know what I did last night, 'cause I gave her all ones  
You niggas in trouble, rock chains by the double  
Got thangs by the double  
Do everything but cuddle  
Might buy a bowling alley, I got money out the gutter  
Fully automatic, and it don't don't stutter (rra!)You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas  
You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in troubleUh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deads  
Uh oh, fresh out the bed  
Uh oh, count up the deadsHop out the bed and I'm countin' them faces  
I jump out the whip and them bitches start faintin'  
No twenties or fifties, just Benjamin Franklins  
Block on lock call me Kurt Angle

I keep the bag on my brother, my partner  
Don't fuck with no strangers, they tryna' get famous  
I put the hood on my back  
When these niggas couldn't do nothing but love  
But these niggas still hated  
No they ain't real but these niggas gonna fake it  
If they got a problem my niggas come straighten it  
Nigga debatin', they hatin', they plottin', they waitin'  
They want my ice tell 'em come take it  
Had people tell me that I couldn't make it  
Now I'm doin' shows outta state in the nations  
My momma told me stay I gotta stay humble  
But don't be too ready, you gotta have patience Droppin' them bangers, bangers, bangers  
Double cup stuffed full Texas Ranger  
One in the chamber  
I shoot a hundred round clip like Wilt Chamberlain  
Go to the top and I'm gon bring the gang in  
Bitch, do anything to get famous  
My wrist cost me a brick and it's frigid  
I'm rich, but I did not let it change me  
Statistics say that you niggas ain't gangster You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
No forreal, no cap, my money long like anacondas  
You niggas in trouble  
You niggas in trouble  
If you think about runnin' with that then you in trouble

Songwriters

Quavious Marshall, Kirshnik Ball, Kiari Cephuss, Ronald LaTour, Tauheed Epps Published by  
Lyrics © RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.  
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>