

# Cross the Country

## Migos

[Verse 1: Takeoff]

Young rich nigga, riding round the city with the mac  
Take a chopper, and a chicken, now watch the leakin'  
Whipping and breaking it, making it, taking it  
Nigga they mistake me, think I'm selling that midget, nah for real  
What the fuck a nigga really wanna talk about?  
You a bitch, we ain't got nothing to talk about  
Shaking like a stripper, put that mac chicken in up in his mouth  
Skippa Da Flippa, he told me weigh it up, and bust it down  
Migo Jerz, whipping that lambo, now watch it swerve  
J-1 got PT's, and sold that reserved  
I'm a hot boy, so you know I gotta stay low  
Quavo told me, trap on the block and bang 'em like OJ Mayo  
You niggas are rookie but young Takeoff, I'm a vet  
'Set told me trapping and dabbing gon' get that pussy wet  
No Crocodile Dundee, Stingray vet  
Whatever I wanna do, I do it, Nike check  
I'm a young nigga, with the rich nigga ambitions  
At the Migo show, a nigga autographing titties  
There's levels to this shit like Meek said  
And you embarrassed to admit it, I don't want to kick it  
After my show, the gangster-ist nigga, he looking suspicious  
Walk right up on him, I'm pressing my nigga  
And all he wanted was a picture  
I used to smoke swishers, like a regular nigga  
Now I'm a backwoods type of nigga  
A nigga, he run up, tried to rob, I shot him  
White people, they still treat me like I'm a victim  
Now people they screaming out "Free Activis"  
They talking bout that Activis be discontinued  
Check my cup of muddy trouble, got packs in the attic  
Catch me riding with packs in my rental  
Trap, trap dab when I'm on the revenue  
Cooking a brick, and remix it with the dog food  
Diamond brick come with a note on it, nigga you Blues Clues  
24 karat my chain, Mr. T pity the fool  
Master P, No Limit money, bando jumping like a bungee  
Kevin Hart, your money is too short, you too funny  
Call me Takeoff Hugh Hefner, I got playboy bunnies

Fuck it, I beat it, she sucking me till a nigga be cumming[Hook: Quavo]

Cross the country, cross the country

You may never been there catch me

Cross the country, cross the country, cross the country

Coca leaves, and palm trees, we cross the country

Cross the country, cross the country

She don't understand English, but she want me

Cross the country, cross the country

I had to get a visa, cause I'm in and out the country[Verse 2: Offset]

When you in the streets, you know you gotta make a name

I stole a mustang, drop top, no brain

Police had a nigga, cause they know I'm in a gang

Taking pictures of a nigga, like a groupie, like a fan

On my first lick, only got a little bit of change

Thinking like Obama, something gotta change

Did a lot of dirt, I had to sit up in the chains

When I got outta jail, did the same thing

I spent that money, money, coming back like boomerang

Cocaine in her nose like a septum ring

My nigga be trapping the gas, propane

Hit the nigga with a chopper, nigga bang bang

I was getting money, way before the rap game

As a young nigga, used to wear the fake chain

They say that I'm ignorant, \$50,000 on a chain

You know it ain't come from Johnny Dang

Fake watch busta can't bust me, no lie

Won't catch me with the fake jewelry, I got too much pride

They killed my nigga Pistol Pete, for a three-five

I pay the ticket, when are you gon' die

When I'm in the kitchen, I be cooking crack pies

I got chickens in the trunk, you think I work at popeyes

The streets is a jungle, my nigga, you better survive

Getting married to the money nigga, that my bride

My diamonds gon' shine, might poke you in the eye

You selling by the ounce, my nigga, you just getting by

Put the birds in my hands, knows when's it gon' fly

Glah! Glah! Glah! In the bushes like a spy

Nigga talking stupid, we don't let that shit fly

Talking crazy to the migos, boy you know we keep the fire

Got that chopper, flip a nigga like a domino

Young rich nigga, never made the honor roll

Hit his ass with the 4 4, make him fold

Chattahoochee river, where that nigga body float

On the nation, my nigga we throwing up the Folks

She on a mission, trying to fuck me, better get your ho

Big bank, take little bank  
Yellow diamonds on my rella, like a moon cake  
Two Glocks on my hip, like Tomb Raider  
Arnold Schwarzenegger, turn into the Terminator[Hook: Quavo]  
[Verse 3: Quavo]  
Cross the country, my plug he in Wyoming  
And the only time I pull up on you, if a nigga owe me  
And the whole word know that a young nigga rap  
But a pussy nigga better not provoke me  
Came in the game with the formula, sold it  
Now I gotta switch it up on you phonies  
Pocket full of macaroni, Mac-11, run up on you  
All you can eat in my trap, like it's Shoney's  
Rich Nigga Timeline: That's my motherfucking testimony  
Out in the desert, got bricks in the donkey  
Rich nigga, with a pot of gold, like a leprechaun  
And I'm thinking 'bout moving to Babylon  
My niggas collecting extortion funds  
We built an empire, like Megatron  
QC the label, Migo the gang  
Already told you, I want the M&Ms, fuck the fame  
No shame in the game, I'm a bull with the nine  
Like Luol Deng, finna bang with the thing  
Walking through the crowd, ain't gotta tuck the chain  
Get juugged, get capped, that's a part of the game, squad shit  
Oh no, I done rolled around the block and I don't see him  
I paid a J \$200, just to hit me when he see him  
If I was you right now, I wouldn't wanna be him  
Caught him two weeks later in the club, with his mamacita  
He had some jewelry on him, worth \$100, so I took it from him  
Took the first PJ across the country, got too hot for a moment  
They say he got work, now I own it  
Now my squad, they going up, no Makonnen  
In the players pad, at the Caesar's Palace  
Out in Las Vegas, like I'm Roman  
All types of Euros and Yen  
I got money in Berlin  
I told the Lord forgive me for my sins  
Cause I don't wanna do it again  
[Hook: Quavo]

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