

# Migrate

## Portable

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
Keep it moving, bounce  
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Once again nothing jumping up in your place  
Sick of your berry buzzing all in my face  
Way too much to tolerate, time to roll  
Y'all know I gots to migrate  
Speed dial connecting me to Rae-Rae  
Click in Shawntae and Mae-Mae  
Treat it as a holiday 'cause he's a wrap  
Y'all know I had to migrate  
See I'm on my way home  
'Cause my jeans, yeah, they fit but it might benefit  
Me to throw something on to feature my hips  
Accentuate my \*\*\*\* and steal the show  
As soon as we walk through the door  
Fellas be grabbing at us like yo  
Trying to get us going off that Patron  
We sipping Grigio slow  
If your neck and your wrist coordinate  
Hair braided or faded okay  
We can move this back to my place  
It's time to migrate  
From my car into the club, we migrate  
From the bar to V.I.P., we migrate  
From the party to the afterparty, migrate  
Afterparty to hotel, migrate  
As we proceed getting buzzed the envious ones  
Hating but they can't take they eyes off us  
But we don't see none of that  
They playing my jam and the floor is packed  
So y'all need to migrate up out the door  
We clicking glasses, compliments of the club  
We raise they status so you know they show us love  
Everywhere we go they gon' flock  
Them boys migrate to where it's hot, it's hot, it's hot  
Soon as we walk through the door

Fellas be grabbing at us like yo  
Trying to get us going off that Patron  
We sipping Grigio slow  
If you're inked up, thugging, that's like I like  
I spotted your Lamborghini outside  
Obviously boy, you're qualified  
Otherwise, migrate  
From my car into the club, we migrate  
From the bar to V.I.P., we migrate  
From the party to the afterparty, migrate  
Afterparty to hotel, migrate  
This is where it begins and ends at the very same time  
Teddy Pain, the main man of the hour  
Got a flow that'll flex yo' tire  
Got stacks plus I'm back with Mariah  
We stay down like four flats on the Cadillac  
Packed to the back, we fall flat, girls  
If you feel like doing a dance  
I'm gonna pull up my pants, c-c-c'mon back, girl  
But I gotta migrate to bar, from the bar to the flo'  
From the flo' to the car, from the car to the crib  
Then back to the club, we can migrate in that  
Mini Coupe sitting on dubs  
Oh, whatcha waiting on? I can't stand in one place  
I'm on the Platinum Patron  
And I hate when I don't get it my way  
So don't wait for me to buy drinks or you gon' dehydrate  
It's time to migrate, yeah  
Soon as I'm walking through the door  
They know I'm from the 8-5-0  
I need three bottles of that Patron  
I can make the Chevrolet creep so slow  
If your \*\*\*\* and your \*\*\* coordinate  
Shawty show it like it ain't okay  
We can move this back to my place  
Shawty best believe it's time to migrate  
Soon as we walk through the door  
Fellas be grabbing at us like yo  
Trying to get us going off that Patron  
We sipping Grigio slow  
If you're inked up, thugging, that's what I like  
I spotted your Lamborghini outside  
Obviously boy, you're qualified  
Otherwise, migrate  
Keep it moving, bounce

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Lyrics provided by  
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