

# Migos Origin

## Migos

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uh yo

Woah

Uh! Disrupted the game, the industry was shook up

Three young rich niggas, never did a push up

You want the origin of the flow, you better shut the fuck up

And listen up, to what the Migos bout to cook up (Quavo) We killed the Versace, we went to Bahamas, shout out  
to the islands

Mommas and daughters taking a picture with me and they smiling

Charlemagne say the gang Donkey of the Day (Charlamagne?)

Billboard magazine, forty-five K

Word on the street they say the Migos wanted

But they can't find the Migos, so they bite their recorders

When you ask for a show, can you seriously afford it

Check my schedule, itinerary loaded of course

Check my dab, it's priceless and my niggas is righteous

I don't got no type, but I love to fuck Pisces

The chains on my neck, I might get arthritis

Yrn Tha Album first album going diamond, got my mama a Benz

Just to show her I'm grinding

Green dots in the pen but I hate the confinement

When Offset got out of jail he ate a bowl of hundreds

Dropped the Rich Nigga Timeline and we was crossed the country Disrupted the game, the industry was shook  
up

Three young rich niggas, never did a push up

You want the origin of the flow, you better shut the fuck up

And listen up, to what the Migos bout to cook up Skrrt, cook up, graat, he shook up

I'm trapping the white, that Ku Klux

My niggas got grenades and bazookas

On the private jet we smoking up in indica

A hundred thousand, got a pick up in India

Headed to locker, we changed the millennium

Thirty thousand for a walk through minimum

Snakes in the grass start spinning out venom  
That come with the territory when a nigga winning  
Tinted windows on the sprinter you don't need to see this image  
The blogs say I need to calm down, fuck a image  
Your CEO a busta and my CEO a hustler  
Choppa sound like percussion, run up on me repercussion  
Came from nothing, came home with a half a million, hurt my stomach  
I'm taking good care of my kids but they mamma get nothing  
And if you think it's wrong this ain't the right song you're bumping  
Welcome to the jungle, lions, elephants and monkeys  
Never see me lonely, best believe nina on me  
Stuffed crust, my pocket walking with a 50 on me  
Disrupted the game, the industry was shook up  
Three young rich niggas, never did a push up  
You want the origin of the flow, you better shut the fuck up  
And listen up, to what the Migos bout to cook up  
Pyrex pot on the stove, take that eggbeater cook up  
They looking for the origin  
Wanna know how did we make this shit up  
Came in there right and we fucking it up  
Jump off the banana boat, call me King Tut  
Niggas be biting our swag I tried to switch it up  
But these niggas still don't get enough  
Niggas with attitude don't give a fuck  
Young nigga flexing never did a push up  
Migo flow everybody wanna look it up  
Every ten years it's on my story bro  
I bet you listen up, you don't gotta like it  
Yo favorite rapper he be biting  
When I step in the booth, its a moment of silence  
I bet yo bitch she get excited  
When I'm doing show my front end and that back end be enormous  
I need a double cup with my Backwood when I'm on stage performing  
Can't get in my tour bus bitch, ain't tryna fuck, it's only five in the morning  
I got some Dominican bitches that sucking and fucking and back to the origin  
Disrupted the game, the industry was shook up  
Three young rich niggas, never did a push up  
You want the origin of the flow, you better shut the fuck up  
And listen up, to what the Migos bout to cook up, ha!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>