

Commando

Migos

They said it was called the trap
But on the north side we call it the bando
Yeen' know
Naw for real All my niggas turn to Rambo or commando
We the first ones that came up with the bando
Talking 'bout you got the Act but what they goin' for
I'm bout to start extorting niggas for that Migo flow
We the ones that really came in with the kicking doors
Same niggas brought Versace to the centerfold
Take off on the plug, I hit him with the finger roll
If you can buy the car then why the fuck you rent it for
All of my niggas they ready to get you and hit you and flip you
And never leave no witnesses to see you
And if you, thinkin' 'bout calling your mommy, your daddy, your brother, your sister
That chopper hit you, having a seizure
I been teaching niggas lingo like I'm a teacher
Mamacita, she looking like a picture of Mona Lisa
Fucked 'em up with the dab, so we goin' up on the feature
All of my bitches they piped up and conceited Ta-Ta-Takeoff
All rose gold on, call it Rose Bowl
I got the key and the game on lock like a cheat code
Fuck a bad bitch, I'm fucking with the fleek hoes
And I'd never give my soul up for a bankroll
Niggas get lucky standing right there by the rainbow
No rain though, I'm in the Yung Rich Nation raincoat
Good aim though, that red dot right up at your Kangol
Looking in my DM and I see your main ho
You know we the ones that came up with the bando
Them boys talking 'bout the boards on the windows
When you trapping keep a shooter at the front door
Fuck, 12!, running out the back door
The ring on my pinky is bigger than a globe
Skippa Da Flippa done flipped a nigga, never fold
Piping up in front of your bitch, you get elbowed
Ping pong, hit a nigga with the ring on
Yung Rich Nation jeans on, it's your theme song
So many pints in my crib, it's a lean home
I'm so high I just need a wall to lean on
Phone home, get so stoned when we gone

Cookie smoking, the ozone, rich snowcone
Mink, it cost five, I leave the coat on
Bitch time to get your roll on
Clap a nigga with the Ric Flair robe on
Hold on All my niggas turn to Rambo or commando
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All of my bitches they piped up and conceited Offset!
Semi-automatic out the window of the Caddy
I know this shit is tragic, toss your bitch up like a salad
Walk up in the Mansion, I just made a money pilin'
Trappin' out the bando, selling crack up in the alley
I sent my young niggas, I got Foo with the tool
Contemplating should I drop a four or drop a deuce
Heard you a real slick looking for a good lick
But my niggas ain't going for the bullshit
I got the stick, nigga don't trip
Nigga run up in your house and tying up your bitch
Boot up that bitch in the morning on grits
J's at the bando in the morning, got to fix
I'm sitting on the pedestal, my diamonds look impeccable
Your bitch sucking my dick just like an edible
Make her take a physical like medical
Fucking bitches over, she like it's a miracle
You niggas don't even know I got some pain in me
Missing my grandma, wish she could sing to me
A lot of dirt I did, I got some shame in me
When I'm pulling up I drop the brain on it
Came in the game with the fashion statement
We dropped Versace, the fame it came quick
Got to stay focused, consistent, don't quit
Brick on my wrist and it make me a lick All my niggas turn to Rambo or commando
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Fucked 'em up with the dab, so we goin' up on the feature
All of my bitches they piped up and conceited Quavo
The way they took a nigga's dab I want to smack a nigga
Knock a nigga's lights out, uncle whack a nigga
These niggas made out of plastic like a action figure
I can't kick it with your bitch, I ain't no Falcon's kicker
Young nigga in the hood eating Honey-sicles
I'ma send your ho a text with the purple pickle
Nigga I ain't gotta flex, I'm a real nigga
I know niggas in the bando still trapping nickles
Pop a perc, you think I'm Marshawn eating Skittles
Everybody still comparing Migos to the Beatles
Who the fuck you think you scaring with that lil Nina?
Call my niggas and they pulling up like Al-Qaeda
Damn I mean Al-Qaeda, spray 'em like a firefighter
For fucking with the albino, feeling like Mekhi Phifer
Niggas having ghostwriters, stripes like I'm Tony Tiger
Migo gang the three igniters, then they try to doubt us
I know you remember the titans
I know we got the touch like we work for Midas
Light my cookie with the purple in it like the Vikings
Came from a long road, you the one that starts hitchhiking
I pour a glass of water 'cause you wanna pop a Vicodin
I open up the door, she said damn my mans you're frightening
Spikes on my shoe, yeah I'm Christian Lou, Mike-ing it
Where's Quavo? Bitch I'm in another continent

Songwriters

QUAVIOUS MARSHALL, KIRSHNIK BALL, KIARI CEPHUS Published by

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