

Slide On Em (feat. Blac Youngsta)

Migos

[Intro]

Young rich nigga shit, know what I'm sayin'?[Hook]

Drop my top now

My prices cut down

Your niggas tough now

Till they hear that gun sound

(Baow, baow, baow, brrraow, baow, brrraow)

Till they hear that gun sound

(Fuck nigga, fuck nigga, baow, baow, brrraow)

Baow, baow, gun sound

Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga

Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga

Drop my top now

My prices cut down

Your niggas tough now

Till they hear that gun sound

[Verse 1]

Keep my eyes on that nigga

Keep my eyes on that nigga

I put his stitches in lil pistols

I got a drone that's digital

Your nigga be talkin' tough

But really don't wanna get physical

Nigga you run and we bust

Fuck in your home while you cuff

Whippin' to a rock up

I don't do nothin' but pipe up

I shoulda played for the Thunder

But instead I trap with youngster

Sit on my money with comfort

Spread and the dab caught the country

I do a show out in Spain and get back in go back to the gang

I might go give him a 10, know it ain't nothin', go get a Mustang

Damn they callin' my phone, they keep telling me that the dope is insane

Pour out my liquor for all of my niggas that died or locked up in the chains[Hook]

Drop my top now

My prices cut down

Your niggas tough now

Till they hear that gun sound

(Baow, baow, baow, brrraow, baow, brrraow)
Till they hear that gun sound
(Fuck nigga, fuck nigga, baow, baow, brrraow)
Baow, baow, gun sound
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga
Drop my top now
My prices cut down
Your niggas tough now
Till they hear that gun sound[Verse 2: Offset + Blac Youngsta]
Drop my top now, Lambo too loud
Richest nigga in the car lot, me, my niggas, we don't fall out
Get gunned down, better run now
Watch what you say, cut your tongue out
Fuck all that shit that you talkin' bout
(?) we run in your momma's house
Grass so I can't see the snakes now I gotta come cut your lawn down
My (?) little killers on frontline, they robbin', drug dealin', till sun down
I pull up in curtain in privacy
Smokin' on cookie, I know she acknowledge me
She givin' me knowledge, psychology, I'm dabbin' the deal like somebody just body me
I'll fuck your baby moma while your kids there
In the same house you pay bills so I can leave her
If a nigga ever play with one of my Migo brothers, I'ma put him in a wheel chair
We gangster so it is no fear here
My lil killers they will kill you for real here
Catch you in traffic is road kill
We wipin' you lil nigga's nose here[Hook]
Drop my top now
My prices cut down
Your niggas tough now
Till they hear that gun sound
(Baow, baow, baow, brrraow, baow, brrraow)
Till they hear that gun sound
(Fuck nigga, fuck nigga, baow, baow, brrraow)
Baow, baow, gun sound
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga
Drop my top now
My prices cut down
Your niggas tough now
Till they hear that gun sound[Outro]
Slide, slide, slide
Slide, slide, slide
Drop my top now

My prices cut down
Your niggas tough now
Till they hear that gun sound
Slide, slide, slide
Slide, slide, slide
Gun sound
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga
Slide on that nigga, slide on that nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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