

Ounces

Migos

Zaytoven

Migos! Metro!

I mean all I ever wanted to be

Y'all know what we wanted to be

Uh, rich! All I ever wanted was some motherfuckin' guala (money)

Bando used to smell like some stinkin' enchiladas (bando)

The streets is a jungle, got to watch for the koalas (snoopers)

All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces

Ounces, ounces, ounces

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Ounces, ounces, ounces

Whole lot of ounces! (whole lot)

Ounces, ounces, ounces

Ounces, ounces, ounces

All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces (Quavo!)

Walk around with large amounts of guala on me (cash!)

I'm walking around with a pocket rocket, don't run up on me lonely

Bought my first Audi with the fish scale guts

Now I got the bitches, wanna fuck, they wanna cuddle up

Wanna come to the bando, knock two times then twist the handle

Got everything in stock, whatever you need, just ask me

I'm selling that kush to Asher, Rel Money, got a whole bag of Ashley
Money taller than mountains, drinking lean out of damn water fountains

She so bad gave me erection or eroused, whatever you call it

Bitch, me and my team been balling

Bet your label keep motherfucking calling

Woke up to a bitch this morning, got 16 new text message

10 of em' saying "go get to the guap", other 6 saying "Migos up next"

G-g-g-g-gone! All I ever wanted was some motherfuckin' guala (money)

Bando used to smell like some stinkin' enchiladas (bando)

The streets is a jungle, got to watch for the koalas (snoopers)

All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces

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Whole lot of ounces! (whole lot)

Ounces, ounces, ounces

Ounces, ounces, ounces
 All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces When I was a kid all I wanted was a hundred dollar bill
 Now I'm 19, young nigga want 100 mil
 Selling whole things, want an ounce? Can't bust the seal
 Wanna be a trapper? Never serve a nigga where you live
 In the Bando counting chips no poker, weighing bales of Okra
 I got lots of O's, put my name right next to Al Capone
 I'm a Wizard, Antwan Jamison
 My plug ain't Kangaroo Jack, but he Australian
 And he got crack sacks in the knapsack
 Critics say I'm a product of my environment
 Selling that dope to economists, menace to society
 On the top of the mountain, you under me
 Young nigga, I'm trapping and grinding
 No scale for the workers, I'm eying it
 You niggas still nickel and diming
 Remix the dope and you niggas still buying it All I ever wanted was some motherfuckin' guala (money)
 Bando used to smell like some stinkin' enchiladas (bando)
 The streets is a jungle, got to watch for the koalas (snoopers)
 All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces
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 Whole lot of ounces! (whole lot)
 Ounces, ounces, ounces
 Ounces, ounces, ounces
 All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces Fuck the rap game cause these rap niggas really ain't shit
 I hop in the Audi, I hop in the Bentley
 Fuck it I'm smashing that bitch
 Young rich nigga with the Rollie wrist
 Trapping and capping, I'm selling the birdie
 You fuck niggas really ain't serving
 Selling the bricks to the plug up in Berlin
 Put the dope in the water, hit it with the egg beater
 Sipping lean, yeah I'm good on tequila
 My neck is so sick, got the measles
 This for my my niggas that trap in the Regal
 Ounces, ounces, ounces
 Molly Santana's tall as a mountain
 Put the molly on top of her tongue
 She sucking and fucking, she ain't got no manners
 Back to the basics, I'm counting these faces
 My pockets inflating off trapping the babies
 You niggas fugazy, my niggas, they strapped like the Navy

I'm the mayor, matter fact, I'm the president
Sipping on Actavis, like it's my medicine
Throwing the bird with accuracy, all of you niggas is amateur
Pull up in Phantoms, but trap out of Challengers All I ever wanted was some motherfuckin' guala (money)
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All I ever wanted was to get rid of them ounces

Songwriters

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