Crown the Kings

Migos

[Intro: Quavo]
Fuck it, crown the king
You dig?
You know know what I mean?
Fuck it, crown the king
Been truffle for the queen
G.I.A, my rings
G.I. Joe, my team
Fuck what you mean
Fuck what you mean
Talking too cheap
Like money and green
[Refrain: Quavo]
Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em
Nigga might think you FED's the way you snap pictures[Verse 1: Quavo]
Shawty look like she serve the way she ride with niggas
Get what you earn when you serve with pistols
Trigger, finger, itching, itching RIP to Pistol Pete
She hit that line, Ronda Fletcher
Fish bowl, wrist swimming on the fish
Catch a Babe Ruth, the bat
I batted the bat
Two hoes attached, call them Siamese cats (Siamese twins)
I do all stunts, I kick like a football punt
You wanna talk loans? I made three mil this month
You wanna talk keys? The white with the black wrap looking like nuns
You wanna talk thieves? One side got it coming in, none
[Chorus: Quavo]
Fuck it, crown the kings
We're living the dream
Crown the kings
Living the dream[Refrain: Quavo]
Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em

Nigga might think you FED's the way you snap pictures[Verse 2: Offset]
Drown the ice with medicine
Drown your bitch with the skeleton
I'm on the stove cooking elements
The skies the limit, I'm heaven-sent
Dripping the flies, a pelican
Buy my a zoo, I got elephants
They saucy, these niggas not relevant
They copy the bros and it's evident
Riding in the red Wraith, row your boat
My soul devoted
Bank loans are loaded
Cash out, no notice
Rolls Royce came with a chauffeur
Stick in the couch and the sofa
Five Karat in my ear, it's bolted
Hand me the fine smoke
Me and my bitches like B and Hova
Go do a show in the 'Sota
Stash the 100's they mowed up
Fuck on your bitch til' she throw up
Stick to the code, don't fold up
Boujee bitch, her nose up
Smashing the thot, do I toe-tap
Hundred round drums, cold cuts[Chorus: Quavo]
Fuck it, crown the kings
We're living the dream
Crown the kings
Living the dream[Refrain: Quavo]
Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em[Verse 3: Takeoff]
I got every drug that start with a letter
Chickens is tender
With her she said I'm
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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