

Forrest Whitaker

Migos

We got big guns like Marvin
I'm spittin' fire like a arson
Hop out the Lam and don't park it
You talking bout gas, we having a forest
Came from the gump no Forrest
one eye open like I'm Forrest (who you talking bout?)
Forrest Whitaker, if you didn't get the picture
My niggas keep the big missilesBreaking your safe house like WhitakerForrest Whitaker, if you didn't get the picture
My niggas keep the big missilesBreaking your safe house like Whitaker2 million on the mansion, nigga
name is Caesar
I'm the last king on the North, so I gotta look out for my people
Mansion got a panic room in it, dare a nigga try to break up in it
Came from the gump I'm feeling like Forrest, walking the trap I'm experimental
Street kings off a bling bling
It's a brand new day and a bird gon' sing
Rich niggas on the same thangYung Rich Nation we just living the dream
All this gold like I'm livin' in ZuluWelcome to my kingdom like Shaka Zulu
I don't want your hoe because she working voodooSpaghetti, [?], don't like it but you do
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Bloodsport, shit can get physicalI like the color of money, they callin' me Eamus like I'm Forrest Whitaker
I'm riding the sprinter it's bullet proof
No Forrest, but I'm in the phone booth
My diamonds shining take a peek at youCanary yellow diamonds, Pikachu
Everyday's Halloween we pulling out costumes
And these kids love me like I'm a cartoon
The streets are like the Vietnam warWhen the bitches see me they get star struck
I can't argue with no niggas, cause shit can get physical
Bullets come flipping and it was critical
I don't think I hit 'em, but I know I hit 'em cause they calling them WhitakerWe got big guns like Marvin
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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