Mediterranean

Quality Control, Offset & Travis Scott

Ricky Racks
That's a groupie, bye bitch
Copped the coupe, that's my bitch
We got sticks, we pop shit
Look at these diamonds biting
Freakazoid chain on lightning
Wedding band rings ain't wife shit, uh
Nigga we'll bomb shit, ISIS
47 at the end where the knife is
Brick and a half where the pipe is, uh
Jetway, runway with the big face
SK, gunplay, get a temp fade
Migo gang, Nawfside, yeah the gang way (Offset)
I gotta tell the truth
I was expected to lose
I had to pay my dues, yeah
All of these chains on me
I brought the gang with me
Put on the plain Phillipe, yeah
Pop that seal, hop off on a Lear
How I feel, my mama wrist on trill
Watch your daughter before she disappear
'Cause I'm her father, I take care all my kids
Splurge on 'em, look at them curbs on 'em
Swerve the corners, she callin' it spur of the moment
Packin' the shit, packin' the, packin' the dick in the bitch
Oh, that is your bitch, I do not wanna just hit on her, leave
You niggas be talkin' like bitches, it's pitiful, pitiful, makin' me sick
We pull out these choppers, start poppin', need critical, critter not makin' it's trip
I, wrap up a brick like a gift and I send it delivered
Oh you gotta survive, you lie, you live in the field
No, no nigga alive can scare me, God is my shield
Rode around the Nawfside givin' out hundreds of bills
Some of my soldiers ain't survive, I never thought niggas be killed
Look at my shows, my fans are live, the thrill is givin' me chills
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Turned her out to a runner, yeah (alright)
Jumpin' out of the jungle, bring 'em in by the bundle
Goin' in for the summer, hey
Wallet change like the cash
Forty clip make you do the forty yard dash
Don't you hold nothing back (alright)
Rubberband pop it, make you pop the whole ass, yeah
Make me relocate (straight up)
Told me do not play, I do
Sonic wildin', time to dive in (yeah)
Backyard of the woods, gotta drive in
Butterfly the doors and you dive in
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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