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 That's a groupie, bye bitch Copped the coupe, that's my bitch We got sticks, we pop shit

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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 wayOn the road, chocolate thunder, big rocks, royal rumble

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

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

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

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/