

Intro (feat. Quavo, Offset & Lil Yachty)

Quality Control

Monsta's gon' tear it up
Feel me
Nawfside shit nigga, you know what I mean
Y'all thought this shit was over or somethin',
You know what I mean, this shit ain't over nigga Chanel and Dolce Gabbana
I bought that shit for my mama
I stood right in front of your honor, huh
When I got home, ran up commas
Ooh, Cartiers on look like Arthur, uh
Bitch I'm your daddy, your father
Who that be talkin' 'bout drama
Bitch on my mama we gonna solve 'em
I'm with Mango Foo hangin' out of the roof
Chasin' the loot, never caught in the loop
Sick with the flute, cook a brick in the booth
In the Mulsanne and my seat the masseuse
Throw the bitch off of the back, it's an oop
She wanna fuck the whole group
But I can't cuff her, no shackles on you
We fuck and that's all that we do
Bon appétit, let's eat
Ate a plate full of molly, she geeked
Hachoo, she sneezed
Bitch on her knees off the skis
When I fuck do not call me back, please
Diamonds all white like the priest
Maison Margiela on sleeves
I'm dressin' like I'm Japanese
The doors was closed, I kicked it open
I had the fire, it was cocked and loaded
Stand in the kitchen with my eyes wide open
Need a gas mask, it's too potent
Your ho like to fuck, her pussy smoking
The street that you walking on, we control it
Quality Control this shit (control it)
Quality Control your bitch (control her)
You might wanna hold your diss (huh?)
'Cause nigga we folding shit
Walk in the spot, so many straps
Nigga whose pole is this?
Now the hot records I'm on it
Young nigga, you owe me this

YRN, throwin' up QC
We got trap stars and we on TV (TV)
Fuck on the system, nigga free Meek (free Meek)
Carats jumping off the chain, 3D (3D)
Whippin' up bricks in the teepee (teepee)
And then the braves serve J's on your street
Superstar shawty, my newest bitch super woke
Pull out that ho, give her super throat
Bank account look like a goddamn Uber code
Keep it lowkey but I'm hittin' you niggas' hoes
Free my bro Nino from prison, yeah
He hide the crack in the ceiling, yeah
Quay bought a whip so I gotta go get one too
We coppin' whips like it's none' to do
Pour a four in a Sprite, not no Mountain Dew
We hit these hoes then we switch-a-roo
I done hit everything in the city
Quay done hit everything in the city
Take done hit everything in the city
Old fuck niggas hate me, huh (fuck 'em)
I got the kids on lock, huh
She eatin' kids on spot, huh
I parked the Yacht at the dock
Got a new Glock, same color parking lot (hoo)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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