

# FuckEmx3 (feat. Migos)

## OG Maco

Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
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Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Musty pussy maggot bitches tryna lick my sack for riches  
Mhm, yeah yeah, bet I seen your plan, uh huh  
Bet I smelled it out, uh huh  
Now we met their daughter's cross the map  
East coast to the west coast, OG Mac doin the fucking most  
Yeah yeah, told em bitch you guessed it, now I'm living  
Drinking, popping the seal, got no prescription  
You can read it, you can see it, you can want it but you won't achieve it  
You can see me but nigga, can you be me?  
No no, no no, yeah yeah, fuck em fuck em fuck em  
I ain't do it by myself Alotta niggas want to hate on me  
What's the reason, nigga who knows  
Say I'm focused on the wrong shit  
We just putting up the new door  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
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Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em  
We don't love em, love em, love em  
I'm a hustler, hustler, hustler  
Rolex diamond flooded, flooded  
Police they watching, investigation undercover  
I would never tell on my brother, I put it on my mother  
Pull out the chopper, the chopper eat him like he mustard  
Look at me now nigga, money grew up, Rudy Huxtable  
Mason Margiella, we mafia like Goodfellas  
I got 20 bitches on my schedule, I'm living better  
When you go to a Migos show it's looking like Coachella  
When the police ask me questions, acting like I don't know better  
Fuck a nigga, we don't give a fuck about a sucker nigga  
I got a milly, bought a Bentley, hundred rounds up in my semi  
Hit the fuck nigga with a chopper, do you feel me now?  
You a bitch nigga, pussy nigga, you need a fucking blouse  
Fake goon, cartoon, you a mickey mouse  
I got your bitch in my condo, I'm bout to fuck her now  
Take a ride with a G, nigga buckle down  
QC fuck nigga, catch 100 rounds

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Yeah yeah, woohoo, yeah yeah  
Fuck em, fuck em, fuck em Fuck em, fuck em, nigga get out my section  
Don't want to see him, I don't want to touch him  
Look at my diamonds, my jeweler from Russia  
Walk in the club with 50 chains like I'm Busta  
When I say fuck em, migos come and get em  
OG Maco and Migos some real niggas  
Got 50 pigeons in the charger  
Pull up on the plug make that steal nigga  
I'm pitchin' hardball like the Dodgers  
I got the Green Bay pack, Aaron Rodgers  
Chopper bullet coming, better dodge em  
In the kitchen, cooking pot like a cobbler  
I pull out the pistol like Mad Max off Shottas Yeah yeah yeah, like OG Maco said, fuck em,  
fuck em, fuck em  
You ran off with the work but flexing in the city, Stupid motherfucker  
My mama told me I can fuck em  
But you better not never ever trust em  
They say Actavis discontinued, check my cup I'm sipping muddy trouble  
Pull up on a nigga at the red light  
Hit em with the chopper he a dead motherfucker  
You fuck with my money, it's repercussions  
Niggas start running when they see the chopper, a nigga gunning  
Killing and itching and I got the bodies Don't know where to dump em  
Wrapping the work like a mummy, finessing the plug for dummies  
100K when I be kicking, pimping, dripping in London  
When I open up the OG, smell like a bag of the Funyons Alotta niggas want to hate on me  
What's the reason, nigga who knows  
Say I'm focused on the wrong shit  
We just putting up the new door

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