

Blue Cheese (feat. Migos)

2 Chainz

50,000 on me, I'm a walkin' lick
She fuck with the squad, she gon' grip the stick
Came from the rags to riches, now we got bags and bitches
Came from the rags to riches, now we got bags and bitches
Blue cheese in my Off Whites
I've been drinkin' codeine all night
Got your bitch out her DM, put her on a flight
I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs
My side chick got pregnant by her main dude and I'm offended
I called, she ain't pick up, I text her back, bitch you stingy
I'm in all black like a ninja, chain got influenza
Walk in the traphouse, use my Cartiers for credentials (God damn!)
I'm going wildebeest, all on my enemies
Negative energy, I could do anything, I got the guillotine
Off with they head
Known to pull off and get head
Drippin so much sauce on your bitch look like she wettin' the bed
I could do more than just say it, strip club veteran head uh uh!
I am still gettin' this bread, bought her a Birkin bag uh uh!
Everyone look at the tag, I do the digital dash uh uh!
I can do more than just brag, I can back it up UH UH!
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Got your bitch out her DM, put her on a flight
I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs
Blue cheese, no ranch, all hunnids
10 racks on me that's mall money
I just bought a Lamb Ima crawl on it
Get on top, she act a dog with it
I'm on this drink need to slow down
Racks in back it won't slow down
You had a sack but it's gone now
Safari diamond, money long now
Better wake up, smell the coffee
Black man with a lot of money, got the white man wanna off me
You was my mans but you lost me
Poppin xans, I'm exhausted
Cookie smellin like a mosh pit

Pop a perk, kinda nauseous
50 ? shit colossus
Hey, With this money I could stay up and survive
We go live, smoke this dope and ride
We too fly, bad bitches in the archive
Oh so high, money make me so high
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Got your bitch out her DM, put her on a flight
I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs
I'm havin blue cheese
And I'ma get it by any means
Flexing on niggas like Hercules
Fucking on bitches with double D's
I met the plug, got 100 keys
Give me that block and I gotta seize
These niggas sick homie wanna get rid of me
I'm at the top and they under me
I hit the lot and don't ask for the tag
Racks in my pockets, they lookin like kneepads
Flexin my all white with Benjamin Franklin
Put the work steady blue cheese in the bag
My life I'm livin it fast
One thing I cannot do is go out sad
They know me but don't know my past
And if you know me you know I'm about my cash
The Nawfside, call it Baghdad, make a nigga 40 yard dash
The Nawfside, where the bags at, I was breakin my wrist in the glass (Whippin it!)
Smoking on Barry Bonds in the Huracan, spinning work like I'm Taz
Migos and Chainz in the city, go to your girl code
Had to bring out that bag
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I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs
Blue cheese in my Off Whites
I've been drinkin' codeine all night
Got your bitch out her DM, put her on a flight
I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs
When you wake up in the morning
When you wake up in the morning

Blue cheese in my Off Whites

Blue cheese in my Off Whites

(Uhh, uhh)

Boy, my uncle 12 shawty

I had to take my uncle to school this morning shawty

And he got suspended

'Cause he smelled like weed when he got there

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

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