

# South Africa

## Quality Control & Quavo

Yeah, yeah Skeleton on my wrist, no bones in my closet (yeah)  
Drippin', put that bitch on water like a faucet (drippin')  
Whole lot of M's in the attic (M's)  
I got a bad habit (habit)  
Young nigga turned to a savage (savage)  
He gon' go get at me, yeah (gon' get at me)  
Hear that saxophone, I'm in the air like drones (air like drones)  
Hardhead nigga got a head of stone (head of stone)  
I'm in South Africa, long way from home (long way)  
I recorded this when I was in my zone (yeah yeah)  
I got the streets on lock, it's tied up (tied up)  
Ain't no lecture taught me fired up (fired up)  
Everybody with me got they size up (size up)  
No slippin', trippin', keep your eyes up (no slippin', trippin')  
Yeah, I got a gadget (gadget)  
So many karats could be the rabbit (karat)  
I got the package (package)  
It's so big I gotta cash it (cash it)  
Make me go eat, some cookin' up a dope feast (feastin')  
On the phone with Luis, I told him bring like four a week  
No inglo inglo inglo but I made the plug speak (inglo)  
Kilo kilo kilo, Huncho El Chapo's Nino (kilo)  
Free throw free throw free throw, got 'em at the line like free throw (free throw)  
Keep dope, watch me cook it like a bistro (load)  
Got to survive in the streets, the hotline blow (survive)  
Whole hood too solid, ain't nobody told (solid)  
Get out of line with the gang, nigga must be bold (gang)  
Leave me stranded on an island, watch me make a stove (whip it)  
Yeah, yeah (whip it)  
And call it Wilson (whip it)  
Yeah, call it Wilson  
Big Pun  
I might run you all down and kill one  
I might sell two and keep one (keep one)  
I just like blue, that mean money (blues)  
We might split it but it's a whole ten milly (ten milly)  
We might be trippin', when it's time we get to drillin' (might be trippin')  
Hurt they feelings, cry 'em up the ceilings (cry 'em up)  
Ice chain, QC keep on spinning (spinning)  
These bitches dangerous gotta watch 'em 'cause they stealing ('cause they stealing)  
They want your fame and want your money, want your feelings  
All the tears in my grandma's casket, no more Easter basket

I can't love no more women, I left my heart in a casket  
Serving that dope in Magic (serve), my life was drastic (serve)  
Got a hundred thousand, didn't pay my taxes  
It was four of us, we feelin' like Fantastic (four)  
Huncho, Rel, 'Set, and Take, whatever you dream we havin' it  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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