

PASS OUT (feat. 21 Savage)

Quavo

22 million dollars in cash left on the street
The boy who picked up the cash? Went on a mission
(Buddah Bless this beat)
It's the most money I've ever felt or touched
Buddah, Huncho, go!
Woo, woo, woo, woo (Yeah) I brought my niggas to the bank, then we cashed out
I brought my bitch to the bank, then she passed out (Bitch)
Woo, woo, woo, yes sir
Woo (Hey!), woo (That's hard), yes sir
I do not talk about niggas out my damn mouth (No)
I pull up on you, pull the trigger, then I air it out (Uh)
Woo, woo, woo, yes sir
Woo (Hey!), woo, woo, woo, yes sir Skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr (Huncho)
Skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr
Yeah, whip it like I can't stand it (Skrrt, skrrt)
Pull up, park and do damage (Skrrt)
Trap house to a mansion (Trap)
I put that on my granny (Grandma)
Grandma, yeah
Grandma Let me see that lighter (Hey)
Fire a nigga ass up, yerr (Yeah)
Missed his head so I caught him in the ear (Grrrah)
I should face tattoo a hundred tears (Huh?)
All these rappers wanna make disappear (Woo)
In the spotlight lookin' like deers (Deer)
'Specially when we pull up pressin' (Press 'em)
'Specially when we pull up flexin' (Flexin')
'Specially when we pull up checkin' (Check 'em)
150 cash on a necklace (Ice)
Young nigga scrapin' them extras (Skrrt)
Movin' 'em blocks, no Tetris (Blocks)
Wrap 'em a lot like Texas
I brought my niggas to the bank, then we cashed out
I brought my bitch to the bank, then she passed out (Bitch)
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Woo (Hey!), woo (That's hard), yes sir
I do not talk about niggas out my damn mouth (No)
I pull up on you, pull the trigger, then I air it out (Uh)
Woo, woo, woo, yes sir
Woo (Hey!), woo, woo, woo, yes sir Lil' mama fine as hell, but she actin' saditty (Stuck up)
I'm not Will Smith, but I'm tryna get jiggy (Fuck her)
I can show you how to make a band like Diddy

Get up out yo' feelings 'fore this
 choppa make you dance like Shiggy (21)
 6 God just like Drizzy (Skrait up)
 Shoot you in the back like Ricky (Skraight up)
 Seats peanut butter like Jiffy (Skraight up)
 Y'all niggas rats like Mickey (Skraight up)
 Thick women only, I'm picky (On God) Yellow diamonds on me, they pissy (On God)
 Elliott the one did all my ice,
 but I'm not talkin' bout Missy (On God)
 Pick your side (Yeah)
 One man army, don't need no side (Yeah)
 Rolls-Royce truck (Skraight up)
 Your bitch gettin' down on her knees inside (On God)
 Y'all gotta put shit together,
 'cause your money short, nigga, like Yeezy slides (Broke ass)
 The Bentley truck came with them,
 I ain't even have to put no TVs inside I brought my niggas to the bank, then we cashed out
 I brought my bitch to the bank, then she passed out (Bitch)
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 Woo (Hey!), woo, woo, woo, yes sir Skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr
 Skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr, skrr Yeah, hey! Only God I fear (God)
 It's ten bricks in the Lear (Bricks)
 Draco came with a mirror (Boom-boom-boom-boom)
 To watch my back (Uh, uh)
 Heard he got whacked (Huh, huh)
 The bando back (Uh)
 Cookin' from scratch (Uh, whip) Heard you the man now
 You do the dirt with your hands, huh? (Dirt)
 Get it for a lil' bit of change,
 feel like you pickin' up cans now (Uh)
 Satellites on the plane, think the prezi flyin' (Dope)
 Beep, beep! Fuck it, dead line (Fuck it)
 Took your bitch to the bank, now her head's mine (Tappy)
 If I ever have kids, inherit my bread line (Oh!)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>