

Fight Night

Migos

[Intro: Takeoff]

If you know me, know this ain't my feng shui
Certified everywhere, ain't gotta print my resume (Takeoff)
Talking crazy, I pull up, andale
R.I.P. to Nate Dogg, I had to regulate

[Interlude]

Ayy Twaun turn that beat down
Haha
Public Service Announcement
Where all my rich niggas at, man?
YRN shit, man
Migo!

[Chorus: Takeoff]

Broke niggas stand to the left (Left!)
My rich niggas stand to the right (To the right)
Lil' mama, she keep looking at me (Lil' mama!)
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night
Hit it with the left, hit it with the right
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night
Beat it with the left, beat it with the right
I'ma knock the pussy out like fight night

[Verse 1: Takeoff]

If you know me know this ain't my feng shui
Certified everywhere, ain't gotta print my resume (Takeoff)
Talking crazy, I pull up andale
R.I.P. to Nate Dogg, I had to regulate
Pocket rocket fire, watch him disintegrate
It's a truckload coming on the interstate (Truckload!)
Sirloin steak all on my dinner plate
Your main bitch say she wanna make a sex tape
Rich nigga, I could never be a broke nigga (Rich nigga)
Broke niggas, I can never get along with them
Always been hated since a little nigga (Always)
It's forever pussy nigga gotta deal with it (Rich nigga!)

[Chorus: Takeoff]

Broke niggas stand to the left

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[Verse 2: Quavo]

Quavo!

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Rumble, young nigga, rumble! (Rumble!)
Lil' mama want a nigga like me in the sheets
Ice Cube knock it out like Deebo (Bow, bow!)
Now who's that talking that gangsta shit?
Somebody gonna kick your ass (kick your ass)
When I walk up in the club I better make a thunderstorm (Yuh)
Let them know that this a whole lot of cash
Rich niggas on the right, all night (Rich nigga)
Broke niggas to the left, by yourself (Brokanese)
Now who the hell just said that the roof on fire?
Call 911 like Wyclef

[Chorus: Takeoff]

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[Verse 3: Offset]

I'm a rich nigga, I don't like a bitch nigga
Snitch nigga, broke nigga, I don't deal with you
All of my niggas, official, my bitches they skrippers
My niggas they criminals trying to get to the M&Ms
If your bitch is so innocent, why she sucking my children
Lights, camera, action, diamond dancing bitch we go in the building
Bad bitch make it clap, like Magnolia
Young rich nigga on the couch talking to Oprah
Bottles in the VIP while I stand on the sofa
I don't speak your language, Brokanese, I thought I told ya
These bitches they be smokin' on hookah, my nigga ballin' like Hoosiers
Pull up in the Double R, go scare ya bitch, Freddy Krueger
Flooded Franck Muller

[Chorus: Takeoff]

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