

Migos, Dirty Stick

Young nigga hit juugs with that dirty stick
Watch me scrap the pot (skurt!) with that dirty stick
She a bad bitch, finesse you, now she dirty, bitch
Oh my God, young nigga I love that dirty stick
Dirty sticks, dirty sticks, dirty sticks, dirty sticks
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Young rich nigga keep a dirty ass stick
Finesse you out the pair with your [?], that's a dirty bitch
Cooking up the pie with that dirty ass stick
Pow, pow, pow, gggraow with the dirty stick
What's that in your cup? Man that's that dirty shit. (Lean!)
All my goons go crazy they be on that dirty shit
Ridin' round the city in a dirt ass Benz
Had to cut some niggas off, I had some dirty ass friends
32 dirty birds and they white, look like Michael Jackson
Try me with the fuck shit, then my animals attack 'em
Uncle Sam, had to tax 'em
Warren Sapp, quarterback sack 'em
Good gas, good cookie, sip the Green Bay I pack 'em

I'm mobbin', I'm working the pot with them dirty sticks
Got bino all up in the pot, whipping up 36
Like Grady and Fred G. Sanford I don't fuck with no dirty bitch
I lick on the molly and hit that bitch with that metal stick
Longway Hefner on a nigga they calling the boy your majesty
Them dirty sticks, them dirty sticks, young nigga come blast a bitch
You cuffing your bitch, I'm cuffing your bitch
We switch and we smash that shit
You talking bout racks, they stuffed in my MCM bag
They next to my dirty stick
Don't fuck with no rat, no snitch, get found in a ditch
Get hot with that dirty stick
We call for them birds, young nigga with dirty sticks
They same what to happen Bird and shit
Got hit with them dirty, dirty sticks and they were finessed by a bitch
Slim Dunkin on layup and shit, 3 amigos along with his shit
Took [?] to serve up a brick, instead of shopping we

I be playing with them dirty birds like my name Jamaal
Pull up, hop out, I valet the Jag and Kamals'
Actavis that is my medicine
No internet but I'm connected to that white girl, Kevin Federline
Takeoff the vegetarian
I gotta have my lettuce and celery
I'm taking them trips to Beverly
I'm strapped with dirty artillery
The bando it got a dispensary
Lil mama she diggin' she feeling me
She told me she want to run round the lobby
I gave her a molly and left the club in the Ferrari
I'm pouring that dirty, that 40