

# Crown the Kings

## Migos

[Intro: Quavo]

Fuck it, crown the king  
You dig?

You know know what I mean?

Fuck it, crown the king  
Been truffle for the queen  
G.I.A, my rings  
G.I. Joe, my team  
Fuck what you mean  
Fuck what you mean  
Talking too cheap  
Like money and green

[Refrain: Quavo]

Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em  
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em  
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em  
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em

Nigga might think you FED's the way you snap pictures[Verse 1: Quavo]

Shawty look like she serve the way she ride with niggas  
Get what you earn when you serve with pistols  
Trigger, finger, itching, itching RIP to Pistol Pete  
She hit that line, Ronda Fletcher  
Fish bowl, wrist swimming on the fish  
Catch a Babe Ruth, the bat  
I batted the bat

Two hoes attached, call them Siamese cats (Siamese twins)

I do all stunts, I kick like a football punt

You wanna talk loans? I made three mil this month

You wanna talk keys? The white with the black wrap looking like nuns

You wanna talk thieves? One side got it coming in, none

[Chorus: Quavo]

Fuck it, crown the kings  
We're living the dream  
Crown the kings

Living the dream[Refrain: Quavo]

Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em  
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em  
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em  
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em

Nigga might think you FED's the way you snap pictures[Verse 2: Offset]

Drown the ice with medicine  
Drown your bitch with the skeleton

I'm on the stove cooking elements  
The skies the limit, I'm heaven-sent  
Dripping the flies, a pelican  
Buy my a zoo, I got elephants  
They saucy, these niggas not relevant  
They copy the bros and it's evident  
Riding in the red Wraith, row your boat  
My soul devoted  
Bank loans are loaded  
Cash out, no notice  
Rolls Royce came with a chauffeur  
Stick in the couch and the sofa  
Five Karat in my ear, it's bolted  
Hand me the fine smoke  
Me and my bitches like B and Hova  
Go do a show in the 'Sota  
Stash the 100's they mowed up  
Fuck on your bitch til' she throw up  
Stick to the code, don't fold up  
Boujee bitch, her nose up  
Smashing the thot, do I toe-tap  
Hundred round drums, cold cuts[Chorus: Quavo]  
Fuck it, crown the kings  
We're living the dream  
Crown the kings  
Living the dream[Refrain: Quavo]  
Nigga look like we'll, nigga look like we'll shoot at 'em  
Niggas look like we'll sponsor the dope and you sell 'em  
Nigga look like you'd snitch on a nigga, yeah, you tell 'em  
Nigga might think we UPS the way we mail 'em[Verse 3: Takeoff]  
I got every drug that start with a letter  
Chickens is tender  
With her she said I'm

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