

# Pop Sh\*t

## Quality Control & Migos

Ayy  
Ayy, you know who done fucked up right, you  
Uh  
Yeah, you  
Yo, you too nigga  
Yo yo, you too nigga  
Let me pop my shit, yeah you too nigga  
Backends we get, pop it  
Your ho been hit  
Oh you talkin' 'bout your bitch?  
The wrist been lit (ice)  
Live like this  
Nah for real nigga  
Hundred K spent on my wrist lil nigga  
Breakin' that pot and that dope gon' triple  
I left a tip for your bitch my nigga  
I fuck her mouth, her throat got bigger  
Pull up and hop out the car, drip  
Fuck on a bitch, she a star, drip  
Buy it and fuck what it cost, drip  
Try it and get knocked off, brtt  
They gon' eat up the dab, Jaws  
Never shop, crib came with a mall  
Free my niggas that's behind the wall  
Ain't gon' stop till they free my niggas all  
I can make a movie, Seagal  
No dribble, I ball  
And roll up a Backwood with Cookie as fat as a log  
Then hop in the frog  
I'ma go'n pop my shit  
I'ma pull up at six  
Number one, first draft pick  
Coupe, it came with the kit  
Real niggas all around me  
Lot of pussy niggas still exist  
Drank, it right under my trench  
Starter bitches on my bench  
The cookie pack came dense  
Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit  
Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit (pop)  
Pop shit, pop-pop-pop shit  
Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit (pop)

Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit  
Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit (pop)  
Pop shit, pop-pop-pop shit  
Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit (pop)I'ma go'n to pop my shit  
Hold on, let me talk my shit  
Tell her don't look my way  
Nigga I'll buy your bitch  
No wings attached  
You don't get fly like this  
No strings attached  
I'ma pop my shitDon't be poppin', get caught with the sawed-off (poppin')  
Whippin' cocaine, cookin' product (coke)  
Break down the dope like it's sawdust (break down)  
Look what the grind done bought us (look)  
Catch the bitches (catch), but I don't fetch the bitches (no)  
Catch your bitch, I ain't hit her, I was thinkin' about your feelings  
(here you go)  
I'ma glide on your bitch, do you hear me? (glide)  
Shooter on the bench and pop wheelies (brtt)  
QC nigga, pop millions (woo)  
We ain't gonna talk about the feelings (nah)  
We ain't gotta talk about the gremlins (nah)  
Paid shooters 'round me chillin' (baow)  
Pop it off baby, start kneeling (pop it off)  
Give me my racks off the dribble (racks)  
My papa pull up in a lizard (pull up)  
The eyes on that bitch like a gizzard (eyes)  
I get the money so vivid (racks)  
Young nigga I'm makin history (history)  
Set not going for dissing (nah)  
On a jet when I'm flying the distance (jet)  
Bad bitch she an assistant (bitch)  
Drive the bricks to Michigan (woo)Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit  
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I'ma pop my shitPop my shit, I pop it (pop it)  
Whole lotta bullets in the cartridge  
Told 'em, trust the process (trust it)

I'ma break em down, diagnostics (break it)  
Cup of the drank too toxic (woo)  
Stashin' the pint in the cockpit (stashin')  
Your bitch want my kids, she swallowed it (uhh)  
Came back up for oxygen (up)  
FN make a nigga move (move, move)  
Put a fuck nigga on the news (news, news)  
Mama drunk, let you drank booze (mama)  
'Cause her son done turned into food (damn)  
Big name came with the weight (woo)  
Rear cam all in the plates (yeah)  
Mix it in dog food, baked (skrt)  
Finesse me a nigga out of state (jugg)  
You turned to a woman, Cait (Jenner)  
Crisp back the lawn, mow the snakes (renter)  
Stick to the money, pace (stuck)  
Hit the gas to the top, it's a race (top)  
My wrist, can't stop, Ma\$e (woo)  
Give a bitch my cock, the taste (here)  
Got a M in the locked suitcase (cash)  
Mama found it when she broke the vase (damn ma)Pop shit, pop shit, pop shit, pop shit  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>