Migos, Fucked Up The Kitchen

God damn
Fuck
Whooohh
Fucked up the kitchen
Long way
Mama

Damn I'm running from task
What you gon do when the migos and longway running round with the mac
Young nigga searching for Bags
Hurricane wrist been in task
We fucked up the kitchen
Sorry mama I did it we fucked up the kitchen

Mama I fucked up the kitchen
Sorry steve urkel I did it
Me and peewee pull up in the speed
Ni ni with the loader it's stenching
Hoes in the kitchen cooking naked
I bet she won't take a gram
I'm not the black eye peas
But I can lead the peas like Will-I-AM

Cooking dope hit it with the turf
Country boy want a real erk
Choppa hit his ass murder murder
Longway and migo we on the block lurking
Me one connected we [?] of my search
Trapping og gas up out my bitch working
Giuseppe my toe and maybach with the curtain
And that one thing for sure and that two thing for certain

Damn I'm running from task
What you gon do when the migos and longway running round with the mac
Young nigga searching for Bags
Hurricane wrist been in task
We fucked up the kitchen
Sorry mama I did it we fucked up the kitchen

The kitchen it make me a mili
I took that mili and bought me a bentley
Fuck up the kitchen with a fork and a skillet
Ain't no competition my nigga we winning
Maison Margiela limited edition
Actavis sipping fucking up my kidneys
I but the boogers in my breitling bezel
That nigga looking like a pretty penny

Giuseppe stepper high top alligator
I sense all you niggas on a Schwarzonator
You see it's the label different flavor now or later
The choppa turned you to a harlem shaker
Don't fuck with them niggas that's ignorant
Trapping and getting it
I pull in the phantom
The ghost is a mystery
Migos the gang and my niggas made history
Literally pulling the rari from italy

Damn I'm running from task
What you gon do when the migos and longway running round with the mac
Young nigga searching for Bags
Hurricane wrist been in task
We fucked up the kitchen

Sorry mama I did it we fucked up the kitchen