Migos, Islands

Yo, nice to meet you
Adios!

We taking trips, on the islands
My bitch bad, she from the islands
Where the plug? He on the islands
No Gilligan, I'm on the islands
Splash, trip, islands
Water, islands
Splash, trip, lots of islands
Living on the islands

Quavo, Quavo, on the islands cooling like Gullah Gullah
I'm independent I ain't tryna sign to Warner Brothers
We'll take ten mil' for a Label deal
And I don't want the PT if it ain't Double Seal
Life is a gamble game, wrist still a hurricane
In a Audi getting brain, swerving in the other lane
They wanna fuck with me cause I'm a millionaire
Spectacular, the choppas in the back and in the frigidaire
You don't even wanna bust a move, come on my friend
Got them on stand-by on snooze, stand-by my free
I just pushed the button and you lose, you lose my free
PAW!

I got dreads like I'm from the islands
Smokin' weed like I'm from the islands
I just met a bad lightskin bitch on Highland
I'm a get some brand new pussy tonight
Dolla Sign and Migos we the trendsetters
Pushaz Ink the label we the trendsetters
That's yo' bitch, on God, she was just with us
That's yo' bitch, tonight, nigga don't kiss her
Rum and coke, she drink pina coladas
I only smoke kush, these niggas still on the chronic
Met a redbone, in bikini bottoms
Look just like Rihanna, say she from the islands

My bitch from the islands I covered her in diamonds
The haters can't stop me from shinin'
Don't play with me nigga, Machete will hit you
Young nigga you know that I'm Haitian
I had to stay down while we trappin' the vacant
Mama she said we would make it
Feels good to be rich
Got a jet, take a trip
Fuck nigga we made it!
The plug on the islands, no Gilligan
I pull out my wallet, finessin' him
I be with the migos, no Mexican
I'm a young rich nigga
I'm buying whatever no matter the cost
Yo' boyfriend about to come fuck with a boss
I ride in a Maybach, no Ross

Welcome to my island
Lions, bears, and tigers
Selling babies, cooking toddlers
Bad bitches givin' knowledge
Welcome to my land
Molly santan' kickstand
Choppas on deck like Iran
Whippin' and flippin' them candy yams
On the islands, no Gilligan

You niggas are sweeter than Cinnamon
I run to the money with energy
My loafers are 'gator amphibians
Rocca been trappin' for centuries
How the hell you don't know Benjamin?
You run up on me it's a penalty
His pack went missin', a mystery