

# Migos, Pack Gone Missing

Woosh, pack gone missing  
Migos!

Woosh, pack gone missing (Fheww!) [x4]  
Houdini me [x8]  
Woosh, pack gone missing [x2]  
Huh, huh, huh, gone!

Yea  
Fuck nigga I just took the set, I just took the pot  
Hit it with the Shaq' attack: slam dunk!  
It's nothing but 33 Larry Birds in the trunk  
We trappin' and cappin' the top floor  
Why the trunk got it smelling like skunk?  
Gas, gas, they callin' up 12 he gon' mad  
Here take all these pocket rockets bitch  
Put him in yo' Birkin bag  
What you gon' do at the top floor  
Grab the parachute, hit the window  
Quavo you trippin' hell naw  
I ain't gettin' caught with all this indo

Pack gone missing, I'm no magician  
My diamonds they flyin' like Bobby and Whitney  
Walking around with a 50  
My bitch in the trap naked in the mansion no bra and no panties  
You mad cause I'm rich  
Cuffin' and loving that bitch  
We smash and we switch  
I pull up to bando with bricks in a Bent'  
I stand round the trap like a fence  
Finessin' I run with the money  
I'm wrappin' and shippin' the dummy, Houdini me  
The kitchen I'm mixing them chemicals nigga no chemistry  
Rich niggas in Paris they takin' them pictures  
She suck it, she swallow, you probably kiss her  
Woosh, Pack gone missing, Rich The Kid still finessin'  
I'm RICH!

Got so many hoes on my line you think I'm fishing  
She might be a girl, turn around that thing gone missing  
Her and her start kissing, liquor in here system  
Don't be standing near me in the club, go get some bitches  
Got a crib without a ceiling when I hit it you gon' feel it  
It's my new motto, nigga, anyone can get it  
Damn smoking papers, my new crib come with acres  
Gettin' cake with just the wave of a hand  
You think I had a favor sump'n

I think it's a ghost in the city  
I hustle I feel like I'm Nipsy  
Patrolling you missing, so where did he go?  
Send my young nigga kick through yo' back door (POW!)  
As anybody seen the pack lately  
They knockin' my door like the candy lady  
I don't know what the fuck want these niggas  
These niggas be snitchin', bitches want a baby  
The pack he gotta go (Fheww!)  
Beep, beep! Truck load  
Whippin' and cookin' up Anna Nicole  
Versace got me travelin' across the globe  
Blue money, blue hundreds  
The gas smellin' like it's fungus  
Woosh, pack gone missing

Ride round the city, 30 round extensions

Shout out to all my connects in the hood I'm finally famous  
Shout out Big Sean and I don't mean the rapper that coke made me famous  
Woosh, hey, they try to get me for the packs  
Woosh, hey, like nigga who the strap (Blam, blam!)  
Huh, I had to jump it straight out of the pot I be cookin' the oil  
Don't got no connect for you pussy ass niggas you'll never be loyal  
Beyoncé with all of this money you know that I gotta big ego  
Robin Hood I'm in the hood and I'm tryna look out for my people