

# Cross The Country-Migos Lyrics

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## “Cross The Country”

It's been a long time coming  
From young niggas to young rich niggas  
It's DJ Durel and I'd like to welcome you to Rich Nigga Timeline  
Young rich nigga riding round the city with the mac  
Take a chopper, and a chicken, now watch the leakin' (ba-bow)  
Whipping and breaking it, making it, taking it  
Nigga they mistake me, think I'm selling that midget (nah, for real)  
What the fuck a nigga really wanna talk about? (Shit)  
You a bitch, we ain't got nothing to talk about  
Shaking like a stripper, put that mac chicken up in his mouth  
Skippa Da Flippa, he told me weigh it up and bust it down  
Migo Jerz, whipping that lambo, now watch it swerve  
Tray 1 got PT's, and sold that reserved  
I'm a hot boy, so you know I gotta stay low (hot)  
Quavo told me, trap on the block and bang 'em like OJ Mayo  
You niggas are rookie but young Takeoff, I'm a vet (vet)  
'Set told me trapping and dabbing gon' get that pussy wet  
No Crocodile Dundee, Stingray vet  
Whatever I wanna do, I do it, Nike check (do it)  
I'm a young nigga with the rich nigga ambitions  
At the Migo show, a nigga autographing titties  
There's levels to this shit like Meek said  
And you embarrassed to admit it, I don't want to kick it  
After my show, the gangster-ist nigga, he looking suspicious  
Walk right up on him, I'm pressing my nigga

And all he wanted was a picture  
I used to smoke Swishers like a regular nigga  
Now I'm a Backwoods type of nigga  
A nigga, he ran up, tried to rob, I shot him  
White people, they still treat me like I'm a victim  
Now people they screaming out "Free Actavis"  
They talking bout that Actavis be discontinued  
Check my cup of muddy trouble, got packs in the attic  
Catch me riding with packs in my rental  
Trap, trap dab when I'm on the revenue  
Cooking a brick and remix it with the dog food  
Diamond brick come with a note on it, nigga you Blues Clues  
24 karat my chain, Mr. T pity the fool  
Master P, No Limit money, bando jumping like a bungee  
Kevin Hart, your money is too short, you too funny  
Call me Takeoff Hugh Hefner, I got playboy bunnies  
Fuck it, I beat it, she sucking me 'til a nigga be cumming  
Cross the country, cross the country  
You may never been there, catch me cross the country  
Cross the country, cross the country  
Coca leaves and palm trees, we cross the country  
Cross the country, cross the country  
She don't understand English but she want me  
Cross the country, cross the country  
I had to get a Visa cause I'm in and out the country  
When you in the streets, you know you gotta make a name  
I stole a Mustang, drop top, no brain  
Police had a nigga, cause they know I'm in a gang  
Taking pictures of a nigga like a groupie, like a fan  
On my first lick, only got a little bit of change  
Thinking like Obama, something gotta change  
Did a lot of dirt, I had to sit up in the chains  
When I got outta jail, did the same thing  
I spent that money, money, coming back like boomerang  
Cocaine in her nose like a septum ring

My niggas be trapping the gas, propane  
Hit the nigga with a chopper, nigga bang bang  
I was getting money, way before the rap game  
As a young nigga, used to wear the fake chain  
They say that I'm ignorant, \$50, 000 on a chain  
You know it ain't come from Johnny Dang  
Fake watch busta can't bust me, no lie  
Won't catch me with the fake jewellery, I got too much pride  
They killed my nigga Pistol P for a three-five  
I pay the ticket, when are you gon' die  
When I'm in the kitchen, I be cooking crack pies  
I got chickens in the trunk, you think I work at Popeyes  
The streets is the jungle, my nigga, you better survive  
Getting married to the money nigga, that my bride  
My diamonds gon' shine, might poke you in the eye  
You selling by the ounce, my nigga, you just getting by  
Put the birds in my hands, knows when's it gon' fly  
Glah! Glah! Glah! In the bushes like a spy  
Nigga talking stupid, we don't let that shit fly  
Talking crazy to the Migos, boy you know we keep the fire  
Got that chopper, flip a nigga like a domino  
Young rich nigga, never made the honor roll  
Hit his ass with the .44, make him fold  
Chattahoochee River where that nigga body float  
On the nation, my nigga we throwing up the forks  
She on a mission, trying to fuck me, better get your ho  
Big bank take little bank  
Yellow diamonds on my rella like a moon cake  
Two Glocks on my hip like Tomb Raider  
Arnold Schwarzenegger turn into the Terminator  
Cross the country, cross the country  
You may never been there, catch me cross the country  
Cross the country, cross the country  
Coca leaves and palm trees, we cross the country  
Cross the country, cross the country

She don't understand English but she want me  
Cross the country, cross the country  
I had to get a Visa cause I'm in and out the country  
Cross the country, my plug he in Wyoming  
And the only time I pull up on you, if a nigga owe me  
And the whole word know that a young nigga rap  
But a pussy nigga better not provoke me  
Came in the game with the formula, sold it  
Now I gotta switch it up on you phonies  
Pocket full of macaroni, Mac-11, run up on you  
All you can eat in my trap like it's Shoney's  
Rich Nigga Timeline: that's my motherfucking testimony  
Out in the desert, got bricks in the donkey  
Rich nigga with a pot of gold like a leprechaun  
And I'm thinking 'bout moving to Babylon  
My niggas collecting extortion funds  
We built an empire like Megatron  
QC the label, Migo the gang  
Already told you, I want the M&Ms, fuck the fame  
No shame in the game, I'm a bull with the nine  
Like Luol Deng, finna bang with the thing  
Walking through the crowd, ain't gotta tuck the chain  
Get juugged, get capped, that's a part of the game, squad shit  
Oh no, I done rolled around the block and I don't see him  
I paid a J \$200 just to hit me when he see him  
If I was you right now, I wouldn't wanna be him  
Caught him two weeks later in the club, with his mamacita  
He had some jewelry on him, worth \$100 so I took it from him  
Took the first PJ across the country, got too hot for a moment  
They say he got work, now I own it  
Now my squad, they going up, no Makonnen  
In the players pad at the Caesar's Palace  
Out in Las Vegas, like I'm Roman  
All types of Euros and Yen  
I got money in Berlin

I told the Lord forgive me for my sins  
Cause I don't wanna do it again  
Cross the country, cross the country  
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