

Hotel Lobby (Unc And Phew)-Quavo & Takeoff Lyrics

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“Hotel Lobby (Unc And Phew)”

[Intro]

M-M-M-Murda

[Verse 1: Takeoff]

Let's get it

Hop off a sixteen passenger

This a G5, no, this not a Challenger (Big one)

I keep some members with me and the freaks get coach seats

They some cannibals (Eaters)

They like to get geeked, drink a whole bottle, wake up and repeat (Damn)

She took a lil' (Shh), mixed it with the (Chill out)

Now she said she seein' 3D (Wow)

I go in the jungle and I ain't got a coat, I bet I come out with a mink (I bet I)

Do this shit for the fam 'cause this shit bigger than me (Big)

Colored stones in my infinity link, and in the factory, masterpiece (Factory)

I call him twin 'cause that be my brother

We got the same Rollie, he matchin' me (Nah, for real)

[Chorus: Quavo]

Water on me like the sauna (Wet), some karats, some pointers (Woo)

All these commas, I won't fumble (Fumble)

Migo gunners out the jungle (Migo)

Buy it all, fuck a fronter (Fuck nigga)

Cake on me, no funnel (Woo, cash)
Drop top, feelin' like Stunna (Hah, drop top)
Get these plays, no runnin' (We gone)
Chrome Hearts wallet, smoke my pilot, take three vibes to the tropics
(Tropics)
Nigga wasn't shit, I was outside just servin' narcotics (Narcotics, woo)
Pass me that stick, nigga make one wrong move, just pop him (Pop him,
brtt)
Blame it on bro with a ho flooded out in the hotel lobby (Flooded)

[Verse 2: Quavo]

It's crowded, diamonds be dancin' like Bobby (They dancin')
Don't touch it, this Glock, it be cocky (Don't touch it)
Shroom and G6 the party, we get it (We kick it)
Bitches gon' trend on the topic (Keep trendin')
The way I pull up, I'ma pop it, ain't none of these niggas gon' stop me (Pull
up, gone)
Put this shit on, get a cup for the drip, I'm a muhfuckin' faucet (Kilo)
Keep stackin', your bank gone get bigger (Go)
Never will I throw some shade on no nigga (On Take')
Lil nigga, don't play with these niggas (No)
I see the big picture, we up on these niggas (Uh)
The Huncho, the one, you gon' call on me, nigga? ('Cho)
I got your bag, you gon' follow me, nigga (Foll')
When I get up, we gon' ball on these niggas (Ball)
Fuckin' shit up 'cause we beat out the system (Fuck the system)

[Chorus: Quavo]

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