

# Intro (feat. Quavo, Offset & Lil Yachty)

## Quality Control

Monsta's gon' tear it up  
Feel me  
Nawfside shit nigga, you know what I mean  
Y'all thought this shit was over or somethin',  
You know what I mean, this shit ain't over nigga Chanel and Dolce Gabbana  
I bought that shit for my mama  
I stood right in front of your honor, huh  
When I got home, ran up commas  
Ooh, Cartiers on look like Arthur, uh  
Bitch I'm your daddy, your father  
Who that be talkin' 'bout drama  
Bitch on my mama we gonna solve 'em  
I'm with Mango Foo hangin' out of the roof  
Chasin' the loot, never caught in the loop  
Sick with the flute, cook a brick in the booth  
In the Mulsanne and my seat the masseuse  
Throw the bitch off of the back, it's an oop  
She wanna fuck the whole group  
But I can't cuff her, no shackles on you  
We fuck and that's all that we do  
Bon appétit, let's eat  
Ate a plate full of molly, she geeked  
Hachoo, she sneezed  
Bitch on her knees off the skis  
When I fuck do not call me back, please  
Diamonds all white like the priest  
Maison Margiela on sleeves  
I'm dressin' like I'm Japanese  
The doors was closed, I kicked it open  
I had the fire, it was cocked and loaded  
Stand in the kitchen with my eyes wide open  
Need a gas mask, it's too potent  
Your ho like to fuck, her pussy smoking  
The street that you walking on, we control it  
Quality Control this shit (control it)  
Quality Control your bitch (control her)  
You might wanna hold your diss (huh?)  
'Cause nigga we folding shit  
Walk in the spot, so many straps  
Nigga whose pole is this?  
Now the hot records I'm on it  
Young nigga, you owe me this

YRN, throwin' up QC  
We got trap stars and we on TV (TV)  
Fuck on the system, nigga free Meek (free Meek)  
Carats jumping off the chain, 3D (3D)  
Whippin' up bricks in the teepee (teepee)  
And then the braves serve J's on your street  
Superstar shawty, my newest bitch super woke  
Pull out that ho, give her super throat  
Bank account look like a goddamn Uber code  
Keep it lowkey but I'm hittin' you niggas' hoes  
Free my bro Nino from prison, yeah  
He hide the crack in the ceiling, yeah  
Quay bought a whip so I gotta go get one too  
We coppin' whips like it's none' to do  
Pour a four in a Sprite, not no Mountain Dew  
We hit these hoes then we switch-a-roo  
I done hit everything in the city  
Quay done hit everything in the city  
Take done hit everything in the city  
Old fuck niggas hate me, huh (fuck 'em)  
I got the kids on lock, huh  
She eatin' kids on spot, huh  
I parked the Yacht at the dock  
Got a new Glock, same color parking lot (hoo)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>