

Lose It

French Montana

What's Gucci my nigga?
What's Louis my killa?

I feel like I can't follow in nobody footstep
You know I pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop
At your head my nigga
Young nigga, young nigga, pop pills, make mills my nigga
Go ahead young nigga, young nigga, young nigga

I think I'm 'bout to lose it man
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane
In the trap still countin' change
Don't f**k with y'all 'cause you niggas lame
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane
On the choppa rant
On the choppa rant

Still-a in that trap getting guap
Out the sewer, now my crib the size of Cuba
I be rap-rapping that block
We them Brick Squad, ask Flocka
Beside this shit, sold the choppa
Coulda been San Quentin on lock
But I two'd up that ghost
I stack two flows that loaf
I be floor seats by that coach
I be fight seats by that rope
Lately so sick I could vomit
Gin with no tonic
Cheat on my bitch, you know I'm dishonest
But I'm just a product of my environment

Young nigga, young nigga
Pop pills, make mills young nigga
Got wrist, stay trill young nigga
Still talking that, still young nigga
And I ain't ever lose the change
And shawty head stupid man

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Get down or lay down
Shoot everything up but a school or a playground
Run shit like a Greyhound
I'm in here, now who let the Devil in?
I ain't been taking my medicine
My trigger finger ain't never been hesitant
I am your ruler, no measurements
You know I pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, at your head my nigga

Cash Money 'til I die, even if I go broke, I still wouldn't beg to differ
I'm all papers, I heart paper, no sharp paper, better get the point
'Cause I'm point-shaven with a sharp razor, get buck like a horse stable
Too street smart, I'm a geek, I put my niggas on they feet
So if we fall it be that lean, that make a nigga fall asleep
I can't see none of you niggas, and I can see the future man
Where you going? I'm 'bout to go Tunechi man

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