

Man of My City

French Montana

Bitch I'm the man in my city
I see how they play and I get it
I don't say much but she with it
Young, wild, and free till I'm finished
Down all the drugs you can handle
Blow up the holes in the roof
Light up the sky like a candle
Flashing lights out of the blue
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Shaking that dice and I gamble
Start from the bottom and scramble
The coupe got no top like a sandal
Pass me the rock I got handle
Money never fold up
Pull up in that beemer
Nigga buy the whole lot
Now I'm drinking lean
Yeah we smoking weed and baby we don't mean it
When we pull up in the boat, Titanic, La Marina, god damn
When I hit it from the back and do the toe wop
Cutting up the dope and keep the door locked
I be getting to this money baby, no lie
Ask me no questions, I won't tell you no lie
Han, southside we in this
Smoking I be drinking brain gone no ceiling here
Pull up in that drop, no ceiling here
Ask my last bitch she's a millionaire

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If you talking reckless, I'd check it
She sent a text I ain't check it, I'm sorry
That head ain't even worth the headache
Focused on the mathematics no electives
The man of my city, like I got elected
I run through this city, like that bitch a finish line
Power, respect, yeah I like 'em both intertwined
Text from my momma, all it say is "get it Sean"
Okay, I got it, yeah, I made some fucked up decisions
Fuck a double cup, I want double commission
Streets feel my shit like a head on collision
Your girl in my whip, making head on decisions
My ex could write a book a tell all edition

It'd be a best seller, make enough to take care of her
Her best friends and the rest of her children
Cause even some good girls got super head in them

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