

# Old Man Wildin'

French Montana

What I grow so gross it make you sick  
My last couple wins came by forfeit  
You not inside the same league as us  
I had to say a pray for the evil eye

One life to live two bitches rolling  
Took the dirty money had to barcode it  
Fuck the talent when you God gifted  
Coupe lows how we stay lifted  
Shorty want time tryna buy the right watch  
Danny Garcia by the rope white fox  
And yeah homie we don't sleep  
Love still the same even though we don't speak  
Montana Coke boy behind the scene like Corleone  
Mami love me and canaries like Romeo  
Prince of NY word to Jesus  
Ciroc cut the check fuck the Grey Goose  
Christopher Walker bumping Christopher king of New York  
Trust your dog on the stand with a murder  
He fresh out the can keep his hand off the burner  
Watch the turn up  
Miss Gladys been a pusher you can ask Malice  
Mobbb Deep nigga wreak some havoc  
Yeah homie we don't sleep  
Brown diamonds for them suckas tryna shit on me  
Hope you bleed like us  
Running through them towns have 3 licenses  
Took a pill stood 3 nights up  
You ain't like us

Tri-polar they gon say that money made me wild  
High roller throw a million dollars in the crowd  
G'd up flying through the clouds  
Only God get higher than I and a pilot couldn't get flyer than I  
Desire got fire in his eyes and his stomach  
Just wait until you get what you got coming  
What the greedy think  
I turn City bank to Diddy bank  
And I don't care about your piggy bank  
You a silly boy I'm a billi boy  
I ain't gotta touch you get one of my young Philly boys  
Harlem Renaissance  
Upper Echelon  
Check right of the nigga they coming check up on  
Nigga please we spend Gs in the restaurant  
7 on the entree 3 on the dessert ask for the job cause you know you need to wizzurk  
You know me you know we don't sleep like I was there at the Carter for the Nino speech  
Rothstein and casino reach with no ginger  
Everybody copying my style is infringement  
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Yeah, kill shit and get the same time Max B got

Cause dude with these colorful chains rap peacocks  
As far as the game I was in it I represent it  
Way back when heroin became a epidemic  
And the feds are dead at least a certain percentage  
Only hurting your image  
Your whole life's a gimmick  
And we can't click cause you all petty  
I done told y'all I'm heavy like New York Freddy  
It's an honor to meet him a pleasure to speak with him  
Trunk full of champagne bottles with leak in em  
Street value say it's a million in each of em  
Contracts in the hood ain't no breach in em  
Yeah, the profit is tremendous  
But the gossip is still endless  
No way you can offend us  
Parties with Madonna in attendance  
Wow