

Black Out

French Montana

Fuck the baddest bitch, make 'em tap out
Woke up in the spot, two hundred racks out
Still got millions in the trap house (stash house)
Mix the pills and liquor 'til we black out

My driveway cost a couple million just in cars
That loud weight, I just drop some chicken in that hole
Fly by you in that brand new Tesla like a shark
Ménage à, I just had a threesome with your broad
I got to the show, ayy and I know they want me to rock out
I was tryna listen to your problem, marijuana
I'ma wash my jewelry, all my rocks are ready to pop y'all, ayy

Shout out to the trill niggas, millions in the crack house
Shout out to my niggas keeping millions in the stash house
Know we fucking all the baddest bitches, make 'em tap out
Mixing al the pills with the liquor 'til we black out
Livin' so marvelous, we ready to smoke
I think I'm a gangsta, I'm Jeffrey, I'm Sosa
I came out the 'Nolia, huh
I ride with my brodie, huh
We leavin' 'em cozy, huh
'Cause they thinking they know me, huh
Man that donkey made me black out
All the millions, man, we black out
All the cars, man, black out
All that work, made we black out
Brand new old lady sittin' beside me
I was 11 years old, then I turned 13, mothafuck 12, nigga

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Okay, get it
Hop up out the mothafuckin' Bentley with a big ol' pistol on my side
I don't want nathan with none of y'all, bro, y'all all gon' die
All these niggas think I'm gay 'cause the way I wear my trousers
Man, we scrambled to the third, money and the power, nigga
Needle hit ya nerve, make millions on the curb
We live like gangs, rich and famous
Rock star tints black, duckin' cages
Yellow diamonds on me like a baby ducky
I just want your head, like a fuckin' monkey
I tried to make her ass look fat and poked the back out
See me walk up in the spot, hundred racks out

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