

Fuck What Happens Tonight

French Montana

Fuck all that ho shit
Fuck all you fuck boys
Bitch, we're real hustlers
Get money...
It's We The Best music, Bad Boy, Coke Boyz

I got my gun on me, I tell my kids I'll never leave them lonely
Fucking streets on me, death row Jamaicans murder your family
Fuck what happens tonight, fuck what happens tonight
Fuck what happens tonight, I've got my gun on me

It was murder she wrote, your name in blood
When the love's gone, your eyes diluted full of blood
Six cars full of goons, six blocks heard the boom
Dreadlocks, middle of June, head shots, get tombed
Stone, ten shots, five gone, 9/11 dial tone
You want it all, die alone
A war's going on nobody's safe from
Now we're talking to the judge when your day come
Like it was hard not to kill these niggas
It was like a full-time job not to kill these niggas
Eight figures, need the eight story mansion
While I'm strapped up two-stepping with the devil dancing
Diluted with blood in my eyes
Like a stillborn, niggas won't make it out alive, nigga

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Fuck it, I'm ready to die tonight
Put it on mom with that clip on my back, I loaded it twice
Just a call away, my niggas is ready, no matter the price
Playing with mine, you niggas could get it including your wife
Isn't life a motherfucker?
Since seventeen that pistol's been my blood brother
Sleeping with that lethal weapon, playing Danny Glover
AK40, own a hundred if we're talking numbers
Riders' fucking with mobsters
Niggas want beef? Turn them to pasta
Load up the clip, shoot up your mama
Bang bang, bless them father
Passed beside him, rest aside a lake
That's swimming with snakes inside
Look at my eyes, I hate disguises
Knife or gun, I compromise it
Oh Lord, I'm a ride on my enemies
If I die tonight, I bet them gangsters remember me
Nigga, until then...

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From the depths of the sea, back to the block

With a bitch on my dick and a bottle of Ciroc
Tick tock, non-stop, blocker, blocker, blood clot
Don't piss the lion cause you'll get dropped on the spot
Lick shot, drip drop over the soil
Pot's hot until it boils
To this Crip shit, I'm loyal
Dip with us, ride with us, lie with us, sleep with us
Sit with us, fuck with us, babble bitch's better get with us
She likes the French tip nails that I wear
And how I'm so pimped out with dreads in my hair, yeah
You got truth, now the truth is to dare
Blue bandana, it's me and Montana
At the Tropicana with Tanehsa, Alisha, Lakesha, Savannah
Nicknames for my blammer

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The smell of blood in the bathroom
Body layed out stiff full of stab wounds
I told this nigga I was coming back
Pussy must not have heard when I told him that
Nigga, it's eye for an eye
A life for a life, a body for a price
I want to smell his last breath took
And look him in the eyes and make for sure he knows how death looks
Because I'm him, it's in the air, I can feel it
Shot him four times with the gun I was concealing
Overkilling, it ain't no coming back from it
Then walked away with a demeanour like I just done it
Something evil this way's coming
For big face hundreds this bitch gets punished

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