

Grownups

French Montana

I ain't tryina put a bunch of pressure on you or
nothing but umm
I don't even drink champagne
Shimone
Whutchu think all of this is for?
Turn the lights on

So tell your home girl you gon be alright
You'll make your way to my room
I'm pretty sure they'll hate on me tonight
But it's cool, cuz we gon do the things that grownups
do

Harlem in the house, Harlem in the house
Harlem in the house, yea Harlem in the house

I could be your lover, bove it all be multi facit
I could do anything with you, whatever ask it
I could just hood, if you want me switch it up
Now I could sure that them booty don't come mix it up
I could make you feel as if I'm the only stick as is
I could keep a job mommy I could work a shift
I could bring you sippin all the juice if you really
sip
Or I could put a rose in my mouth and bring a gift
I want you off the hook for good, I want you on your
feet
I want you to be everything you thought you couldn't
see
I want you mommy free like a dolphin in the sea
I want your intimacy, look into me and see
Come on, you know them hits from top 40
Got my hicky walky talkie
Girl these whack shits bore me
You the only shorty for me

Don't say what you won't do
Cuz these hours are reserved for grownups
And it's been a lot of money spent because of you
At this time of night
The only thing left to do

Is tell your home girl you gon be alright
You'll make your way to my room
I'm pretty sure they'll hate on me tonight
But it's cool, cuz we gon do the things that grownups
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Boss in the house, BX in the house
French Montana, coke boys in the house
Hold up, slow up feds roll up
Niggas starving, coke boys and the girls doing donuts
30000 over there, 30 models over there
When you talk about feet, 30000 in the air
I'm a coke boy, she come second to the blow
Gotta bring her back, she won't love me when I'm broke
Versace Dom, feel free you like shocking huh?

60 seconds or less and I'll be gone
Hundred karats on my piece, I promise I'll never lease
I'm married to the streets so I'm carried off the
streets ha
I'm not the one to have you order this sign
Keeping it 100, hundred thousand dollar piece on
I get low on blocks, niggas go police on
And when them bands pop I don't need a refund

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The millest in this bitch, I'm the prezzie ho
Prezzie row, 50k for the bezzie though
Rico Love, we ain't even know you could rap
She said you let me in your section and you could tap
Hundred bottles in the club, you could Google that
Last nigga on the fuckin globe, check Google Maps
Lame at the bar but your girl up in here
And I think she wanna show me her le pearl of Brazil
Yea, a fuck nigga's worst nightmare
Fuck a bad bitch, I'm only paying flight fare
These hoes telling mane go and get the jury form
Poster pictures on the web, with your jury on
Tryina kill a nigga by, word to kindred
My wardrobe makes 4 perfect entries
The kind of name that it never hurts to mention
The size of my tip, you say you're my invention

Don't say what you won't do (she crazy out here man)
Cuz these hours are reserved for grownups (these hoes
bringing all the rules man)
And it's been a lot of money spent because of you (you
hear me French?)
At this time of night (I see you murda) (ain't stopping
nothing though) (we know it is)
The only thing left to do (Shout to Erman E, Division
1, Mac & Cheese 3)

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But it's cool, cuz we gon do the things that grownups
do