

Henny & My 44

French Montana

I never know why I left you standing in the rain
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I'm anywhere the dope go (dope go)
With my Henny and my 44 (44)
Wit' your shorty on my land line (land line)
I'm on the money every damn time (damn time)

Weed out the jar, with the window down
And the ashes blow in back from the car, dog
Way before Lupe, pal was a superstar
I'm in the kitchen squarin' up like a shooting guard (Swish)
I play like I can lose it all
With everything I gain, nigga I just suit and ball
Like the G.O.A.T., change the dollars for the corners
Right on top of the backboard, got it if you ask for it
Through the task force, no tax for it
Got 'em for the low, you can catch the Macs for it
I ain't hustle by choice nigga I had to do it
Streets was cool 'fore they put the rap to it

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They told me Hip-Hop dead, so late night
I'm at the cemetary diggin' his grave out
These old niggaz washed up, played out
Whip with no top, ballin' with the brains out
I ain't the illest, but niggaz gotta feel us
Buttersoft, you can't brush us off
I'll turn your switch off, homie lights out
Bring out your candles, whip like sandals
No top, PeteyRowe locked
A new blood, young nigga with old gwop
We did drunk in the Rover, dunk
Leave you in your driveway slumped
Fight, lose security to ER and we are
THE R-U-L to the E-R (S)
It's Montana, bitch (ahh)

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