

I Ain't Gonna Lie

French Montana

And I ain't gonna lie
You be smokin', I be drinkin', I ain't gonna lie
I just need some bad bitches, I ain't gonna lie
We ain't every had shit, I ain't gonna lie
Wallahi we made it, I ain't gonna lie
(I ain't lying) I ain't gonna lie
I say, I ain't gonna lie, I ain't gonna lie
I ain't gonna lie, I ain't gonna lie
I ain't gonna lie, I ain't gonna lie
I ain't gonna lie

I see all my home boys here, so let me put my gun up
Price on ya head, where do I get rung up?
I be with scumbags, all about that humbug
While niggas savin' hoes like dun, dun, dun, dun, dun
Choke ya ass with nunchuks, trunk full of blum blums
Young Money, young guns, heroes, unsung
Give that bitch pom poms, touch down my nigga
Sittin' on my money, a junk pile my nigga
Don't come 'round my niggas, don't come 'round my nigga
We ballin, never commend dumb fouls my nigga
We been husslin' since Mike Tyson Punch Out my nigga
Feds listenin', okay, that's enough about my niggas
Yeah, sippin' on a little sumin' sumin', mind ya business
Got these hoes waitin' while I'm doin' calisthenics
And she give me head while her lips movin' a mile a minute
And that bitch you kissin' on just came out the clinic, I ain't lyin'
Nigga I ain't finished, smokin' on that good weed
What's that cent not a penny
Montana, corleone, Capone got admitted
I can't show 'em how I do it, now only how I did it
Lil Tunechi

My dogs stick together like new money
Gettin' new money before the blue money
From the grave to the charts, shorty ass in the front
Rose from the ashes, she flickin' the blunt
Talkin' roof of the trunk, skip school, Ferris Bueller
Hop out with the Smith & Wesson, don't front
Shorty dyin' for the money and the jewels, lord
Put diamonds in the sole of her shoes, lord
Had a dream about a dream, suit to the sewer
I ain't count days, let my days countin' truly
All I wanted was a space ship chain dangle
No money in her pocket, fucked her on the pool table
Wash my sins while I'm washin' money
Talkin' shit, yeah nigga, fish tale of the fishscale
Ray Charles all black big versace shades
Malcolm X double up, yeah nigga, domino
Put the plan in motion, tints say I'm ghostin'
Twat, tannin' lotion, yacht, Atlantic ocean
Straight to his head, talkin' Reggie Miller shit
Run up on ya yacht on the water, Captain Phillips shit
We be smokin' on some water shit
Swingin' iron Golf of Mexico drug dealership (Haaan!)