

# Lose It

French Montana

What's Gucci my nigga?  
What's Louis my killa?

I feel like I can't follow in nobody footstep  
You know I pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop  
At your head my nigga  
Young nigga, young nigga, pop pills, make mills my nigga  
Go ahead young nigga, young nigga, young nigga

I think I'm 'bout to lose it man  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
In the trap still countin' change  
Don't f\*\*k with y'all 'cause you niggas lame  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On the choppa rant  
On the choppa rant

Still-a in that trap getting guap  
Out the sewer, now my crib the size of Cuba  
I be rap-rapping that block  
We them Brick Squad, ask Flocka  
Beside this shit, sold the choppa  
Coulda been San Quentin on lock  
But I two'd up that ghost  
I stack two flows that loaf  
I be floor seats by that coach  
I be fight seats by that rope  
Lately so sick I could vomit  
Gin with no tonic  
Cheat on my bitch, you know I'm dishonest  
But I'm just a product of my environment

Young nigga, young nigga  
Pop pills, make mills young nigga  
Got wrist, stay trill young nigga  
Still talking that, still young nigga  
And I ain't ever lose the change  
And shawty head stupid man

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Get down or lay down  
Shoot everything up but a school or a playground  
Run shit like a Greyhound  
I'm in here, now who let the Devil in?  
I ain't been taking my medicine  
My trigger finger ain't never been hesitant  
I am your ruler, no measurements  
You know I pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, at your head my nigga

Cash Money 'til I die, even if I go broke, I still wouldn't beg to differ  
I'm all papers, I heart paper, no sharp paper, better get the point  
'Cause I'm point-shaven with a sharp razor, get buck like a horse stable  
Too street smart, I'm a geek, I put my niggas on they feet  
So if we fall it be that lean, that make a nigga fall asleep  
I can't see none of you niggas, and I can see the future man  
Where you going? I'm 'bout to go Tunechi man

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