

# No Shopping

French Montana

Sippin' on the drank, sippin' on the drank  
Sippin' on the drank, sippin' on the drank  
All about the mula, all about the mula  
Word to the bird, I ain't never take her fur shoppin'

Runnin' through them keys way before Khaled  
Runnin' with the pushas way before Malice  
Word to the five, I'm the one like four minus  
Caught her off the rebound, Ben Wallace, gave her four dollars  
Sippin' on the drank, sippin' on the drank  
Sippin' on the drank, I ain't tryna think  
When it get hot, bodies start droppin'  
Hit the strip club, told them hoes gon' get the moppin'  
Word to Diddy, we Cirocin'  
Word to Biggie, we'll be Pac-in'  
I just bought Selena's crib, I'm poppin'  
I just told Drizzy, "Let me take Serena to the tropics"  
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Sittin' high, 6 God cover  
Tell them hoes get low, 6 God comin'

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Pump, pump, pump it up  
She got a good head on her, but I pump it up  
I'm not a one hit wonder, they know all my stuff  
You let me turn into the nigga that you almost was  
I done seen a lot of shit and I done been in things  
And I never started nothin', I just finish things  
And I'm sell off like the man that brought me in this thing  
How you out here celebratin' like the winnin' team?  
No, calm down, calm down  
Shit ain't how you think it is, take a look around  
I'm supposed to be on a vacation right now  
But I'm home wildin', word to DJ Khaled  
Back with another one  
I'm steady droppin' bombs on your head top  
Been that way since I could make your bed rock  
I'm on, blew it where you can't shop  
Bitch I just rapped and it went pop  
Next move better than my last move  
Your next move can't erase your past moves  
Took her out once she got attached to him  
Ring, ring, click, I'll get back to 'em  
You don't really want the views  
You don't really want a snapshot of things goin' on with the crew  
You don't wanna hear Not Nice did thirteen  
And did another two for some other shit he didn't do  
Last week, Budden runnin' in the room  
This week sold one point two  
Yeah, it's a Boucheron baby boy  
Yeah, and I know Taraji like I'm baby boy  
And I fuck with Weezy and I'm Baby's boy

Yeah we the Army, better yet the Navy, boy

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The birds want rings and tings, you know  
But we'll never take the bird shoppin', you know  
Still, you already done know  
Big up, Six God  
Haaaan, skrrt, skrrt!