

No Shopping

French Montana

Sippin' on the drank, sippin' on the drank
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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!