

Said N Done

French Montana

Oh my god, oh my god
Blocka, blocka, big up, big up
It's the Coke Boy nigga with the A\$AP Mob
Oh my god, oh my god
I see 'em hatin' on the boy huh?
'Til I pull up on the boy, huh?

Oh my god, oh my god
But you couldn't fuck with the flow I got
City just turned into the oh I ride
Pretty motherfucker just stole my thot
Oh my god, oh my god
Wake up, wake up, it's a stick up, stick up
Look up, look up, it's a stick up, stick up
I'ma show you power of the mula
I put a sundress on your shooter
Man they turned their back on your boy huh?
You trickin' but you waitin' for the boy huh?
My god, oh my god
(Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind now)
Took a little time off I'm back up on my grind
Took it uptown just to kick it with my slimes
Skeet skeet, skkrt, cocaine for the bitches
Chain tucked in cause I came for the business
Dope to your brain like a vein with syringes
Back in the day streets was paved with syringes
Paid for the crib, plus it came with the fridges
I heard them boys callin' up the boys huh?
And they showing up to court huh?
Dirty money, ain't in the Forbes huh

Love my bitch, oh my, gotta spend a whole lot
Gotta buy every bag, gotta buy the whole lot
Taught the bitch, oh my, oh my
Gotta spend a whole lot
Oh my god, oh my god

With the spring springing on us, and the summer hot
Couple things clinging on us, bitch it's coming out
Weather weather for the winter, Flacko bring 'em out
Bad mon a rude boy, what the bombaclot
When it drop out, nigga hop out
Don't you know the loud mouth get you stomped out?
Thing on me now, hang on me now, ay
Got the bitch with me, gang with me now, yeah
Does the chain swing on me now?
Harlem made me down

Go hard or you go home
She love it when I hit her with my robe on
I couldn't ball, had to hit the stove
We talkin' raw white, California Rolls
We talkin' top down, California hoes
We talkin' small sandals, got her on her toes
I don't ask twice for the tongue
Word to ISIS, I'm the bomb
Cartagena, Corleone

I'm gone, do you smell aroma?

Drinkin', smoke a whole lot
Know buy every bag I'ma buy the whole lot
Your pussy wet, don't lie
Oh my, oh my god

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She love when I hit her with my robe on
She love when I hit her with my gold on
Poppin' pills, drink, get your roll on
They don't love you 'til you're dead and gone
Montana!