

Stick Up Boyz

French Montana

Huh
Huhhh (huh)
Uh (uh)
Uh

100 grand, rubber band
A nigga low, a wanted man
Sure you're right, I know ya high
Talkin' crazy, run for your life
They can't believe, nuttin' new hot as me
Money can't buy the streets
I been paid, my men spray
100 rounds, sound like merengue
Or the Nolia Clap, it's only rap
That's what they thought, now it's 40 on ya hat
What's the matter huh
I'm the new breath of fresh air, like a asthma pump
Representing
My militant squad that snatch you out ya car that you're renting
Told 'Kon put ya leg up
Five stacks on the floor, watch homie fuckin' dig up

If you hit me I'm a hit ya back
We got 'em on the Rose, Oww
If you stick me I'm a stick you back
I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww
Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick 'em
Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him
Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes
Convicts, gun under the armpit
Ow Ow

Lightin' niggaz up with the heater bro, my seat is low
They fold up like that Peter Rowe
Get 'em in the mood off the versatile, squirt it loud, baby let me beat
Kuz I can make it worth ya while
I can do it easy, sleazy, niggaz speak and revokin' my bail
They be scared to smoke it in jail, well
I was weekly, creepily, sticks, smoked 'em at a fast pace
Kuz mami this ya last take
Came in, only dropped the the glee way, had 'em play DJs
Heat spray, we spray the enemies, Frienemies? (Naw)
Big'll wiggle like the centipede, yeah
I be in and out, I can clear the tenants out
I can clear ya minutes out with one conversation, waitin'
Stakin' in the hallway, pacin'
Niggaz they be hatin', makin' shit that don't matter to the game
Kuz most of you niggaz is lames
Ow

If you hit me I'm a hit ya back
We got 'em on the Rose, Oww
If you stick me I'm a stick you back
I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww
Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick 'em
Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him
Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes

Convicts, gun under the armpit
Ow Ow

Shorty from the Lou', she take it in the cunt
And niggaz talkin' crazy, I'm shakin' in my boots
A couple thou, I'm Mr. Childs
Street nigga, like Kevin Chiles
You got a V6, I got a 6 V's
My young boys turn ya brains to swiss cheese
A proper team, I mean badabing
With a model bitch in the back gargling
I'm so high, open cooch baby
I told Grease, let me loose baby
Coupe 280, flyin' through 80
R.I.P. to my dude Adee
My transition is phenomenal
Still hop out, cop tapes and Amadu
My lil' brother bail, 'bout a half a mill
French Montana, everything signed and sealed

If you hit me I'm a hit ya back
We got 'em on the Rose, Oww
If you stick me I'm a stick you back
I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww
Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick 'em
Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him
Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes
Convicts, gun under the armpit
Ow Ow