

# 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

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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

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