

# Yayo

French Montana

All my niggas selling yayo  
That bitch won't move till I say so  
We getting to them peso's  
We stacking taller than some legos  
And we living like cowabunga  
Keep designer frames over my eyes  
I spent a half a mil on my ride  
I'm one hell of a fly guy

Niggas kingpins let them tell it  
Smoking on that O.G  
From a hundred blocks you can smell it  
Bank accounts on steroids  
Cars like a dealership  
Diddy on that global phone talk hundred million dollar shit  
100 shells and that cherry top where it came from  
The murder block with coke boys  
And I heard about them turn them out?  
Shawty pop her pussy then she pop a pill  
Had a million cash before I signed a deal  
My eyes blurry in that clear port  
We making movies nigga grab a chair for it  
Top down when that car move  
My versace robe and my house shoes  
One night hundred thousand moving  
Fucking with locs and them pirus

Pull up on em'  
Looking like a shark up out of water  
Work up out that drive thru  
Hello, can I take your order  
Hay ships all across the sea, them stones around the border  
People honest they could smell the coke-i-enia odor  
Slippin on it, trapeze  
Ball until I got bad knees  
She suck until she catch strep throat  
Dick going deep, catch ho  
I was off in that chopper  
Break em off, yea I gots ta  
Fuck niggas impostors send my goons up in su-casa  
5-4 we some hustlers, bunch of pigs don't fly straight  
My bezzle be so frozen, that bitch gon' make time wait  
Got four bitches rolling, they look like in line skates  
So if I'm broke broke I go fire man  
I'm creeping through your fire escape