

White Dress

French Montana

Hey Kar
Montana
They forgot who's battlin'?
Twenty bands
Made millions over a decade I pray we live
For a thousand years
And if I hurt you
Baby drink Cîroc for your tears
'Cause you control my vices
I just wanna fuck you on your nice shit
Driveway lookin' like midlife crisis
You control my vices
We was up grindin' on the night shift
I'll bet, gave my dog suicidal crisis
Priceless, I just wanna fuck you in your white dress
All day, oh I bet she like it
Talk to me nicely, oww
Talk to me nicely, oww
I got you
Closet lookin' like Milan Fashion Week, I got you
Money jumpin' like LeBron, Dominique, I got you
Better do or die
A hundred with the guy
Pull up with the 'gar
Rake with the stars
Talkin' me so reckless
Diamonds on my necklace
Chest playin' checkers
The Avion breakfast
Dimes clean, dirty wind up
See the future like I'm Rocco
And I fall for like champo
Fuckin' all these foreign chicks
Put some hoes in foreign
You thought she was yours
She smell like Michael Cors
Shoes fuckin' up my floors
Who that nigga? I'm the definition
Wearin' penny loafers, we ain't penny pinchin'
Got the baddest bitches baggin' in the kitchen
Got that Bobby Brown, we that new edition
These rappers ain't Nas

Just look at their commas
I skid on the diamonds
I smoke with the farmers
Buy my shoes small, goin' toe to toe
I burn my bridges I'ma call the boat
Willie be new with the auto boat
Ballin' like I'm Earl Manigault
They countin' to the south
The bag is a mountain
I fucked my accountant
That pussy's a fountain
A pledge of allegiance
You better believe it
I boarded a flight
Trump fucked up a Visa
Bitch I'm no regular, bitch I'm no second
Know the one, I'm the one that's ahead of ya
If you talkin' the hoes bitch I'm affiliate
Ciroc boy shoot through a million 'Cause you control my vices
I just wanna fuck you on your nice shit
Driveway lookin' like midlife crisis
You control my vices
We was up grindin' on the night shift
I'll bet, gave my dog suicidal crisis
Priceless, I just wanna fuck you in your white dress
All day, Oh I bet she like it
Talk to me nicely, oww
Talk to me nicely, oww 'Cause you control my vices
I just wanna fuck you on your nice shit
Driveway lookin' like midlife crisis
You control my vices
We was up grindin' on the night shift
I'll bet, gave my dog suicidal crisis
Priceless, I just want to fuck you in your white dress
All day, Oh I bet she like it
Talk to me nicely, oww
Talk to me nicely, oww

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>