

# Whiskey Eyes (feat. Chinx)

## French Montana

We cannot deal anybody else  
(Rock party)  
We cannot deal with what anybody else is sayin'  
I'm a mothafuckin' coke boy  
1, 2, 3  
I'm a mothafuckin' coke boy You lured me in with those whiskey eyes  
You tell me things, I know they're all lies  
I'll fall, I'll fall for you  
And there's nothin' I can do  
Yo, Montana  
Ay, hit the game, put the wave in it  
Go, go on tap your veins, put the needle in it  
I snatch you by your head like an eagle did it  
Shootout with the police like Siegel did it  
Middle of the streets like The Beatles did it  
Can't be in it when you leave, or they leave you in it  
Ev-Everything that's gold ain't wood and glue  
I seen killers fold for certain killas  
Have your money right when the law costs  
I seen my favorite rappers turn to cornballs  
The best thing I did was let that pain hurt my feelings  
(Turn the pain into music)  
Turn the music into millions, haaan  
Got jerked my first deal, and I told 'em "Suck a dick"  
Once I made my first mil', I told them "Fuck a brick"  
Brick, brick by brick, 'til it's empire  
Lick by lick, gone a sleepwire  
Had to learn taxes, help you relax  
If you don't own your masters, your classes turn to ashes  
So hit the round table, count it all up  
Or get the brown bag, count it all up  
Call the bad bitches, round 'em all up  
Come the first, we can count it all up  
Millionaire bitches, hit the mall up  
(International superstar)  
You lured me in with those whiskey eyes  
You tell me things, I know they're all lies  
I'll fall, I'll fall for you  
And there's nothin' I can do They said kill 'em with success, toe tag ya up  
Name a Hollywood bitch I ain't rag up  
Promise, the pressure turn to diamonds  
The karma turn to commas

If the block told you eye to eye  
Seeing dreams in a bottle  
The other son of Pablo  
Trips out to Cabo, D.C. with a model  
This Tammy from Miami, put her face on the white like Sosa  
Come and get a close up  
I'm on the post like the power forward  
From the hoodies to the Tom Ford  
Big up, for the stick up  
They wanted me to hiccup  
I copped the Bent' over sticker  
About to come and pick your chick up  
Gladiator theme music with Casino suits  
Godfather trilogy, Al Pacino shootin'  
This that Benny Blanco 'fore he killed Carlito  
This that Larry Davis before he caught that Rico  
Them calm streets, Teflon fleek  
In the jungle, while you holdin' hands in Palm Beach  
We was climbin' fences, we was playin' benches  
One time for my bitches, naked on the trenches  
European boots, European suits  
African diamonds, my niggas shinin'  
My nigga Chinx son became my own son  
The block where I'm from, you need your own gun  
Devil held me up, figured that I'd convert to  
God  
Took my ground from the pavement and aimed it at the stars  
Swag drippin' by the litre, four ounce of purp'  
The game ain't for the weak, go and play the church  
Off the Mary Jane, pills, syrup, thick smoke, coughing  
Ridin' on these suckas that opposed it  
Ballin', took the whistle from the ref and made my own calls  
From the pens, got my homie on the phone call  
No work, money goes under the mattress only  
Hands clean, got some youngins that'll back it for me  
Really skatin' budget, conflict diamonds only  
Made my vow to the game, boy, that's matrimony  
You lured me in with those whiskey eyes  
You tell me things, I know they're all lies  
I'll fall, I'll fall for you  
And there's nothin' I can do  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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