

Right There (feat. Juicy J & French Montana)

Chinx Drugz

Donkey on her back side, she holdin'
On that white liquor, she Patronin'
All the hustlers know about her, money all around her
She bust open that flower for a dollar holla
Man that bitch right there, look at that bitch right there, look at that bitch right there
Bitch right there, look at that bitch right there, look at that bitch right there
Bitch right there, look at that bitch right there, look at that bitch right there
Bitch right there, look at that bitch right there, look at that bitch right there I be turned up to the
max, goin' off with them racks
Made it in with my strap, up in here with them hats
Keep my swisher full of that gas, twenty five on her back
Small waist, all ass. Throw that pussy clean with no mags
In that horse stance, she bold legged. When she walk, she look like she shakin'
Twenty foot long, I hit, I'm gon' change it
Man these hoes, thank God they low maintenance
Keep my hoes in pocket, cue ball. Hit the club and scoop two more
Your money funny, Duval. You bitch nigga, RuPaul
Lock eyes when I seen her. Ass just like Trina
Scoop 'em off the street and you clean 'em. Give 'em dick, I don't feed 'em
Racked up, I'm freezin'. Heart cold, I'm bleedin'
Damn look at that bitch, man that ass fat for no reason
Juicy J always stay faded. Cali, loud pills and ladies
Geek'd up in the Mercedes, kush blowin' like a 380
My bad bitches on drugs, bought the whole bar some love
While hoes be shakin' they ass, I'm throwin' that cash and sippin' that mud
A quarter pound and a double cup. I'm trippy mane, I don't give a fuck
Molly make her give it up. Them bands here, ho give it up
Ass all in my lap, she know the words to my rap
Model bitch from the front, Cherokee from the back
Hour glass frame, keep my name in her mouth
The stand on this red bone, I know she from the south
Bitch you know I stay stuntin'. Got more games than Playstation
Tip a bitch one more time, that bitch going on vacay
Big shout out to yo' lady, she downloadin' like data
Montana that pimp. Florida state, them gators
Hundred bands in this bitch, then we roll out
My New Orleans bitch got that super dome ahh
See that pussy poppin' what she twerkin' wit
Throw a hundred bands on that pole, turbulence
Game we perfected, now we run the city. F-f-f-first we hit Perfection's then Sin City
Sh-sh-shawty buss it open then she bring a friend
She know they in front them niggas really got them M's

Miss-Miss-Mister. Hann, M-Montana. Chinx Drugz fall rock, put that camera on her...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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