Juice

French Montana

Ayy, when it's real, only money change

Too much juice, too much sauce

Too much drip, too much clout

Too much sauce

Haan, ayyI be foolin' with my hooligans that rule Gabon

Big rocks, spaceship, superstars (star)

Actin' like they want smoke, we got hookah bars (bars)

Actin' like he movin' pills, couldn't hoop at all (all)

Standin' on sofas, diamonds like chandeliers ('lier)

And she on X like Trisha from the Cavaliers ('lier)

Slaughter victims, water whippin', they tat a tear (tear)

Fuck the system, ice be drippin', I'm debonair

I told 'em from the door, I'm good with the dope (dope)

They was talkin' fast (fast), I was backin' slow (slow)

Niggas made it rain (rain), Montana made it snow (snow)

I'm talkin' wooden grain (grain), on my Pimp C flow, haan

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Too much sauceFrom the block to the mils, man what the fuck they thought?

Got a big money scheme, we ain't ever gettin' caught (caught)

Right behind me is a slammer and the big boy Phantom (Phantom)

With that d-boy grammar, get my dope from Atlanta

Talkin' Cuba Cabana, stay low from the scammers (scammers)

Stay schemin' for real, stay low from the scanners

Rock with me, get some money asap (haan)

Went ghost twice, that's a Maybach (skrrt, skrrt)

Kimbo Slice, wanna A slap (haan)

She don't let me fuck her friends, man I hate that (haan)

I'll never let her go (no), I'll never let her go (no)

You love your baby mama (what), you'll never let her go (Montana!)

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

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