Intro (feat. Evil Empire & Dame Grease)

French Montana & Max B

You ever want something
That you know you shouldn't have
But the more you know you shouldn't have it
The more you want it?
And then one day, you get it, and it's so good to you
We got the straight droppin' everybody know
Where the money at, tell me where to go
Niggas jokin', hundred rounds hit your funny bone
Life short, nigga, but my money grown
Grind for years, nigga tried to fly to Belize
Homie want a hundred mill, but he caught a hundred years
Gettin' more money 'cuz I care less
I'mma ball, double R on my head rest
Ross and Diddy got a nigga all illuminated
Fornicatin', get your main bitch lubricated
Came from the bottom, now a nigga packin' fields
Came from the bottom, now the house on the hills
Can you see me ho? Bitch can you see me now?
Got me on my Pac shit
When I caught my first lick, never lookin' back
30 chains on, lookin' like a turtle neck
I see you niggas broke
You wanna hit this dough
You went against the grain
Nigga gotta watch you choke
In the presence of the greatest, so humbling
Coke Boy, Bad Boy, and the double M
Reachin' for the stars, but my feet so grounded
Speak to the boss, nigga, don't creep around me
Peep the Frank Mueller, I'm a sharpshooter
Can't jerk me homie, I let your skank do that
I'm still affiliated with them brick dealers
Affiliated with them niggas trynna watch millions
You niggas thousandaires
Fuckin' with the dream team, need a thousand years
Pyrex boy, Montana, Straight chemist
Put them feelings to the side nigga
You say ya'll ready, but you not ready
We got the straight droppin' everybody know
Where that money at, tell me where to go

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