

Militant

Dave East

[Intro]

Holiday Season

Yeah

Yeah, yeah

Yeah

It's holiday season, bitch

Uh

[Verse 1: Dave East]

3 pills in my body got me noddin' off

Really think I'm out this world

Got a condom on but she begging me to take it off

Probably coming out your girl

1942 mixed it with the Clicquot and I'ma probably hurl

Lot of weight

Told the plug I could lift it with my arms, I just gotta curl

I'm killing everything, ain't got a girl

Niggas codeine feignin'

They run out to sell

We had sour diesel by the barrel

Nowadays get it up in the Panamera (skurr)

I played the block with the demons

Where you could get shot for no reason

I grew up plottin' and scheming

Now I drop the top on the beamer

My bitch ain't got her no visa

But I know her pops get it cheaper (I know)

I kick it like soccer, no Fifa (I kick it)

Just watching for robbers and Keishas

Cuzo play the block with the tweekers

100 grams in his pocket, get a slice got me some pizza

Took the foreign top down like it's Caesar

Pussy good, but homie, I wouldn't keep her

[Chorus: Dave East]

Talkin' 'bout money I gettin' it

Talkin' 'bout foreigners, I'm whippin' 'em

That shit make 'em look at you different

Havin' fun, bitch, I feel like a kid again

Lately, I've been close with Benjamin

With no camo on us we militant

Cameras stay on us, we killing shit

I woke up and went to the dealership

That's not my girl, I'm just hittin' it

Cannot be friends with no benefits

I used to trap out them tenements

That Cuban lookin' Dominican

Lately, I've been close with Benjamin

Seats in a foreign, it's cinnamon

Not guilty, they know I'm not innocent

Lately, I've been close with Benjamin

[Verse 2: Don Q]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Currently, I've just been stacking my currency

I'ma need all of mine urgently

I told you I'm in this bitch permanently

Showing no courtesy, I drop the top on 'em purposely
Tell them fuck niggas come search for me
Yeah, yeah
I mix my drink 'till it's purpley
I keep some pints for emergencies, yeah
Whenever you playin' my shit, how to go get it is what you gon' learn from me (what you gon' learn)
Money, the root of all evil, and nigga, that's just what it's turning me
When I'm creeping through the city, no foreign, I tell 'em suburban me
I got that pack on me certainly, nigga
I had your back 'till you turned on me, nigga
Whenever we come out, I'm liable to dumb out when I'm with the guyzas (yeah, yeah)
But if I'm moving doley, then the tooly on me, I ain't with the surprises (yeah, yeah)
Yeah, I'm still cool with the service
All of the workers and all the suppliers (yeah, yeah)
I cruise in the coupe and that bitch bulletproof from the roof to the tires

[Hook: Dave East]

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