

Bag

French Montana

I slap her ass and I dab (dab)
Baby would you shake it for some cash? (shake it)
Only want the head if she trash (that's the face)
And she get the bread at the trash (that's the stash)
Runnin' to that bag (woah-woah)
Me and my niggas comin' to that bag (yeah-yeah)
We be goin' for that bag (oh-oh)
Don't play, we go drummin' for that bag (boh-boh)
I smack her ass like that (dab)
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Ay, 2 mansions in the have
Money longer than the ave
30 cars on the Ave'
30 mill's in the van
Came from the bottom, watch what I do
Bunch of internet thugs, sly hope
You got a buzz, I'm the whole field
Ask your bitch, I'm a dope deal
She tryna book me for my watch
I'm bookin' for a show, let his mama watch
Call the coroner, call the pastor
And wild cats, my chest charisms in the laughter
Talk about y'all, nigga safe
Got the bank and I ain't fit
Bet a mil' and I ain't rich
I'm the large, get a Minaj named Nicki

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Runnin' through New York, with a strap (that's fact)
'Cause we comin' for they head, not they chap (that's fact)
Zack runnin' through a chap
Buh runnin' through a chap
Killer runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)
Hank runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)

Mitch runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)
Y'all wonder what it's at
I know I see Max one day
R.I.P Jinx, gun play
Make you backflip, like the front play
Finna rule, live someday
Chop a bubble like mad boys
See the red dots like a tampon
Fuck homie jet, that's air ho
Came with the tat', air horn

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