

# Closer Than Most

French Montana

What's Gucci my nigga? What's Louis my killa?  
I feel like I can't follow in nobody footstep  
Getting GuWop  
(You know I pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop, at your head my nigga)  
Young nigga, young nigga, pop pills, make mills, young nigga  
Young nigga, young nigga, young nigga, young nigga

I think I'm 'bout to lose it man  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
In the trap still countin' change  
Don't fuck with y'all 'cause you niggas lame  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On the choppa rant, on the choppa rant  
Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop

Still-a in that trap getting GuWop  
Out the sewer, now my crib the size of Cuba  
I be riding around with that blocka  
We them Brick Squad, ask Flocka  
Versace shit, Silk The Shocker  
Coulda been San Quentin on lock  
But I two'd up that ghost  
I stack two floors that loaf  
I be floor seats by that coach, I be fight seats by that rope  
Lately so sick I could vomit, Gin with no tonic  
Cheat on my bitch, you know I'm dishonest  
But I'm just a product of my environment  
Young nigga, young nigga  
Pop pills, make mills young nigga  
Got wrist, stay trill young nigga  
Still talking that, still young nigga  
And I ain't ever lose the chain  
And shawty head stupid man

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On the choppa rant, on the choppa rant  
Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop

Get down or lay down  
Shoot everything up but a school or a playground  
Run shit like a Greyhound  
I'm in here, now who let the Devil in?  
I ain't been taking my medicine  
My trigger finger ain't never been hesitant  
I am your ruler, no measurements  
You know I pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop, at your head my nigga  
Cash Money 'til I die, even if I go broke, I still wouldn't beg to differ  
I'm off papers, I heart paper  
No sharp paper, better get the point  
'Cause I'm point-shaven with a sharp razor  
Get buck like a horse stable

Too street smart, I'm a geek, I put my niggas on they feet  
So if we fall it be that lean, that make a nigga fall asleep  
I can't see none of you niggas, and I can see the future man  
Where you going? I'm 'bout to go Tunechi man

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Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On the choppa rant, on the choppa rant  
Pop-