

Don'tchu

French Montana

Don't push me down, God, push me.
He kept on pushin' and pushin',
he wanted to see how much he could push a human being.
Then I fell like a bag of potatoes on Northern Avenue

Baby why don't you
You want a real nigga, don't you?
Don't front, baby, don't you?
Gon' keep it 100, baby don't you lie
Don't you
Gon' keep a hundred, baby don't you?
I know you need a real nigga, don't you?
Baby don't front, don't you

Wish my money was a little taller, wish I was a baller
Wish I had a bitch on stand, I could call her
Count a hundred bands, we be fuckin' 'til the morn'
I'm a baller, baby
You want a real nigga, baby
Don't post me on your 'Gram, baby
Gon' bust it wide open, baby, don't you
Drop dead, blowin' smoke, baby don't you?
Baby don't you, don't you lie
Whippin' in the Benzo
Never put me in the friend zone
Montana, I'm the Don Dada
Gucci suit with the brown collars
Shimmy shimmy ya, shimmy ye, shimmy ye
Walk up in the club with the hammer on my hip
What up my G?
We be's the hottest out in NYC
Watch, run through, they gon' talk about it later
I be playin' with the birds like the Falcons in Decatur
Playin' with the 45, Blake that's my DJ
Got work, 4, 5 states, call me Freeway
Brick, shawty on the mick
Gon' bend it over, bounce it back, I ain't picky
From the project, grind 'til it heal
Hundred proof, real ones sign and conceal
If we started from the bottom I'll give you mine
Niggas want shine but they don't wanna grind
You can tell from the haters, a nigga made it
Car European and the suit tailored
Hundred chains, Lambo
Hangin' off the horse like Rambo