

# Man of My City

French Montana

Bitch I'm the man in my city  
I see how they play and I get it  
I don't say much but she with it  
Young, wild, and free till I'm finished  
Down all the drugs you can handle  
Blow up the holes in the roof  
Light up the sky like a candle  
Flashing lights out of the blue  
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Shaking that dice and I gamble  
Start from the bottom and scramble  
The coupe got no top like a sandal  
Pass me the rock I got handle  
Money never fold up  
Pull up in that beemer  
Nigga buy the whole lot  
Now I'm drinking lean  
Yeah we smoking weed and baby we don't mean it  
When we pull up in the boat, Titanic, La Marina, god damn  
When I hit it from the back and do the toe wop  
Cutting up the dope and keep the door locked  
I be getting to this money baby, no lie  
Ask me no questions, I won't tell you no lie  
Han, southside we in this  
Smoking I be drinking brain gone no ceiling here  
Pull up in that drop, no ceiling here  
Ask my last bitch she's a millionaire

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If you talking reckless, I'd check it  
She sent a text I ain't check it, I'm sorry  
That head ain't even worth the headache  
Focused on the mathematics no electives  
The man of my city, like I got elected  
I run through this city, like that bitch a finish line  
Power, respect, yeah I like 'em both intertwined  
Text from my momma, all it say is "get it Sean"  
Okay, I got it, yeah, I made some fucked up decisions  
Fuck a double cup, I want double commission  
Streets feel my shit like a head on collision  
Your girl in my whip, making head on decisions  
My ex could write a book a tell all edition

It'd be a best seller, make enough to take care of her  
Her best friends and the rest of her children  
Cause even some good girls got super head in them

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