

## Said N Done

French Montana

Oh my god, oh my god  
Blocka, blocka, big up, big up  
It's the Coke Boy nigga with the A\$AP Mob  
Oh my god, oh my god  
I see 'em hatin' on the boy huh?  
'Til I pull up on the boy, huh?

Oh my god, oh my god  
But you couldn't fuck with the flow I got  
City just turned into the oh I ride  
Pretty motherfucker just stole my thot  
Oh my god, oh my god  
Wake up, wake up, it's a stick up, stick up  
Look up, look up, it's a stick up, stick up  
I'ma show you power of the mula  
I put a sundress on your shooter  
Man they turned their back on your boy huh?  
You trickin' but you waitin' for the boy huh?  
My god, oh my god  
(Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind now)  
Took a little time off I'm back up on my grind  
Took it uptown just to kick it with my slimes  
Skeet skeet, skkrt, cocaine for the bitches  
Chain tucked in cause I came for the business  
Dope to your brain like a vein with syringes  
Back in the day streets was paved with syringes  
Paid for the crib, plus it came with the fridges  
I heard them boys callin' up the boys huh?  
And they showing up to court huh?  
Dirty money, ain't in the Forbes huh

Love my bitch, oh my, gotta spend a whole lot  
Gotta buy every bag, gotta buy the whole lot  
Taught the bitch, oh my, oh my  
Gotta spend a whole lot  
Oh my god, oh my god

With the spring springing on us, and the summer hot  
Couple things clinging on us, bitch it's coming out  
Weather weather for the winter, Flacko bring 'em out  
Bad mon a rude boy, what the bombaclot  
When it drop out, nigga hop out  
Don't you know the loud mouth get you stomped out?  
Thing on me now, hang on me now, ay  
Got the bitch with me, gang with me now, yeah  
Does the chain swing on me now?  
Harlem made me down

Go hard or you go home  
She love it when I hit her with my robe on  
I couldn't ball, had to hit the stove  
We talkin' raw white, California Rolls  
We talkin' top down, California hoes  
We talkin' small sandals, got her on her toes  
I don't ask twice for the tongue  
Word to ISIS, I'm the bomb  
Cartagena, Corleone

I'm gone, do you smell aroma?

Drinkin', smoke a whole lot  
Know buy every bag I'ma buy the whole lot  
Your pussy wet, don't lie  
Oh my, oh my god

Oh my god, oh my god  
Oh my god, oh my god  
Blocka, blocka, big up, big up  
It's the Coke Boy nigga with the A\$AP Mob  
Oh my god, oh my god

She love when I hit her with my robe on  
She love when I hit her with my gold on  
Poppin' pills, drink, get your roll on  
They don't love you 'til you're dead and gone  
Montana!