

# Tap That

French Montana

Hey, you right there, bring your fine ass over here  
Come on and let a nigga tap that  
Let me tap that

I gotta keep my cool, moulin rouge  
Come fuck with French  
You know how I move in a room full of vultures  
Gotta move fast  
Get the cash, she a dime like a good pass  
Get a wine glass, with your fine ass  
Flashy, classy with her nasty  
Thick ass, hair long, baby from here on  
Big chips, I don't trip, I take trips  
G five in the air, baby mind blown  
Face down, ass up, let me climb on it  
A life's short, take advantage of that thought  
And take your shoes and your pants off

Let a nigga tap that  
Come on and let a nigga tap that  
Stop playin and let a nigga tap that  
I know you wanna let a nigga tap that

Look, nothin to talk about  
Soon as she see that two tone thing we out  
Holla at her friend like, "Bitch, be out."  
Fore we hit the toll got my dick in her mouth  
Hah, that's how it's supposed to go  
When your necklace glow, she's supposed to know  
Before she even get in the car  
Lettin freakin and man eatin when you creep with a star  
She know she in the mist of a real g, that's why she all touchy, feely  
She like he really really live that lifestyle  
Can tell he getting kitty by the glit in his watch dial  
I'm like girlfriend, girlfriend, we could leave here make your girlfriends g  
irlfriends  
I got my cheese with me and I brought my girlfriend  
Never find a better nigga you ain't gotta sweat a nigga

Just let a nigga tap that  
Come on and let a nigga tap that  
Stop playin and let a nigga tap that  
I know you wanna let a nigga tap that

Lil momma let me chop it up with ya  
Toss you up, flip ya  
Ya boy Chinx D real life Dirk Diggler  
I be gamin' with the ballers, slidin' with the boppers  
Fly nigga plus I keep the hollows in the shotgun  
Keep it twerkin at my show  
Caught her at my show  
Back stage with her only thing I wanna know  
You gon' let a nigga (tap that, tap that)  
Stop playin, you know a nigga want it  
Man that 760 off blue  
Not one I'm on two  
Nigga pupils dilated tryna hit your girl too

Riot be the gang  
Coke boys, know we got the city in a sling  
I get messy with these hoes  
No playin, tryin to get you out your clothes  
Pull that Drop Head up, tryna hit you in the Rolls  
All up in your cat litter  
Momma I'll get back with ya  
First I let Stack hit ya

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