

The Remix

French Montana

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry
Niggas tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Quarter mil in that Louis bag, shorty wanna do me bad
Get a bitch her do, he pull up in sixes boo
Double up on that hefty bag, I'm the best dick she had
In a long while, momma say all my songs foul
Momma say all my songs sound, provocative
"Mommy, how would you know? That shit you do is not marketed"
I'm gon' spark again, pour me cups of Cru, get me nice and right
Pussy, like it nice and tight, cookies, like 'em nice and light
Fluffy like them biscuits that my momma, when she pulled 'em out the oven
Smelled 'em in the air, bullets fly from everywhere
Bet he pull out a heavy gear, every year
I was sittin' in the penitentiary, look at what was sent to me
Letters from these bitches sayin' "Bigga you gon' have to go back in for con
spiracy"
One thing wasn't clear to me
Cared to be, how can you niggas prepare to be something you van't see, smell
or touch or taste
'09 ma let's up the stakes

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change
I'm in luv with' you girl, I'm in luv with' you girl
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Now dipplin' on that lean, got a half a bird
Drivin' up the interstate, dinnerplate in my car
Gots to break it down and bag it up, right before I hit the strip
Gotta move low when I tote that 5th, got a new flow with' a gold 4-5th
Rope that bitch, make her tell me more, basement under the deli store
I'm rarely hard?, better call the Champ Bailey dog
Pop up on the scene, it's like that nigga on a mission for some cream, reinc
arnate
Every weekend my mom stay
Every weekend she go to church, knows the earth
Take it from your wiz, man I know it hurts, when them stones is on the dirt
When them chromes is on alert, nigga you better talk like a G
Nigga don't be tryna fuck with me
Oww Oww

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