

Had To Sauce

Montana of 300

Had to sauce on a bitch
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Made her fall from the drip
Now she all on my dick

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I never stop for these hoes
But I might pause on a bitch
Slid down on them hoes
Santa Claus on a bitch
Grew a bead on these hoes
Ricky Ross on a bitch
Still fall with it though
Randy Moss on a bitch
When niggas was hating
She thought I wasn't making out of them tough
Shawty want to get naked
Yeah I got the sauce and they all want to taste it
Like [?]
I'm hotter than Satan
They all out of patience
Yeah these bitches falling they want me to chase them
They think ima cut them but my name ain't Jason
They got me mistaken
A bitch can get nathan
They all on my dick
I can't get them off me
Shout out to my pops MOB like he taught me
I get bucks like Milwaukee
Drip sauce on whoever cross me
They say I'm cold
I'm icy I'm frosty
No bitch you can't call me [?] I'm salty
They know I was saucy yeah

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I'm to cold for these hoes
Jack Frost on a bitch
Take the breath out a hoe
Check a pulse on a bitch
Big dog on these hoes
Versace draws on my dick
Loving basketball on a bitch
Watch dripping [?] in a wrist
As soon as I walk through the door
I drip like a faucet that's [?]
I step on a hoe
Burned berry sauce on the coal
Still dripping sauce on the flow
So please watch your step
Like Nike bitch I got a check
Fly like I hoped in a jet
I promise I'm fresh
If we got a problem its that
I let this chopper finesse
Ready for the drama
That 9 on my bro Iguodala
I'll promise these bitches go blocka
No future don't holla although she see me in designer no bitch we can't fuck
up no commas
She sweat me (no sauna)
She want to eat me like piranhas
And blow like a fan no Katana
Like I'm at [?]
Get that boy reckted like Obama
And slide on my like some pajamas

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