

## 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 too 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 it's 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 reeked like Obama  
And slide on my like some pajamas

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