

I Don't Like FGEmix

Montana of 300

This right here that real rap
This beat I'm a kill that
My pockets uncle Phil fat
2 gun cases I'm still strapped
Yehhhh it's Montana yeh I'm the one your bitch like
I'm your bitch type nigga you that bitch type
You wanna go to war you must hate your life life
And all that money don't makes shit fuck em take your life
New world harder I wear heat like the slodder
Got gunz inside of your daughter don't fuck around or get slaughtered
You niggas say you want beefing I got that murda shit for ya
Thug 2 gun cases last year in got christmas all with my lawyerr
Bitch I ball like a hoya
Go get brains I'm the toyer
Than go's like dick in there sister
I tapp that bitch like a butcher
All of my niggas is pushers
We fucking paid like a hooker
You wanna play with a gangster
You better be Ashton Kutcher
This is more than that rappin
This is how this shit happened
Round of applause with them choppers
Me and my partners be clappin
All of my niggas is eating
Like Tally pass me a muffin
I swear this niggas are actin Samuel Jackson
I can like stay bout that action
I turn that ass to a fraction
If niggas asking I'm whacking
It ain't no day that I'm lackin
So way day bitch I'm packin
While I hussle and sackin
That ratchets under my jackets for niggas think about jacking
I just up with them popping cop this the day that I'm coppin
Well nigga shit try to nack it that bitch blast off like a rocket
And bitch I promise I don't play with ya we are not the same nigga
You ain't in my lane nigga I've never been no lame nigga
No this is not a game nigga I come there where you stay nigga
Like knock knock who's there it's mister let that 40 bang nigga
Blow out your fucking brains nigga men system who hang with ya
God knows it is ain't shit for me I do this as the same nigga
Your sweet as a kiwi I'm 300 no BD
Got plans around the ocean
Yo son shit like a TV
No nigga u don't wanna see me
Hop out that whip like a genie
Spray yo ass like graffiti and put that on my next CD
My Cali Kobe loaded lux so nigga u gon get this work
I can swag I can surf when I blast u get murked put his ass in the dirt and
not a sag on a shirt
That's no joke he got smoked like a bag of this purp
It's FGE and they south they know I'm flyer than em
U would think it's sweet if u want it come on and try it nigga
Your not a rider them pradas don't come with tires nigga
I put that heat to yo head head yea I'd blow dry a nigga
I'm Freddy Krueger mixed up with sum Michael myers nigga

Jeepers creepers and Jason yes I'm the flyest killer
And I could back up allat shit that I talk
Boy I been fly so long I forgot what it felt like to walk
And I got stupid swag, I bet u hate mine
Yo girl all on my dick uh-huh she wanna taste mine
I get my Gucci belt that bitch don't waste time
I'm on my iPhone getting head... facetime
I decided I ain't have to let the nine pop
Murder up put the beat in the pie box
And as long as I'm living I'm a keep killing shit when I spit so never will
crime stop
They say I'm hot but I'm colder than a bon pop
Watch froze u would think I made time stop
Chain swinging like I'm playing for the white Sox
Came with the strap like a fresh pair of high tops
Whip fly like I'm sitting in the skybox
Got eyes wide open like an eye drop
See I'm hoping u niggas like a vydox
U niggas couldn't be fly if the sky drop
Watching kids cause the bitches sitting on my cock
Better keep an eye on her like a cyclops
Cause if u don't then she coming back to my spot
And I'm a fuck her like u never could, why not