

# Monta

Post Malone

Ooh, yeah  
I feel like Monta, bitch, I feel like Monta  
Ooh, yeah, yeah

I need my bucks ho, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)  
Smoke Golden State oh, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)  
Eleven bad hoes, bitch, I feel like Monta (ooh)  
Assist from Rondo, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)  
I need my bucks ho, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)  
I need my bucks ho, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)  
I need my bucks ho, bitch I feel like Monta (Monta)  
Don't give no f\*cks no, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)

Ayy, I just flew into town, fresh off the jetty  
And then I Rondo my ho, I know she ready (I know she)  
Bitch I'ma sauce on them hoes, might spend some bread  
Ayy, and I just cut that ho off like a machete  
Ayy, I'm a new three boy, white boy braids  
And I hit that shit good tell that p\*ssy go away  
She just want to come with me  
But that p\*ssy ain't enough, no way, no way  
Bitch, I feel like Monta, I dunk it like rewind it  
Behind the back I pass it, Tyson Chandler with that alley

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Don't give no f\*cks no, bitch, I feel like Monta (Monta)

(Uh, whoa, oh)  
Woah damn, I got bitches from Dallas up to Indiana (okay)  
Used to cross up and post when I pour fours in my Fanta (okay)  
Bitch, I ball like Kyle Korver when I post up in Atlanta (swish)  
I feel like Monta Ellis, I got more hoes than Elvis (yeah, hoes than)  
Who the f\*ck say the Lil Boat wasn't balling?  
I balling like Spalding you know this shit  
I won't sign no contract 'til my contract built  
Like a nigga who just went pro and shit  
I'm first-round pick, you can check my diamonds  
They shining, they big as a toe and shit  
Bitch, we bitin' like gators (yeah)  
I count up my guap on them haters (yeah)  
Eleven hoes on me, I'm feelin' like Monta Ellis  
Had to cut some niggas off 'cause they was jealous  
Bitch, I'm up by ten  
Ain't no coming back, you know that I'm finna win (yeah)  
Bitch, it's Lil Boat for the MVP  
All these niggas they wannabes (Lil Boat!)

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