

Triple Double

French Montana

Every day get paid, straight hustle
Club full of bad bitches, want all of em
Never know homes, might trip the triple double
Triple double, triple double, triple double
Never know homes, might trip the triple double
Trunk hard, top drop top, all on em
Never know homes, might trip the triple double
Highed up, thinking bout the best move next
Like fuck jet blue, I need a blue jet
Never underestimate the underdog greed
Best thing came up out the north east
Came up, what a hell of a man
4-4, long nose, call me elephant man
Drag the nigga from the bottom of the bottom, homie I could tell
From crabs in the bucket to the lobster tail
Back in my living room shack, work flipped in back
Nigga trippin' the set, I gotta lick here
Now a nigga show is by the brick here
Like fuck a good day, this a good year
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Today was a good day, great day
Yeah, it was a pay day
So make way for motherfuckers only bout that grade-A
Making money now, what the fuck you talkin' bout
When these bitches start trippin' we just lock em out
Gotta bounce, and that's a regular day
For that independent rap shit, I'm paving the way
They hatin' the way that I'm bathing in Ape
Plus I'm coming for your neck, better make your escape
I came in shittin', wood grain grippin'
Bitches on that Cobain, cocaine sniffin'
But they just on a quest to be some rock stars
We party hard and we duckin' from them cop cars
This Mac Miller, Montana
Smoking blunts, bad bitches on camera
Took a second and got tatted on my neck and hands

You don't gotta love the music, but respect the man
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Get me on the court and I'm
Troubling the exotic sports car, no top
Something gorgeous inside it, asking if she could drive it
They don't make this for novice, they make these for pilots
On wheels, 3 piece stainless steel
Hater tryna throw mud, it's love
I came out standing steel
What's really real when these bitches behaving
Like nymphos, all sex crazy
My home girl Molly came got it poppin'
I'm just watchin', pullin' the lighter from my back pocket
Like that high karate, she won't kick it, sit by me
Come over to the crib, get hit by me
Woke her up and told er get that money to them lames
You were sent by me, it's jet life over here partner
And plus nobody I know got popped in
New Orleans where I be, smoking pot with your hoes
Avoid potholes on these streets, Andre
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Songwriters

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