

Devil Want My Soul (Prod. Young Chop)

French Montana

I pray to God I ain't ever dying broke
If I ever owe you, you ain't ever going broke
Everything you seen been the realist shit you saw
What the business is keep minds on the low
Devil want my soul, Bitches turn me cold
Bottle after bottle watching bitches on a pole
Promise never fold, Money never fold
Gettin' money fast, watchin' niggas dying slow I pray to God I ain't ever dying broke
If I ever owe you, you ain't ever going broke
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Promise never fold, Money never fold
Gettin' money fast, watchin' niggas dying slow Whippin' on that slow
Hoppin' out that Ghost
With a hundred chains on this industry is cold
Fuck them niggas told
Everything we sold
Made it out that corner, I'm fifty racks a show
Whippin' on that stove
Got my money grown money
Orders to my brother, ice got 'em all hung
Hustlin' in my bones
Better watch your tone
Niggas cash your life just for talkin' on that phone
We get it on our own
Now everythin' we own
Tell 'em stop small talkin', all my money grown
Mansion on my arm
Coke boy talk
Made it out the bottom, out the bottom like I told 'em I pray to God I ain't ever dying broke
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Promise never fold, Money never fold
Gettin' money fast, watchin' niggas dying slow Promise never fold (aah)
And my money never fold (aah)
Made it to the top like I told 'em (aah)
Let 'em keep talkin' I'mma show 'em (aah)
And I'mma bring to any nigga that want it
Ooh devil want my soul
Self made millionaire, no nigga I owe
Made it out that hole, now watch a nigga ball
24 chains, 24k gold
High School to the Pros, ballin like Lebron
Hood got young niggas stressin' goin' bald
Came up I was poor, now RosÃ© I pour
And I ain't scared of shit just a nigga dyin' broke I pray to God I ain't ever dying broke
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Songwriters

KARIM KHARBOUCH Published by

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