

# Ooouuu Remix (feat. 50 Cent)

## Young M.a.

[Intro: French Montana]

When you hear that ooouuu my God, haah

Montana, haah[Verse 1: French Montana]

I heard they hatin' on the Coke Boy

Since Chinx die I ain't even trust the popo

Watch blue face, got it in the chokehold

I be the new Ma\$e, I kill 'em with the slow fold

Haah, like I ain't got the recipe

Watchin' Love & Basketball, Sanaa next to me

Oh, and a model next to me

Hah, call her Santiago, I call her Stephanie

Puff told me "get that money French"

Stay close, watch my moves, make 100 quick

10 of Ciroc, black Rollie, Barrack

Red beam on an op, sauce down to the socks

They got everything to say but they broke though, haah

I told MA gon' call the hoes though

I'ma hit it from the back, you lick the throat tho

I drink Ciroc, I don't sniff the coco

Haah, they still talkin' bout the Jimmy beef, haah

Like I ain't just have a five milly week

Montana[Verse 2: Young M.A]

Yea they hate but they broke though

And when it's time to pop they a no-show

Yea I'm pretty but I'm loco

The loud got me moving slow-mo

Ayo Tweetie, where the hoes bro?

Ayo Keys, where the hoes tho?

That other nigga, he a bozo

It's M.A, you don't know hoe?

We got liquor by the boatload (that Henny)

Disrespect the Lyfe that's a no-no

All my niggas dressed in that rojo (Redlyfe)

I ride for my guys, that's the bro code

Baby gave me head, that's a low blow

Damn she make me weak when she deepthroat

I need a rich bitch not a cheap hoe

They be on that hate shit, I peep though

My brother told me fuck em', get that money sis

You just keep on grinding on ya hungry shit  
Ignore the hating, ignore the faking, ignore the funny shit  
Cause if a nigga violate, we got a hunnit clips  
And we go zero to a hundred quick  
We just them niggas you ain't fucking with  
Pockets on a chubby chick  
And still go bag a thottie in some bummy shit (OOOUUU)  
Yerr Eli, why they testing me?  
Like I don't always keep the hammer next to me?  
Like I ain't got a hitter to the left of me?  
Like we ain't in these streets more than Sesame?  
If that's your chick, then why she texting me?  
Why she keep calling my phone speaking sexually?  
Every time I'm out, why she stressing me?  
You call her Stephanie? I call her Headphanie  
I don't open doors for a hoe  
I just want the neck, nothin' more  
Shawty make it clap, may get applause  
When you tired of your man, give me call  
Dyke bitches talking out they jaw  
Next minute calling for the law  
This nine will have them calling for the lord  
They ain't getting shmoneys so they bored  
I could never lose, what you thought?  
M.A got it on lock, man of course  
They say I got the juice, I got the sauce  
These haters on my body shake em' off  
Pussy I'm a bully and a boss  
I'm killing them, sorry for your loss  
I just caught a body, Randy Moss  
Now this year I'm really going off[Outro]  
OOOUUU  
OOOUUU  
These haters on my body, shake em' off  
OOOUUU  
OOOUUU  
Ahhhh, these haters on my body shake em' off  
OOOUUU  
OOOUUU  
These haters on my body shake em' off  
I could never lose what you thought? What they thought?  
I could never lose what you thought?  
This henny got me, it got me sauced  
This henny got me oh, it got me sauced  
I could never lose what you thought?

M.A got it on lock man of course

OOOUUU

OOOUUU

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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