

# Intro (feat. Evil Empire & Dame Grease)

## French Montana & Max B

You ever want something  
That you know you shouldn't have  
But the more you know you shouldn't have it  
The more you want it?  
And then one day, you get it, and it's so good to you  
We got the straight droppin' everybody know  
Where the money at, tell me where to go  
Niggas jokin', hundred rounds hit your funny bone  
Life short, nigga, but my money grown  
Grind for years, nigga tried to fly to Belize  
Homie want a hundred mill, but he caught a hundred years  
Gettin' more money 'cuz I care less  
I'mma ball, double R on my head rest  
Ross and Diddy got a nigga all illuminated  
Fornicatin', get your main bitch lubricated  
Came from the bottom, now a nigga packin' fields  
Came from the bottom, now the house on the hills  
Can you see me ho? Bitch can you see me now?  
Got me on my Pac shit  
When I caught my first lick, never lookin' back  
30 chains on, lookin' like a turtle neck  
I see you niggas broke  
You wanna hit this dough  
You went against the grain  
Nigga gotta watch you choke  
In the presence of the greatest, so humbling  
Coke Boy, Bad Boy, and the double M  
Reachin' for the stars, but my feet so grounded  
Speak to the boss, nigga, don't creep around me  
Peep the Frank Mueller, I'm a sharpshooter  
Can't jerk me homie, I let your skank do that  
I'm still affiliated with them brick dealers  
Affiliated with them niggas tryna watch millions  
You niggas thousandaires  
Fuckin' with the dream team, need a thousand years  
Pyrex boy, Montana, Straight chemist  
Put them feelings to the side nigga  
You say ya'll ready, but you not ready  
We got the straight droppin' everybody know

Where that money at, tell me where to go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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