Shisha (feat. French Montana)

Massari

Whoa, Whoa Drinks in the air, like everybody feel like Whoa, Whoa Everybody hands in the sky like We run the night like Whoa, Whoa Drum beating harder than the Congo She drop it down low Whoa, Whoa Up on the seats sayin' watch me nowGotta light the shisha, then we pass the Chardonnay Poppin' bottles we ain't leaving till the morning Let me see you put your lighters in the air Shorty wine up on my body like you want it She movin' fast, she winin' slow She tellin' me, that she's ready to go I'm spendin' cash, Geronimo When Massari in the party make the club goWhoa, Whoa Drinks in the air, like everybody feel like Whoa. Whoa Everybody hands in the sky like We run the night like Whoa, Whoa Drum beating harder than the Congo She drop it down low Whoa, Whoa Up on the seats sayin' watch me nowBom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom Watching me, watching me like a movie in a club We run tings, you know a big tings we run Rock wit me, rock wit me, got'cha body burnin' up Push it back on me, touching me Like you wanna give it up, And I wanna, pull you 'pon your waist You'll never wanna leave, I got you right where you wanna be, And I know, tonight I'm gonna make you fall in love with me, Girl I'll be makin' your body screamWhoa, Whoa Drinks in the air, like everybody feel like

Whoa, Whoa Everybody hands in the sky like We run the night like Whoa, Whoa Drum beating harder than the Congo She drop it down low Whoa, Whoa Up on the seats sayin' watch me nowBom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom (Montana!)I got what you want, pull up and stunt Right right looking like first of the month I'm talkin' forty a feature Bad bitch on the shisha Everyday we cash out, smoke smokin' that Keisha High 'til the morning, bad bitch I'm showin' it Watch 'em land on the charts Came up fresh out the corner You know I talk like a pimp With the Ghost like a mac Takin' off like Kemp, play that post like Shaq Cold fever from money, Morocco when sunny Quarter mill on the wheel Thirty chains on my stomach Got plenty to smoke, champagne for the pain Doin' doin' the most, you know we runnin' the gameWhoa, Whoa Drinks in the air, like everybody feel like Whoa, Whoa Everybody hands in the sky like We run the night like Whoa, Whoa Drum beating harder than the Congo She drop it down low Whoa, Whoa Up on the seats sayin' watch me nowBom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom bom bom Bom ba-ba-bom bom bom

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