

Coke Boy Money (feat. Chinx & Zack)

French Montana

Nigga walk up in the spot
Wearing that same shit Jesus used to wear (Egyptian cloths)
The other nigga talking that fly shit(La musica de Harry Fraud)Could have been a pilot, could have been a doctor
Could have been a pimp, could have been a mobster
Could have been a mack, could have been a dope boy
Homie matter of fact, I'm a motherfuckerin' coke boyYou wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boyHey yo Chinx, pull that shit back man
They ain't ready for that shit
Harry Fraud you a motherfuckin' problem boy, damnNigga walk up in the spot
Wearing that same shit Jesus used to wear (Egyptian cloths)
The other nigga talking that fly shit(La musica de Harry Fraud)Could have been a pilot, could have been a doctor
Could have been a pimp, could have been a mobster
Could have been a mack, could have been a dope boy
Homie matter of fact, I'm a motherfuckerin' coke boyYou wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boyRallies on the roll, prezies never fold
Mommy, you ain't got to take a vote to hit the pole
Just bounce it up and down, spread it all around
Hit the homies off, pass it all around
I'm talking about the money, I'm talking about them m's
I'm talking about the rollie, 67 pins
Few homies with me, couple in the Benz
Shawty said I'm foul, she heard I hit her friends
Rocks in your bake pot, starting from a dope spot
Made my first couple hundred whipping on a stove top
Me and Frenchie, in that new ghost Phantom
Comfy where I'm at, but I could have been a, could have been aCould have been a pilot, could have been a
doctor
Could have been a pimp, could have been a mobster
Could have been a mack, could have been a dope boy
Homie matter of fact, I'm a motherfuckerin' coke boyYou wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boyAny given time, bands in your grill
Ten toes down, both hands on the feel
Probably on a molly, probably on some syrup

They know I'm putting off, on the bleachers hoes cheer us
City on my back, lames in the wind
Coupe like a shark, know you lames see the fin
Treadin' up-shore, these hoes won't swim
My wrists be the bait, the fish getting in
Knocked out her tube sock, gave the whole crew whops'
Shine on the game like your head when the roof drop
A bum then, and you're still a bum now
Always been a clown, but you could have been a, could have been a
Could have been a pilot, could have been a
doctor
Could have been a pimp, could have been a mobster
Could have been a mack, could have been a dope boy
Homie matter of fact, I'm a motherfuckerin' coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
You wiggling baby, I'm a motherfuckerin coke boy
Go ahead, baby, go ahead, baby
Go ahead, baby, go ahead, baby

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>