

679 (feat. Montana Buckz)

Fetty Wap

Baby girl, you're so damn fine though
I'm tryna know if I could hit it from behind though
I'm sipping on you like some fine wine though
And when it's over, I press rewind though
You talking bands, girl, I got it
Benjamins all in my pocket
I traded in my Trues for some Robins
He playing Batman, Fetty's gon rob him
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no .38
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no .38 I'm like, yeah, she's fine
Wonder when she'll be mine
She walk past, I press rewind
To see that ass one more time
And I got this sewed up
Remy Boyz, they know us
All fast money, no slow bucks
No one can control us
Ay, yeaah baby Tell me what you see
Is it money or it's me?
I smoke twenty, smell the weed
I got hunnies in my V
They like, Monty, can you be my baby daddy, I'm like yeah
I got robins on my jeans, you see the wings on every pair
All you see is Remy Boyz, you know my niggas everywhere
And if somebody got a problem, we could meet up anywhere
Now go say something
Don't you niggas play dumb
You know where we came from
You don't want sauce, no A I'm like, yeah, she's fine
Wonder when she'll be mine
She walk past, I press rewind
To see that ass one more time
And I got this sewed up
Remy Boyz, they know us
All fast money, no slow bucks
No one can control us
Ay, yeaah baby She a cutie and she fine, make me wanna make her mine
She ain't nothing like them bimbos
If you like it, we can swerve, we can light and stain up here

Blowing, pluck it out the window
DJ playing, press rewind, got her singing every time
Take a high note for me girlfriend
Got my city looking rude, I ain't Diddy I ain't Loon
But I think I need a girlfriend
She feeling great as I'm talking to her
She a RemyGirl so I'm gon' pursue her
I brought a lot of loud, lot of Remy to sip on
Thousand dollars when I get my tip on
I'm off her, asked her if her fatty with it
She said that's all her, got her with the happy feel
I'm 'bouta spoil her, got her with the happy feel
I'm 'bouta spoil her, oh my I'm like, yeah, she's fine
Wonder when she'll be mine
She walk past, I press rewind
To see that ass one more time
And I got this sewed up
Remy Boyz, they know us
All fast money, no slow bucks
No one can control us
Ay, yeaah baby

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>