

# Lose It (feat. Lil Wayne & Rick Ross)

## French Montana

What's Gucci my nigga?  
What's Louis my killa? I feel like I can't follow in nobody footstep  
You know I pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop, at your head my nigga  
Young nigga, young nigga, pop pills, make mills young nigga  
Young nigga, young nigga, young nigga, young nigga I think I'm 'bout to lose it man  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
In the trap still countin' change  
Don't fuck with y'all 'cause you niggas lame  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On a choppa rant  
On a choppa rant Still-a in that trap getting guap  
Out the sewer, now my crib the size of Cuba  
I be rap-rapping that block  
We them Brick Squad, ask Flocka  
Beside this shit, Silkk The Shocker  
Coulda been San Quentin on lock  
But I two door that ghost  
I stack two floors that loaf  
I be floor seats by that coach  
I be fight seats by that rope  
Make me so sick I could vomit  
Gin with no tonic  
Cheat on my bitch, she know I'm dishonest  
But I'm just a product of my environment Young nigga, young nigga  
Pop pills, make mills young nigga  
Got wrist, stay trill young nigga  
Still toting that steel young nigga  
And I ain't ever lose a chain  
And shawty head stupid man I think I'm 'bout to lose it man  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
In the trap still countin' change  
Don't fuck with y'all 'cause you niggas lame  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On a choppa rant  
On a choppa rant Get down or lay down  
Shoot everything up but a school or a playground  
Run shit like a Greyhound

I'm in here, now who let the Devil in?  
I ain't been taking my medicine  
My trigger finger ain't never been hesitant  
I am your ruler, no measurements  
You know I pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, at your head my nigga  
Cash Money 'til I die, even if I go broke, I still wouldn't beg to differ  
I'm off vapors, I heart paper, no sharp paper, better get the point  
'Cause I'm point-shaven with a sharp razor, get buck like a horse stable  
Too street smart, I'm a geek, I put my niggas on they feet  
So if we fall it be that lean, that make a nigga fall asleep  
I can't see none of you niggas, and I can see the future man  
Where you going? I'm 'bout to go Tunechi man I think I'm 'bout to lose it man  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
In the trap still countin' change  
Don't fuck with y'all 'cause you niggas lame  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
Said I'm 'bout to go Gucci Mane  
On a choppa rant  
On a choppa rant

Songwriters

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