

Paranoid

French Montana

(Young Chop on the beat!)

Band Camp

Yeah, it's crazy 'cause, man I was like
I saw one of these yeas shootin' in the corner
Damn, this nigga really shootin' in the corner
All the little kids n' shit, everybody runnin'
He shot the whole van up and I'm like damn
And we dipped

I be so paranoid
I hear these niggas tryin' to fuck with me
Real shit, I know I got enemies
I can't let them niggas enter me
I ain't scared to die nigga
I'll take your life nigga
Fuck it shoot 'em down nigga
A hundred rounds 'll put you down, nigga

Montana!

I be the hottest nigga out my city
Hit you with some shit, you never sign no titties
Know a nigga shinin' all my diamonds 3D
I hit a lick, I'm worth a couple million
That car near 400 thou nigga
That top drop like Pacquiao nigga
I hit up K.O.D. and left a hundred in it
Hundred on my watch I'm shining every minute
They caught him on that corner, left a hundred in him
Niggas goin' broke, that'll never be me
Paranoia, got me watchin' lawyer
Molly water, I'm way too sober

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And I made a mill in 30 minutes
And I'm ridin', clip with 30 in it
And your head, I put 'bout 30 in it
When them shots hit him, it's Choppa Down nigga
I've been sober, paranoia
That baking soda, could help your boy out
Get your head blown off your body for a verse
When that choppa hit 'em niggas yellin' holy mercy
Bloody murder, go and dig the dirt out
Choppers ringin' didn't let 'em get a word out
Probably talkin' 'bout nothin' you done heard 'bout
Niggas gettin' smoked, bitches gettin' turned out

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