

French Montana

"Bad Habits"

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(Hook)x2

I got some habits»¿ most of 'em bad
Im trying to stop but they keep on comin' back
Smokin' on that kush sippin' on that 'gnaci»¿
Lives a bitch thats how you get her of ya back/

[Bun B]

Say I'm straight up out the streets
the hood know my name, they know my reputation
Im deep up in the game, now I dont roll with lames
I only rock with don's, to get that paper up and they
hustle on
It deeper then the song, its realer then the hook
I really was a thug, I really was a crook
I seen the dope sell, I seen the crack cook
Herion shot up, and then I seen they lives took
I watched the judge throw the book and give my homie
thirty
But I'm still on the block, still ridin' dirty
Guess I cant be nothin 'else but who i am,
Yeah my heads real bad but i don't give a damn/

(Hook)x2

[French Montana]

Convict whats happinin' young nigga trapin it
Bumbin that GK before i was rappin it
now nigga own nigga, con be the captin it
100 rounds sound like reggaton when im clappin it
homie we in them streets like them yellow signs
Montana money longer then them yellow lines
Bitches with the bitches, cuz nigga everything a go
Crib so clean you can eat off tha floor ,
Dont talk money mean, dont talk back approach me
funnyi»¿
Hear that thang go clap, doing the same shit that got
my partner 75
Dont ask me why im drinkin n' get high/

(Hook)x2

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