

French Montana "Cadillac Doors"

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i know this bitch named candy, caught her creepin in
my pocket.
I told her don't be stealin, baby what you need i got it.
you know that i'd be lying if i tell you how to shake em.
i took a bitch from nothing, turned her to a money
maker.
she fuckin with a nugget now she fuckin with a laker.
i took her from the nuggets, snatched her to that kobe
sticker.
talkin pair of flike thousand of nikes
to hit the shake em i took from the house and couple
thousand on they makin

its money in them couches, a couple ounces for the
awake up
potnas always blind never around crush de cravers
toast by the ocean down n drank up
major ever player lifes a bitch until we break up.

me and you (yeah yeah)
your momma and your cousin (yeah yeah)
rollin down the strip on 4 (yeah yeah)
pullin up slammin da cadillac doors (yeah yeah)

did time n time n make no sense nigga down in

quit n hit flood couple thousand gettin ownin
what u know im trying gettin higher than doe
sippin on da purple drank n rollin up da powda
first u get da money da respect and da power
life could be so pretty give u flenny n the flowers
keep i self em clothes makin toast works n hours
shawt gettin me brain she graduated out da haward
i count money every second n count every hour
u know im bringin magic n the games call me hours
im tryna keepin lookin good but niggaz lookin fowe
n fucking wit da G'z, down convive into the crowd

me and you (yeah yeah)
your momma and your cousin (yeah yeah)
rollin down the strip on 4 (yeah yeah)
pullin up slammin da cadillac doors (yeah yeah)

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