

French Montana "Casino Life"

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This the intro
Bitch listen to my intro
Montana

Last year was the worse couldnt get worse
Only way is up now nigga weight is p
Couple locked, couple dead, couple ran away
To the the top of the we like plan away
Shit wicked in these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We all try to win
But then again play the bad hand homie is how the ball
vounce
But shit couldve been guilty on all counts
We gonna make it, gonna make it is what you tell
yourself
Only thing promised when you die your gonna shit on
yourself
Fake it like bebox, ride the ??? levy
01' never trust no one
Niggas never there, never there, never there when you
need help
Niggas rather put holes in you like a cheap belt
Fame aint free, wine blowin fast
Cuz im the only one eatin off me
It go one for the homies, 2 for the down bitch
Three for the lawyer, and 4 for the oil

I wake up, time to bake up, time to raise the bar
You heard montana, mama raised a star
Soke in my body, gettin ready for the critcs
Ima leave it up to god, stay insane its a job
Its the Intro, suicide central
Since young bitch put somethin on the petro
Made man, slave camp, jewelry box
listen ock, 8 stack Loui top
Money my sorta theme, I'm done bringin the game
back the buzz on the carterveen
Go on tell rude boy shochya out tha stankin crotch for
takin shots,
I knew ocktel like jamaican pots
Say you couldnt do it on ya own look at I

I had to see to it like crooked-I ha
get it, I did it, hit it, shitted, her stomach polluted, knit it
ha ha

Its my intro
Bitch this my intro
Mr. 16, Mizay
where we at holiday

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