French Montana "Devil Want My Soul"

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[Hook x2]

I pray to God I ain't never dying broke
If I ever owe you, you ain't never going broke
Everything you seen been the realist shit you saw
What the business is keep minds on the low
Devil want my soul, bitches turn me cold
Bottle after bottle watching bitches on the pole
Promise never fold, money never fold
Gettin money fast, watchin niggers dying slow

[Verse:1]

Whippin on that slow Hoppin out that ghost With a hundred chains on this industry is cold Fuck them niggas talk Everything we saw Made it out the corner, I'm fifty racks a show Whippin on that stove Got my money grown money Orders to my brother, ice got em all hung Hustle in my bones Better watch your tone Niggas catch your life just for talkin on that phone We get it on our own Now everythin we own Tell em stop smalls talkin, all my money grown Mansion on my own Coke boy talk Made it out the bottom, out the bottom like I told em

[Hook x2]

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[Verse:2]

Promise never fold (aah)
And my money never fold (aah)
Made it to the top like I told em (aah)
Let em keep talkin I'mma show em (aah)
And I'mma bring to any nigga that want itOoh devil wants my soul
Self-made millionaire! no nigga I owe
Made it out that hole, now watch a nigga ball
24 chains, 24k gold
High School to the Pros, ballin like Lebron
Hood got young niggas tressin, goin hard
Came up I was poor, now rosé I pour
And I ain't scared of shit nigga dyin broke

[Hook x2]

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