

French Montana

"Fuck What Happens Tonight"

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[Hook: Mavado]

I got my gun on me
I tell my kids Iâ€™ll never leave them lonely
Fucking streets on me
Thatâ€™s right â€“ Jamaicansâ€™ll murder your family
Fuck what happens tonight
Fuck what happens tonight
Fuck what happens tonight
I got my gun on me

[Verse 1: French Montana]

It was murder she wroteâ€¦ your name in blood
When the love gone, your eyes diluted full of blood
Six cars full of gold, six blocks heard the boom
Dreadlocks, middle of June, headshots, get tombed
Stone, ten shots, five gone, 9/11 dial tone
She want it all, die alone
Thereâ€™s a going on nobody safe from
Now we talking to the judge when your day come
Like â€œit was hard not to kill these niggasâ€
It was like a full-time job not to kill these niggas
Eight figures, need the eight story mansion
While Iâ€™m strapped up two-stepping with the devil
dancing
Diluted with blood in my eyes
Like stillborn, niggas wonâ€™t make it out alive
Niggaâ€¦

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Ace Hood]

Fuck it, Iâ€™m ready to die tonight
Put it on Mom with that clip on my back, and I loaded it
twice
Just a call away, my niggas is ready no matter the price
Playing with mine, you niggas ccan get it, including
your wife
Isnâ€™t life a maâ€™fucka?
Since 17, that pistol been my blood brother
Sleeping with that lethal weapon playing Danny Glover
AK40, own a hundred if we talking numbers

Riders fucking with mobsters
Niggas want beef? Turn 'em to pasta
Load up the clip, shoot up your mobster
"Bang, bang!" bless 'em father
Passed beside him, rest aside a lake
That's swimming with snakes inside
And look in my eyes, I hate disguises
Knife or gun, I compromise it
Oh Lord... I'mma ride on my enemies
If I die tonight I bet them gangsters remember me
Nigga, 'til then...

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Snoop Dogg]

From the depths of the sea, back to the block
With a bitch on my dick and a bottle of Ciroc
Kick talk nonstop - "blocka, blocka!" bloodclot
Don't test the lion 'cause you'll get dropped on the
spot
Lick shots, drip drop on soil - hot hot 'til it boil
To this Crip shit I'm loyal...
Dip with us, ride with us, fly with us, slip with us
Sick with us, sing with us, bad little bitch wanna get with
us
She like the French tip nails that I wear
And I'm so pimped out, the dreads in my hair
You got who? Now the truth is to dare
Blue bandana, it's me and Montana
Had to drop a Caddy, with Tanisha, Alicia, Keisha,
Savannah
Nicknames for my blammer

[Hook]

[Verse 5: Scarface]

The smell of blood in the bathroom
Body laid out stiff, all the stab wounds
I told this nigga I was comin' back
Pussy must not of heard me when I told him that
Nigga, it's eye for an eye
A life for a life - a body for a price
I wanna smell his last breath took
And look him in his eyes
And make sure he knows how death looks
'Cause I'm him, it's in the air, I can feel it
Shot him four times with the gun I was concealing
Overkilling, it's ain't not coming back from it
Then walk away with a demeanor like I just done it
Something evil this way cometh
For big face hundreds, this bitch gets punished

[Hook]

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