

French Montana

"It Was A Good Year"

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Ft. Curren\$y & Mac Miller

Hard up, thinking bout the best move next
Light fuck jet blue, I need a blue jet
Never underestimate the underdog green
(damn sir, where'd you find this?)
Best thing came about to your feast
Came up, what a hell of a man
4-4, long nose, call me elephant man
Drag the niggas from the bottom to the bottom, homie I
could tell
From crabs in the bucket to the last to tell
Back in my little room shack, work flipping the back
Nigga trippin the set, I gotta lick here
9 inch show by the brick hell
Like fuck good day, this a good year

Every day get paid, straight hustle
Club full of bad bitches, we're all on em
Never know holmes, might trip the triple double
Triple double, triple double, triple double
Never know holmes, might trip the triple double
Trunk hard, top drop top, all on em
Never know holmes, might trip the triple double

Get me on the court and I'm
Troubling the exotic sports car, no top
Something gorgeous inside it, aksing if she could drive
it
They don't make this for novice, they make these for
pilots
On wheels, 3 piece stainless steel
Hater tryna throw mud, it's love
I came out standing steel
What's really real when these bitches behaving
Like in Air Force all sex crazy
My home girl Molly came got it poppin
I'm just watchin, pullin the lighter from my back pocket
like they had karate
She won't kick it, sit by me
Come over to the crib, get hit by me

Woke er up and told er get that money to them lanes
You were sent by me, it's jet life over here partner
And plus nobody I know got popped in
New Orleans where I be, smoking pot with your hoes
Avoid potholes on these streets, I am dreaded

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Today was a good day, great day
Yea, it was a pay day
So make way for motherfuckers only bout that gray day
Making money now, what the fuck you talkin bout
When these bitches start trippin we just lock em out
Gotta bounce, and that's a regular day
For that independent rap shit I'm paving the way
They hatin away that I'm bathing in A
Hustler coming for your neck, better make your escape
I came in shittin, real grain grippin
Bitches on that Kobain, cocaine sniffin
But they just on a quest to be some rock stars
We party hard and we duckin from them cop cars
This Mac Miller, Montana
Smoking blunts, bad bitches on camera
Took a second and got tatted on my neck and hands
You don't got another music, respect the man

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