

French Montana

"Married To The Streets"

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Akon:
(Konvict)
Akon and French Montana

Hook
Akon:
I don't know what it is
But it keeps callin' my name, I can't imagine me leavin'
this game
I'll tell you what it is
It's the money, the cars, the clothes and all these fast
ass hoes (hoes)
It got me married to the streets
Married to the streets, married to the streets (streets)
It got me married to the streets, married to the streets
Yeah, yeah, honey I'm home

Verse 1
French Montana:
A hammer for a ring, a vest for a suit
And a judge for a priest, jury taking seats
Now your married to the streets, death do us apart
My next move to the charts, French movin' that Parkay
(yeah, yeah)
I'm what you niggaz never was
Came in coughin' kushy, walked out coughin' blood
A G or more, on that Automar'
Montana play the cut like Neospore
What the bloodclaat, dreadlock, murder them
Yessir, left his body shakin' like turbulence (yeah,
yeah)
I been in bread, said he been vet
A killer sending threats on the internet
I'm a pimp, 50 large, rubber bands
Conversation, bitch pawned her wedding band
I'm cold as a fridge top
I got the game in a headlock (yeah, yeah)
(Honey I'm home)

Hook
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this game
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ass hoes (hoes)
It got me married to the streets
Married to the streets, married to the streets (streets)
It got me married to the streets, married to the streets
Yeah, yeah, honey I'm home

Verse 2

French Montana:

I'm married to the streets, 100 karats on my piece
Got money on money, you'll be countin' it for weeks
No top, hit the block, get the head, get a shot
Hit the club, I'm a star, see my table be the bar
Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, money stack, money tall
Hit the dealer, 100 large, hit the club, 100 cars
Cut a check, I'ma work, tell Flex bomb it first
Throw it back, show me love, crack a bottle, blow a dub
(Haaah)
It's Macaroni nigga don't even drop (Haaah)
Over the sticker, lookin' slick in the drop (Haaah)
The drought is over, Coke Wave, baking soda
Twerkin', my weed purple like grape soda
Me and 'Kon like Shaq and Lebron
It's Montana baby, lookin' like you mad I made it
Catch me in the fresh Airs, Louis bag, white tee, Gucci
hat
Game in a doobie wrap, streets keep calling back

Hook

Akon:

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But it keeps callin' my name, I can't imagine me leavin'
this game
I'll tell you what it is
It's the money, the cars, the clothes and all these fast
ass hoes (hoes)
It got me married to the streets
Married to the streets, married to the streets (streets)
It got me married to the streets, married to the streets
Yeah, yeah, honey I'm home

Akon:

Yeah, yeah
Honey I'm home
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Honey I'm home
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, honey I'm home

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