

## French Montana

# "Nothing To Think About (feat. Al Pac and Mac Musta)"

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French Montana:

It's nothing to think about  
Montana man

Hook

French Montana:

I be working in the kitchen, grinding on a mission  
I be pitchin' till everything gone, it's nothing to think  
about

I'm working in the kitchen, grinding on a mission  
I be pitchin' till everything gone, it's nothing to think  
about

Yeah (it's nothing to think about)

Yeah (it's nothing to think about)

I'ma get to the money (money)

I'ma get to the money (money)

Verse 1

French Montana:

After hours, four hoes, flying spur, four-door  
Stay strapped, 4-4, I can never go broke  
Hatin' on a nigga, dickridin' when they see him  
In the club tryna keep up with ya re-up, fuck nigga what  
it ain't

You the boss, let 'em hate

Bad bitches bring 'em in, boyfriend number two  
Never cuddling, come again, baby don't be feelin' that  
(feelin' that)

Coke Wave Gargamel a hit 'em back

GTC with the ceilin' back (ceilin' back)

Homie, wrist white, bricks white, we be dealin' that

Know you niggaz feelin' that (feelin' that)

Homie, Macaroni, he be peelin' that, dog 'em then send  
'em back

Nigga I'm the hottest nigga out, fuck a punchline,  
played out

Go two-player when it's crunchtime, lunch time

Checks lookin' healthy (healthy) bitches on a nigga  
(nigga)

You know Coke Wave be the niggaz, Montana bitch

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Verse 2

Al Pac:

I'll leak you dude, what it do, fuck these chickens, stack  
my loot

Niggaz wanna ride the wave, I'm switchin' to a different  
loop

Every week a different Coupe, everyday a different  
smut

Bigga told me "Peezly, fuck these haters, get them  
bigger bucks"

Now I gotta get it in, niggaz can't fuck with him

Al Pac, Montana, niggaz can't fuck with them

Got the streets in a frenzy, all the real niggaz love us

Coke Wave, and we still riding on you muthafuckas

Front, I'ma lay you down, get outta line, spray a pound

All about my money, I ain't come here to play around

Always on the grind, I got money on my mind

Fow worth brick money, all these other niggaz dimes

Got your wifey on my dick, all these bitches screamin',

"Oww"

Never sound the same, every song is a different style

Watch my fetti come and pile, trappin' like it's '88

Al Pac, Gain Greene, niggaz gettin' major cake (Ay)

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Verse 3

Mac Mustard:

My niggaz point me in the right path and calculate the  
right math

A white pad can turn into some light cash

But if you go renegade, leave everything in sight  
smashed

Baby talkin' 'bout your money even in the white mask

I keep it in pure form, harder than Lennox right jab

You workin' your life away, still ain't kissin' the right ass

This shit is ridiculous, your wifey promiscuous

And them niggaz in your hood ain't feelin' the shit you  
spit

Let alone the world, this shit'll make your bones curl

Thought you was a player, why you chokin' that girl

You're losing your cool, we still makin' our moves

Jumpin' from stu-to-stu to make it do what it do

Whether it's Coke Wave, Menace From Lenox, tip of the  
iceberg

We always got the right hooks, always say the right  
words

Never catch us in tight furs, probably catch us on Rikers

But we set trends, got new ways to cipher

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