

French Montana

"Plenty Money (feat. Hollywood Fergie and Mac Musta)"

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Huh (huh)
Montana (Huhhh)
Niggaz actin' like, we ain't the only new niggaz keepin'
the streets alive
Huhhhh
Like we ain't put out the most music
Free my nigga Max, huh
Huuuuh
Coke Wave
Got plenty money

Hook
French Montana:
It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money
Ain't any nigga hotter than (Yeah, yeah)
We got plenty money
It's them Coke Boyz, not again (Yeah)
We got plenty money
It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money

Verse 1
French Montana:
Money got my dick harder than a straight jab
Steppin' on that work like a brake pad
Whole different weight class, 8 blast
Knock fuckin' hinges off ya fake ass, Montana, straight
cash
Know we bring the slores out, niggaz in the doghouse
Plenty money, then go and buy the mall out, ball out
Verses to a couple mil, told my nigga Max he gon' beat
appeal
Take over this shit for real
Know we fucked the most hoes, know we drove the
most cars
Know we had the most beef, ya know we write the
hottest bars
Dirty like a kitchen mop, fuck a nigga, rich or not
All that flossin' shit gon' do is just get ya shot
Know I had a gift to blow, shit wasn't difficult

First had to show 'em that he known so we get the
dough, good to go
Montana switch the flow, way before this wack shit
Rap shit, ya nigga been get the dough
We got plenty money

Hook

French Montana:

It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money
Ain't any nigga hotter than (Yeah, yeah)
We got plenty money
It's them Coke Boyz, not again (Yeah)
We got plenty money
It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money

Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

I be on my shit, I don't find my strength in the slick talk
I grab that 4-5th, and quick to let the shit spark
Double back when it get dark, black talents that rip
hearts
Spit darts, we gon' cut this shit short
Play the game on his court, leave him laid on his porch
Niggaz is dying, we ridin', they stuck identfyin' his
corpse
Take a ride in his Porsche, smack it up, wrap it up
Got the game in the sidepocket filled if ya rack 'em up
Some say he be actin' up, some say he don't act
enough
I say he swing for the fences, every time that Mac is up
Guess what nigga Mac is up, Gain Greene to trap 'em
up
Coke Wave 2, with Max and Montana to back him up

Hook

French Montana:

It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money
Ain't any nigga hotter than (Yeah, yeah)
We got plenty money
It's them Coke Boyz, not again (Yeah)
We got plenty money
It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money

Verse 3

Hollywood Fergie:

I get money like that nigga 5th
Down ya bitch throat while I guzzle on this big 5th

From a distance, this is all coincidence
As if Fergie ain't got no intelligence
Million dollar residence, Bentleys in the driveway
If I die today, you can say I did it my way
Did it the high way, piff, roll it up
If you a Crip, where them big C's nigga throw it up
If u a Blood, where them big B's nigga throw it up
I do not discriminate, middle fingers to those who hate
Niggaz take one look at me and say he real
Bitches take one look at me and know the deal
Same night I'm in her bed, now she wanna give me
head
With the same lips she kiss her baby with, that's some
shit
But I'm rare tot he game, I'm so addicted
But to the niggaz that I love I'm slightly more committed

Hook

French Montana:

It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money
Ain't any nigga hotter than (Yeah, yeah)
We got plenty money
It's them Coke Boyz, not again (Yeah)
We got plenty money
It's the New York supplier man (Yeah)
We got plenty money

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