

French Montana "Slow Down"

Visit "[Slow Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

AAAh lets go
All my niggas that be speedin'... Slow down!

Real niggas do real things for real money
Or you can play the fool for that plate of food
Be a made man homie and take time
For that main time Stay on ya grind
Shook of Jay when he ccokin ye'
Homie life real I could write a book a day
And that's a German Shepard
If he can't smell the work in the back K-9 can't smell it
either
I been here 10 years I overstayed the Visa
Now the judge wanna send me back-Picture That
When you think you hit rock bottom think of worse
It'll help you out nigga it's part of the curse

Slow Down
They tell me be easy young nigga slow down
I told'em I'm a boss I'm speedin like Ross my mind
racin
They tell me slow down nigga slow down nigga

When it's in the dark wait for the light
And they say you outta mind when you outta sight
My finger got powder burns I just murdered a man
Left him layin in the streets it was him or me
For some dumb shit it sound sweet
At night I can't sleep but the nigga deserve it
I'm nervous cause the back of my mind
I'm shakled up back of the line
Wake up in cold sweat I'm back on my grind
When a door close another door open
And there's a lot of truth told in the jokin
Get ya mind right to die young it's an honor
Nigga to live long you die twice

Chorus

Visit [French Montana](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

