

## French Montana "Stake Sause"

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Max B:

Uh, yeah  
Coke Wavy Season  
Boss Don, French  
Let's go

Hook:

Yeah, I'm in the ghetto everyday  
And ever since this little beef I tote that metal everyday  
And I'm in the streets till the prisons look at me like  
"What's wave?"  
Baby so come and play  
I got that Henny mixed with Coke  
Got that Cleeqo mixed with ice  
They just put me on the line, and my freethrow lookin'  
nice  
I was born and raised in the ghetto  
(Born and raised baby)  
Yeah

Verse 1

Max B:

I'm heavy B, cock that Desert E  
Crusing in that Beamer like 70  
20 miles an hour in a 50 zone just so you can see me  
go  
My mayo right, lookin' at that tailpipe  
Put it up on that scale right, bet it come back Even  
Steves  
These bitches best believe in me  
When I tell 'em "Baby let me take you out this ghetto  
that you livin' in"  
Biggaveli 'bout his Benjamins, send 'em in  
Make 'em suck and fuck dem dicks, lately I don't trust  
the tricks  
Hit me up, let's stay the night, pimpin' was my way of  
life  
Slippin' and I paid the price  
Left my bitch alone and let her gone  
Six thousand miles away from home  
Sittin' with this guilt tryna cope the pain, no, tryna rope  
the game

Record labels is now focusing  
On the weak shit y'all provide so my sons won't even  
listen to  
Bigga speak the truth, I ain't dissin' you, listen boo

Hook

Verse 2

French Montana:

Hit him if he actin' up, bread I be stackin' up  
Work I be baggin' up, homie that's what I do  
Young boys duckin' feds, niggaz comin' for ya head  
61 in the head, homie that's what I do  
In the hood I was born and raised  
Homie ghetto bound, life is a bitch, I'm tryna settle  
down  
Them metal rounds gon' hit ya up. split ya up  
Paramedics gift ya up, coke boys fix ya up  
Welcome to the hood, to the corners, backblocks  
Niggaz foamin' out the mouth, lookin' for a jackpot  
A silverback ape  
Cop it when it's here in a drought I be sellin' backs  
weight  
We got the streets, steak sauce  
We on top of beef, a whole lotta heat  
We never sleep, homie I'm Ray Charles  
I ain't gotta see, homie we got the streets

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