

French Montana

"Stick Up Boyz"

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French Montana:

Huh

Huhhh (huh)

Uh (uh)

Uh

Verse 1

French montana:

100 grand, rubber band

A nigga low, a wanted man

Sure you're right, I know ya high

Talkin' crazy, run for your life

They can't believe, nuttin' new hot as me

Money can't buy the streets

I been paid, my men spray

100 rounds, sound like merengue

Or the Nolia Clap, it's only rap

That's what they thought, now it's 40 on ya hat

What's the matter huh

I'm the new breath of fresh air, like a asthma pump

Representing

My militant squad that snatch you out ya car that you're
renting

Told 'Kon put ya leg up

Five stacks on the floor, watch homie fuckin' dig up

Hook

Max B:

If you hit me I'ma hit ya back

We got 'em on the Rose, Oww

If you stick me I'ma stick you back

I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww

Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick
'em

Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him

Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes

Convicts, gun under the armpit

Ow Ow

Verse 2

Max B:

Lightin' niggaz up with the heater bro, my seat is low
They fold up like that Peter Rowe
Get 'em in the mood off the versatile, squirt it loud,
baby let me beat
Kuz I can make it worth ya while
I can do it easy, sleazy, niggaz speak and revokin' my
bail
They be scared to smoke it in jail, well
I was weekly, creeply, sticks, smoked 'em at a fast
pace
Kuz mami this ya last take
Came in, only dropped the the glee way, had 'em play
DJs
Heat spray, we spray the enemies, Frienemies? (Naw)
Big'll wiggle like the centipede, yeah
I be in and out, I can clear the tenants out
I can clear ya minutes out with one conversation, waitin'
Stakin' in the hallway, pacin'
Niggaz they be hatin', makin' shit that don't matter to
the game
Kuz most of you niggaz is lames
Ow

Hook
Max B:
If you hit me I'ma hit ya back
We got 'em on the Rose, Oww
If you stick me I'ma stick you back
I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww
Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick
'em
Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him
Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes
Convicts, gun under the armpit
Ow Ow

Verse 3
French Montana:
Shorty from the Lou', she take it in the cunt
And niggaz talkin' crazy, I'm shakin' in my boots
A couple thou, I'm Mr. Childs
Street nigga, like Kevin Chiles
You got a V6, I got a 6 V's
My young boys turn ya brains to swiss cheese
A proper team, I mean badabing
With a model bitch in the back gargling
I'm so high, open cooch baby
I told Grease, let me loose baby
Coupe 280, flyin' through 80
R.I.P. to my dude Adee
My transition is phenomenal

Still hop out, cop tapes and Amadu
My lil' brother bail, 'bout a half a mill
French Montana, everything signed and sealed

Hook

Max B:

If you hit me I'ma hit ya back
We got 'em on the Rose, Oww
If you stick me I'ma stick you back
I got 'em fuckin' with hoes, Oww
Make ya get 'em girl, gunnin', we down, we done stick
'em
Big Mac come they sorry they ever dick him
Cop a 7, we drivin' late in the sixes
Convicts, gun under the armpit
Ow Ow
(Repeat)

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