

## Grownups

French Montana

I ain't tryina put a bunch of pressure on you or  
nothing but umm  
I don't even drink champagne  
Shimone  
Whutchu think all of this is for?  
Turn the lights on

So tell your home girl you gon be alright  
You'll make your way to my room  
I'm pretty sure they'll hate on me tonight  
But it's cool, cuz we gon do the things that grownups  
do

Harlem in the house, Harlem in the house  
Harlem in the house, yea Harlem in the house

I could be your lover, bove it all be multi facit  
I could do anything with you, whatever ask it  
I could just hood, if you want me switch it up  
Now I could sure that them booty don't come mix it up  
I could make you feel as if I'm the only stick as is  
I could keep a job mommy I could work a shift  
I could bring you sippin all the juice if you really  
sip  
Or I could put a rose in my mouth and bring a gift  
I want you off the hook for good, I want you on your  
feet  
I want you to be everything you thought you couldn't  
see  
I want you mommy free like a dolphin in the sea  
I want your intimacy, look into me and see  
Come on, you know them hits from top 40  
Got my hicky walky talkie  
Girl these whack shits bore me  
You the only shorty for me

Don't say what you won't do  
Cuz these hours are reserved for grownups  
And it's been a lot of money spent because of you  
At this time of night  
The only thing left to do

Is tell your home girl you gon be alright  
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Boss in the house, BX in the house  
French Montana, coke boys in the house  
Hold up, slow up feds roll up  
Niggas starving, coke boys and the girls doing donuts  
30000 over there, 30 models over there  
When you talk about feet, 30000 in the air  
I'm a coke boy, she come second to the blow  
Gotta bring her back, she won't love me when I'm broke  
Versace Dom, feel free you like shocking huh?

60 seconds or less and I'll be gone  
Hundred karats on my piece, I promise I'll never lease  
I'm married to the streets so I'm carried off the  
streets ha  
I'm not the one to have you order this sign  
Keeping it 100, hundred thousand dollar piece on  
I get low on blocks, niggas go police on  
And when them bands pop I don't need a refund

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The millest in this bitch, I'm the prezzie ho  
Prezzie row, 50k for the bezzie though  
Rico Love, we ain't even know you could rap  
She said you let me in your section and you could tap  
Hundred bottles in the club, you could Google that  
Last nigga on the fuckin globe, check Google Maps  
Lame at the bar but your girl up in here  
And I think she wanna show me her le pearl of Brazil  
Yea, a fuck nigga's worst nightmare  
Fuck a bad bitch, I'm only paying flight fare  
These hoes telling mane go and get the jury form  
Poster pictures on the web, with your jury on  
Tryina kill a nigga by, word to kindred  
My wardrobe makes 4 perfect entries  
The kind of name that it never hurts to mention  
The size of my tip, you say you're my invention

Don't say what you won't do (she crazy out here man)  
Cuz these hours are reserved for grownups (these hoes  
bringing all the rules man)  
And it's been a lot of money spent because of you (you  
hear me French?)  
At this time of night (I see you murda) (ain't stopping  
nothing though) (we know it is)  
The only thing left to do (Shout to Erman E, Division  
1, Mac & Cheese 3)

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