

Bag (feat. Ziico Niico)

French Montana

Ah hah, yeah, yeah
(Niico)I slap her ass then I dab
Baby, would you shake it for some cash? (shake it)
Only want the head if she trashed (the face)
Then she get the bread at the trash (that's the stash)
Runnin' to that bag (woah-woah)
Me and my niggas comin' to that bag (yeah-yeah)
We be goin' for that bag (oh-oh)
Don't play, we go drummin' for that bag (boh-boh)
I smack her ass like that (like that)
Baby, would you shake it for some cash? (shake it)
Only want the head if she trashed (that's the face)
Then she get the bread in the trash (that's the stash)
Run, ru-ru-runnin' for that bag (woah-woah)
Me and my niggas comin' for that bag (yeah-yeah)
We be drummin' for that bag (oh-oh)
Don't play, we go drummin' for that bag (boh-boh)
Ay, two mansions in the Hamptons
Money longer than the Ave'
30 cars on the alley
30 mill's in the valley
Came from the bottom, watch what I do
You bunch of internet thugs, Yahoo
You got a buzz, I'm the whole field
Ask your bitch, I'm a dope deal
Try to book me for my watch
I'll book 'em for a show, let his mama watch
Call the coroner and call the pastor
And grab a casket, my chest christens in the laughter
Talk about New York, biggest steak
Got the bank nine-fifty (that's the stage)
Bet a mill' and I ain't riggin'
On the large, get a Minaj, ain't Nicki
I slap her ass then I dab
Baby, would you shake it for some cash? (shake it)
Only want the head if she trashed (the face)
Then she get the bread at the trash (that's the stash)
Runnin' to that bag (woah-woah)
Me and my niggas comin' to that bag (yeah-yeah)
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I smack her ass like that (like that)

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Me and my niggas comin' for that bag (yeah-yeah)
We be drummin' for that bag (oh-oh)
Don't play, we go drummin' for that bag (boh-boh)Runnin' through New York with a strap
(that's a fact)
'Cause we comin' for they head, not they chaps (that's a fact)
Zack runnin' through a chap
Bub runnin' through a chap
Killer runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)
Hank runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)
Mitch runnin' through a chap (that's my nigga)
Y'all wonder what it's at
I know I see Max one day
R.I.P Chinx, gun play
Make you backflip, like the front brake
Finna rule, live someday
Chop a bubble like bath water
See the red dots like a camcorder
Fuck on a jet, that's air hoe
Came with the TEC, air hornI slap her ass then I dab
Baby, would you shake it for some cash? (shake it)
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Runnin' to that bag (woah-woah)
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Don't play, we go drummin' for that bag (boh-boh)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://lyrics.songs.pk/>