## Free Smoke - French Montana, DJ Drama & EST Gee Feat. BIG30 Lyrics

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## "Free Smoke"

Free smoke (Gangsta Grillz)

Free smoke

I got my money up

They put paper on me, but can't pay a nigga to fuck with us

Boy, you got your gun or what? (Yeah, yeah)

Get killed out here, tryna knuckle up (Tryna fight)

Steady hallucinatin', seein' faces in the smoke I puff (Seein' demons)

My demons ain't my demons, they my equals, see, we say "What's up?"

How you wanna kill me, but you out the way and stay put up?

You know it's on sight with us, in broad day, get your melon bust (Get your head split)

I don't care if he told ten years ago, he still might tell on us (Might tell)

Sometimes I won't write my opps and ask 'em how [?]

Fifty-thousand strong, make all the J's to name a wrestler (Yeah)

You ain't trappin' up, before I rapped, I had some record up

Like before I came to Memphis, I was by the Ja Morant (Ja Morant)

They want beef with us and hope I post and turn they Insta up (Turn they 'Gram up)

You'll do whatever for attention from the listeners (Get your bands up)

Accepted in your car ride to the mall, you put your pistol up (You put your gun up)

Right after them captions, actin', cappin', like you spint on us (Like you spinnin')

This shit get ridiculous (Yeah, yeah), so I trust in my chopper (I trust in my gun)

Fifty-five, don dada, know I send shit to the doctor (Send shit to the doctor)

That other shit be fraudulent, niggas know who got dead bodies (Know who got dead bodies)

Go get it out the blender, stretch, it fit out like [?]

Had money 'fore they signed me (Yeah), I was turnt before they found me (I was turnt up 'fore they found me)

Was fuckin' with cocaine, way before I met Yo Gotti (Way before I met Yo Gotti)

This street shit in my veins, a quarter-million can't record me (Brr, brr, ayy, ayy, Gangsta Grillz)

When we smoked him, left his brains on the sidewalk (Bah-baow)

We ain't out here claimin' bodies, like Sauce Walka (Woo)

Coke Boy paid dues (Coke Boy, baby)

You can catch a RICO tryna get some fake views (Fake views)

Suckers out here lose their life, stuntin' with fake jewels (Fake jewels)

When you rich, you gotta watch 'em pour up (Watch 'em pour up)

Niggas dirty, cook a brick in Mississippi water (Mississippi water)

Behind the wall, wifey loose, she dippin' with the homies (Haan)

Without a test, ain't no testimony (Testimony)

If this the dead, I still don't condone it (Uh)

They want the clout, shoot up the wake

Slide back, that's how we cross-promote it (Bah-bah-bah-baow)

Get the cake, get the weight, then we cook the flour (Flour)

Until we die in the grave and they bring the flowers (Coke Boy, baby)

La-di-da-di, body after body

Don't let the devil in, holy ghost in that Bugatti (Skrrt)

Free smoke, fuck what you heard about me

Everythin' cost, bitch, ballin' is smoke-free

Free smoke, fuck all the talk about me (Haan)

Everythin' cost, bitch, ballin' is smoke-free (Haan)

(Gangsta Grillz)

Certified in these streets, you can ask the folks 'bout a rocket

I was fourteen years old, scrapped the peer pot, that's on the God

My opps know I'll kill 'em, take me one time, I will spark 'em

Every click ever had beef, dropped the Lee one from out they pocket

Stay full of OPM, promethazine and TAC (I'm high)

If you one nigga that played, boy, he couldn't tell you, he deceased (No lie)

Promote the violence, menace to society, fuck the peace (Hell nah)

Ain't get that brr from out that raw, that's the sign of the AUG (Brr, brr)

They shouldn't have ever showed me one bullet can kill a giant (A giant)

Bury [?], slangin' .9, a young nigga a slime (A slime)

If you gon' dick-stand on white people, get shot 'cause you high (I'm high)

Straight fucked up my lil' brain, got me worser and violent

Everythin' cost, bitch, ballin' is smoke-free

Come get some of this free smoke, bitch

Montana, BIG30, EST Gee, haan

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com