

We Go Where Ever We Want (feat. Ne-Yo & Raekwon)

French Montana

Annotate [Intro]

Yeah

It's time for the smoke and mirrors to come down
Niggas be talkin', but they don't be livin' that shit

A whole lotta deception goin' on it the world

It's Original Bad Boy Gang, nigga

Check this out

Click, clack

Bang, bang

Diamond Range Rover

Chains like a dope dealer

Fourth quarter player

Three quarter chinchilla

Gold chains, golden boy

Front row sitter

Niggas buyin' cars, we buy the whole dealer

We buy the whole plane

While them hoes playin' with 'em

100 chains, all the bad hoes came with us

Shawty held me down when the people on it

Ghostface, right hand, eagle on it

My brother keeper, with the motherload

And I ain't fuckin' undercover with them cover hoes

Talkin' 100 chains on, cold dealer

Montana, write your name on the smoke and mirrors

If the money ain't the issue I

I don't subscribe

If the money ain't the reason

Well then the question is why

Get money with my people

Then we never divide

It's for the love and the money

Make her love stay real

And the money multiply

Them niggas can't go where we go

They can't get dough like we do

Them niggas can't smoke like we smoke

Them niggas can't go where we go

Cause we go wherever we want I skip prayers just to make money

I hope God forgive me, man

I was hungry
I'm tryin' clear my thoughts and?
Apple red Porsche, army guns, air force
Tryna count bills in the sunny hills
Balenciagas, make more than doctors
My crib bigger than your school, nigga
I'm just skiing in the pool, nigga
10 mil just to settle, nigga
Dead-ass like?, nigga
I done started from the block, boy
Now me and Ne-Yo on the top, boy Ayo, that's me kid
Words produce
Harry Winston under the goose
Half moon, the wave's exclusive
Catch me uptown shopping in a?
Watch cost 1.5, I got the blue shit
Everybody love me
His texture's automatic money
Independent drug game dummy
Gettin' his, raisin' kids
These are big boy scholars
Flash money like Floyd
Got the big gold wallet
Roll out, it's 40 of us frontin' a bus
That's the new stretch bubble
Pipe the color of crust
Gettin' high, chillin' fly, yellin'?
Now I'm in hard bottoms
Larry King, suspenders and bow tie

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>