

# Maneuver (feat. French Montana)

Dave East

La musica de Harry Fraud  
I maneuver  
Montana!  
Put it up fraud  
AhIf it's 'bout a bag, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
I'm on the hand-to-hand maneuver (I maneuver)  
Fresh up out the trap, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
In that foreign, I maneuver  
VVSes on me, keep my weapon on me  
Patek Philippe (yeah), my bitch a freak (yeah)  
Now tell me how you want it, them bad bitches on it (on it)  
A hundred freaks (yeah), a hunnid Vs (yeah)  
I'm out for dead presidents to represent me  
I'm just praying that the feds don't never come and get me (I'm praying)  
What do you say to a youngin' knowing his stomach empty (starving)  
He just wanna unload, shoot 'til his gun is empty (boom)  
We hustle smart (smart), never just wanted any cash (nah)  
These niggas robbing from Pathmarks, stealing from Jimmy Jazz  
Welcome to gangland, don't come without no visit pass (don't come)  
Last year, imagine I counted over a million cash  
Made it out the jungle, came back in a Jaguar (Skrrt)  
Shawty ass fat with a clap back  
Check checks, so that straight cash (Now tell me you want it, eh)  
Suit suit to that ski mask (Now tell me you want it, eh)  
The bitch ballin' like Cooper, German Sheppard, German Ruger  
Baby on my Vs stupid, but I put you on the Uber (skurt)  
Two hundred on the dash, V12, how I maneuver (haan)  
Ice on the hookah, neck looking like a jeweler  
If it's 'bout a bag, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
I'm on the hand-to-hand maneuver (I maneuver)  
Fresh up out the trap, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
In that foreign, I maneuver  
VVSes on me, keep my weapon on me  
Patek Philippe (yeah), my bitch a freak (yeah)  
Now tell me how you want it, them bad bitches on it (on it)  
A hundred freaks (yeah), a hunnid Vs (yeah)  
And break your heart, you hate, your block hatin'  
11:99, a mud haven  
Finger tips still sore from all that rock shaving (haan)  
I don't associate with rats, these niggas got statements  
All these diamonds on me white, no I am not racist  
Grams of crates (crates), brainstorm for the grand escape (escape)City is so late, hunnid

Haitians (haan)

When they changed their face, I was changing faces (faces)  
Bronx to Harlem, deadly combination  
I'm in Miami, with Sadé on repeat (haan)  
Fifty thousand, put it under the seat (stash)  
Keep a gun in my reach (strapped), walk in my shoes, couldn't fit one of my sneaks  
I graduated from the corner, got my hustlers degree, let's eat  
My lawyer from the Jerusalem hit the trial with maces (ahh)  
Lacking green stop your circulation (ahh)  
Everyday on Rem, thuggacation (ahh)  
Celebration to the fiends that helped built the nation (ahh)  
If it's 'bout a bag, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
I'm on the hand-to-hand maneuver (I maneuver)  
Fresh up out the trap, I maneuver (I maneuver)  
In that foreign, I maneuver VVSes on me, keep my weapon on me  
Patek Philippe (yeah), my bitch a freak (yeah)  
Now tell me how you want it, them bad bitches on it (on it)  
A hundred freaks (yeah), a hunnid Vs (yeah) Haan, yeah, your bitch a freak, yeah  
Yeah, you niggas sweet, yeah  
Harlem Bronx deadly combination  
Fiends helped built the nation  
Grams to the crates  
The grand escape

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