

# Writing On The Wall (feat. Post Malone, Cardi B & Rvssian)

## French Montana

[Intro:]

Montana

Posty (Hahaha)

Okurr

(La-la-la-la, uuh)

Ayy, uh huh

[French Montana:]

From the block, now we're snipin' on the opps like Somalians (Uh-huh)

Egyptian cloth on my body, diamonds like 6ix9ine hair (Hair)

Now we comin' through the back, we don't go to the concierge (Yeah, hey-hey)

Now that boy run fashion, Cardi in that Fashion Nova gear (Ha)

We started the wave, now everybody lookin' the same

Tell me how you want it (Woah)

Shorty buss it down, give us the money, keep the crown

Tell me how you want it

I been around the globe in the Global Express

Ten O's in my net worth, yeah (Huh)

Neck work, then the leg work (Work)

We're the stars like the network (Work, Montana)

[Post Malone:]

You see the writing on the wall

Hold onto me and I'ma hold ya

You see the writing on the wall

I'll bring it back, bring it back, yeah

Got a lil' mama in my telephone, she jumpin' all up on me yo (Ayy)

Hoes all in my section, I don't want 'em, kick them bitches out like "Vamanos" (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

We can work it out, lil' mama, all we need is just a little cardio (Ayy)

Yeah, she the type of woman if we cannot do it, I will catch a body for (Ooh yeah, yeah)

Call my accountant, bought my bitch new Beamer, she whip 7-Series, yeah (Ooh yeah, yeah)

I spend whatever, girl, I do whatever to show you I'm serious (Ooh yeah, yeah)

That sound familiar, they just talkin' shit because they feel inferior

Ooh yeah, that's just how we go

You see the writing on the wall

Hold onto me and I'ma hold ya

You see the writing on the wall

I'll bring it back, bring it back, yeah

[French Montana:]  
All the millions make 'em horny, Montana  
Cardi we the hottest out the South Bronx, yeah  
[Cardi B:]  
Made me holla' for a dollar, got my makeup on your collar  
You'll be callin' me tomorrow, yeah  
[French Montana:]  
And my diamonds like water, you'll be callin' me tomorrow  
Then them dress gettin' shorter (Uh huh)  
[Cardi B:]  
Make you push a little harder, little faster, little deeper (Skrr skrr)  
'Fore I promise I be keepin' ya  
Said, "It's all about the level up", booty like a Jell-O Cup  
Bitches hella jealous, wishin' it was them instead of us  
I done got hot, dawg, realize she ain't catchin' up  
Gucci, Fendi, Prada, Balenciaga, I got Margiela, ah  
Standin' ovation, the broad of the nation  
Me and babe racin' Wraiths, we're adjacent  
Wish that we could take the rumors to the bank (To the bank)  
We don't have no more room inside the safe (Woo, woo)  
But I'ma ball it like a napkin, tap it like it's Jazz-feet  
Hold the door for me, then pop me on the ass cheek  
Ain't too rich to get it poppin' in the backseat  
Next time you want another bitch, you better ask me, ah  
Ike and Tina that ass, you better take a bitch you know  
Show my name and this pass  
And now we're rollin' down the freeway, talkin' 'bout a threeway  
Startin' workin' out, but he gon' eat me on his cheat-day off

[Post Malone & Cardi B:]  
You see the writing on the wall  
Hold onto me and I'ma hold ya  
You see the writing on the wall  
I'll bring it back, bring it back, yeah

La-la-la, la-la-la  
La-la-la (Okurr) ohh  
La-la-la (What you want?), la-la-la  
La-la-la, ohh

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