

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