

Grownups (feat. Ma\$e & Rico Love)

French Montana

Not tryna put a bunch of pressure on you but em...
I don't even drink champagne
What'chu think all of this is for? So (Is) tell your homegirl you gon' be alright
& make your way to my room
I'm pretty sure they'll hate on me tonight
But it's cool, cause we gon' do the things that grown-ups do Harlem in the house
Now I can be your lover, brother or be multi-facet
I can do, anything if you'll ever ask it
I can dress hood if you want me, switch up!
Now I can be suited & booted, or can mix it up
I can make you feel as if I'm the only?
I can keep a job mami, I can work a shift
I can bring you soup & orange juice, if you really sick
Or I can put a rose in my mouth & bring a gift
I want you out the hood for good
I want you on your feet
I want you being e'rything you thought you couldn't see
I want your mind as free as a dolphin in the sea
I want your intimacy, look into me & see
C'mon, you know them hits from top 40
Got my house? a walkie talkie
All these bad chicks bore me
You the only shorty for me haaa!
Don't say, what you won't do
Cause these hours, are reserved for grown-ups
& It's been a lot of money spent because of you
At this time of night
The only thing left to do... Bronx in the house
BX in the house
French Montana, Coke Boys in the house
Hol' up, slo' up, fedz roll up
Niggas starving. Coke boys & the girls doin' donuts
30 thousand over there, 30 models over there
When you talk about feet, 30 thousand in the air
I'm a coke boy, she cum second to the blow
Gotta break her back, she won't love me when I'm broke
Versace Dom, feel free you like shocking huh?
60 seconds or less & I'll be gone
Hundred carats on my piece, I promise I'll never lease
I'm married to the streets so I'm carried off the streets haaa
I'm not the one to have you on a lease sign
Keeping it 100, 100 thousand dollar piece on

I get low on blocks, niggas go police on
& when them bands pop, I don't need a refund
The millest in this bitch, I'm the prezzie ho
Prezzie row, 50k for the bezzie though
Rico Love, we ain't even know you could rap
She said you let me in your section & you could tap
Hundred bottles in the club, you could Google that
Fliest nigga on the fucking globe, check Google maps
Lame at the bar but your girl up in here
& I think she wanna show me her le pearl of Brazil, yea!
A fuck nigga's worst nightmare
Fuck a bad bitch, I'm only paying flight fare
These hoes tell a mayne, go & get the jury form
Posting pictures on the web, with your jury on
(Bitch) Tryna kill a nigga vibe, word to Kendrick
My wardrobe makes 4 perfect entries
The kind of name that it never hurts to mention
The size of my tip, should tell you my intention so...

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