

# Ja Morant

## Montana of 300

You bout' to get off like it's next shift  
Whole lotta clips like on Netflix  
You ain't?cutthroat?get ya neck?slit  
Keep a 30. for who don't?respect it  
You gone see these come out at you ejected  
Shoot with both hands I think i'm ambidextrous  
Better break up the block like it's Tetris  
You see holes in them squares like it's Chex Mix  
Struggle too much but the school lunch was the closest thing we had to breakfast  
Used to waste my money on a fresh fit  
No-one told me about making investments  
But now I get that check no inspection  
So I drip in whatever i'm dressed in  
No more selling wood came from out of the hood but now i'm living good like the Fresh Prince  
My pockets fatter than Precious  
Can't let these labels finesse this  
I got my racks up like a breast lift  
Whole family fly like the Jetson's  
I don't dine with the devil and won't sell my soul, so you won't find my name on that guest list  
I thank God for this brain I was blessed with  
Niggas know not to ever contest this  
I'm hip-hop's Allah no-one is better than moi, I deserve an award for the best kiss  
Realest nigga your bitch ever slept with  
Shawty say I got the best dick  
Her head of the chain every time we link up she give me that throat like a necklace  
This is facts for these fools, I don't rap to be cool, every bar, every word, every breath meant  
All these lil niggas know i'm the man  
Picture me and your momma no sonogram  
Play my music in private but when they get around they homies they act like they not a fan  
Kill a remix, my haters like "not again"  
I'm known to snap nigga lobster hands  
You better take heat imma honest man  
Two guns in my hand like when Shabbat Dance  
Bitch I been a killer, finger on the trigger in case these lil' niggas get outta hand  
Better shut the fuck up or get wet the fuck up, paramedics gon' think I killed Aquaman  
Niggas know how I roll, I ain't poppin' xans  
Niggas know all my steppers know how to dance  
We came from the slums, if you aim then you done, sticks came with a drum but we not a band  
Laid him down with the heat like he tryna' tan  
Then go ball on them niggas like Ja Morant  
I'm Mr Clean with that mop in hand  
These niggas bitches, Juwanna Mann  
Promise you gon' get sent to the promise land

Once I get to cookin' em', pots and pans  
House full of opps gettin' suits and ties  
Bodies sleepin' in style, no pyjama jam  
When it come to this rapping, i'm Einstein  
Im Tom Brady mixed up with primetime  
Let it slide or just slide, it's a fine line  
Bitch gon' think i'm to busy to find time  
Go tell all your niggas to pour up some liquor because you won't be ageing like fine wine  
Bitch imma murder behind mine  
Shoot you straight in your shit like a linedrive  
Fifty head shots, got his dreads shakin', man it look like he listening to Crime Mob  
You see holes on his face like he [?]  
R.I.P all down his timeline  
Got his ass shot like Kay Michelle  
Ain't no macaroni, had him tastin' shells  
Got some shooters with me and they high as fuck, they got sticks and stones like Dave  
Chappelle  
We takin' over, they taking L's, they gone show you love when the hatin' fails  
Never shake they hand when they fake as hell, let the devil freeze, Cold day in hell

[Outro]  
Let the devil freeze, cold day in hell

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>