

French Montana, Project Baby (Remix ft. Vory)

Vory, what up? (Vory, what up?)
You know what it is (You know what it is)
When you hear that (When you hear that)
Haan (Haan)
Coke Boys
Yeah (Montana)
Gangsta Grillz

I come from the gutter, I'm a project baby
My heart way too damaged, don't think God can save me
Bro get off them yerxies, he start goin' brazy
Not tryna die sober, 'cause my life too crazy, yeah (Y'all not like us, yeah)

Ayy, do this for my family, give a fuck 'bout GRAMMYS
I feel better when I'm with my family, off Patrón and Remy, that shit been better
Shot gon' take it wherever if they try to end me
Know a nigga got a bullet loadin', tryna write my ending, oh (Gangsta Grillz)
Fly Ty, that's my nigga, fuck with him, get your shirt tie-dyed (Yeah)
Flyin' state to state with all them blues, catchin' a Redeye
Opps been posted tryna make they move, but we ahead high
I still wish more life upon my opps even though he a dead guy (Fuck 'em, oh, baby)

Yeah, I come from the gutter, I'm a project baby (Kodak, yeah)
My heart way too damaged, don't think God can save me (Yeah)
Bro get off them yerxies, he start goin' brazy (Yeah)
My bitch way too damaged, don't think God can save her (Hey)
She know she protected by my ghetto angels (Git)
Baby, how do I learn to love myself? (Montana)
Oh, baby, how do I do this by myself?
Oh, baby (Talk to 'em, French)

Project baby, livin' fast
Blues, I ain't break in half
Watchin' while they pitchin' 'til they leave so I can take the stash (Ah)
Strapped in a round of competition, we was runnin' laps (Bah-bah, bah-baow)
Told shawty, I ain't Keith Sweat, I can't make it last
Make it last forever (Woo)
Fresh out the bricks
My ghetto angel ain't got wings, he fronted me a brick
She's switchin' for a C-note, she'll do you like G-Money Denino (We all we got)
Have you cryin' in the streets like Benzino (Ah)
All this shit is new to me
What's cool to you ain't cool to me
He told on his brother, imagine what he gon' do to me
Left my trust at the door
Hundreds stashed in the floor
Brown bags got a lot, like Savage and Cole (Haan)

I come from the gutter, I'm a project baby
My heart way too damaged, don't think God can save me
Bro get off them yorkies, he start goin' brazy
I'm just misunderstood but they rather call it crazy (Oh, why? Gangsta Grillz)
Crazy, crazy
Baby, oh, baby
Crazy, oh, crazy

They don't call me shit, they just call me project baby
I ain't gon' lie (Yeah)
I still got a chip on my shoulder
So this year (So this year)
I'm goin' crazy (I'm goin' crazy)
Tried to say (Say, say)
I have given every single thing
Every ounce of my life to this craft, to perfecting my craft

And I continue to do so
And in the process, I have lost my mind
To regular society