

Yung Bleu, Life Worth Living (feat. French Montana)

You know what it is
When you hear that "Haan"
Blew it up (Montana)
Uh

G's up, hoes down
Bitch can't swim, she gon' drown
From the bottom. that nigga you know now
You talkin' 'bout the wave, we started a whole sound

Before I go to sleep, I pray for a billion
These bad bitches sure make life worth livin'
This fuckin' money sure make life worth livin'
They say they wanna kill him but it's cap
They say he really livin' what he rap
Really livin' what he rap, uh
Really livin' what he rap (Real)
These bad bitches sure make life worth livin' (For real)
This fuckin' money sure make life worth livin'

I'm done bein' humble
That bank account showin' extraordinary numbers
Comma, comma, comma, buildin' million dollar entities
Comma, comma, comma, 'til it turn to parenthesis
All this fuckin' drama, we was friends, now we enemies
Niggas that I played with in park ball little leagues
Shit gettin' weird, nigga blowin' up suddenly
Got it in the Louie bag, only for emergencies
Knowin' that I sex you, you still actin' cordially
You ain't tell the internet nothin' out of courtesy
All these niggas young bosses, comin' up up under me
I can feel the summer breeze, the crib like Tony, resort style
I got niggas handle my shit out of the courts now
Kickin' your door down, them lawsuits easy to file
Hope you can swim, this water easy to drown (Yeah)

Before I go to sleep (Sleep), I pray for a billion (Billion)
These bad bitches sure make life worth livin' (For real)
This fuckin' money sure make life worth livin' (For real)
They say they wanna kill him but it's cap (Cap)
They say he really livin' what he rap (Yeah)
Really livin' what he rap, uh
Really livin' what he rap (Real)
These bad bitches sure make live worth livin' (For real)
This fuckin' money sure make live worth livin'

(Montana)
Livin' what I rap, I might go down for the RICO (RICO)
Snipin', catch me with Anitta in Puerto Rico (Woo)
This that Paul Wall gold grill, Mike Jones piece (Uh)
It's that Kentucky John Wall with the arm sleeves (Uh)
And if that head good, pay the car note
My front yard like Rozay car show (Haan)
Shorty bad, she wanna be the BM
But if I curve, she gon' screenshot the DM's (Ah)
Hundred-mil' diamond singles, done bein' humble (Humble)
Hits every summer, whole decade, I ain't fumble (Haan)
But then again, all glory to God
She gon' do it for the boy 'cause she married to the mob (Mob)

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(This fuckin' money sure make life worth livin')
(This fuckin' money sure make life worth livin')