

French Montana, The Oath (ft. Chinx)

Ladies and gentlemen

The very word "secrecy" is repugnant in a free and open society; and we are as a people inherently
Let's get to it

Yeah, kitchen cookin' O's (Servin')
Thirty-six of those, lil' one, you got his soul (The whole thing)
Dolla on the beat and niggas got a zone (Zone)
I'm at these niggas necks, like a collarbone (Gangsta)
I'm ballin' all these fuckers, all net
If it ain't about a check, I don't stress (Tell 'em), nah
I let my money work out, both legs
Take a sip of water, do some more sets (Yay)
You're rockin' with the new illuminati, all-black Maserati (That's right)
Careful how you talk, my young boys' kamikaze (What?)
Started from the block to a hundred M's
New ghost Rolls in a set of gems (What?)
Shit, nigga, you damn right
Whipped it on the stove (Woo), just to get my fan right (For sure, man)
Coke Boy, nigga, we anti (Tax)
Pop the pill, sip the lean, we gon' take flight (Flight)
The fact that I'm doin' good, they wanna pull me back (Back)
Grind like a mule, hard work is what you lack (For sure)
Light a candle, say a prayer for the past homies
Ain't belong in here (Rest in peace)
On the block where the homicides go down (What?)
Fast money never slow down (Uh)
Cycles on and on, like a merry-go-round (Uh)
A few you make it out, except for the chosen ones (Woo)
You heard many songs, this the unspoken ones (Shh)

Dedicated

All I ask is a lil' secrecy
Only the real niggas know what the fuck I'm talkin' 'bout
To my nigga Chinx Drugz
Oh, yes, it's Drugz
Fuck, I get mine, nigga, get yours, haha
CB6
(Coke Boy, baby)
For our loved ones
All our fallen soldiers (Yeah)
CB6

Pop Smoke, Nipsey Hussle, King Von, Chinx Drugz
Triple X, Juice WRLD, Fred tha God (Love you niggas)
Fifteen roaches on my face, like I was Puffy Combs (Puffy Combs)
Fifteen hitters with me, shootin' like they Eddie Jones (Eddie Jones)
I was trippin' off my weight, mixin' Percs with tequila (Percs with tequila)
From a feelin', now my diamonds dancin' like Triller
We was hustlin' on the block, from the housin' departments
Stand in middle of the street, like I was Paul McCartney
Me and Chinx racin' foreigners, got Pop on the chorus (Vroom)
You know legends never die, king like Notorious (Never)
I done skipped death twice, here to tell you stories
They done shot me in the head, that's the price I'm payin'
That new illuminati, all yellow-red Bugatti
Racin' through the back-blocks, like it's Abu Dhabi
Bumpin' Maserati Fox in that black Maserati
I sipped lean with Mac Miller, rest in peace, God heal us
Rolled around with Big Pun through the South Bronx slums
Bumpin' Punisher, tell Allah "Take me, I'm a punisher"
And God told you
If you try to control what Saudia control, it controls you
Gotta watch they actions, not they captions
Coke Boys, we're livin' with a passion (With a passion)

A few make it out, except for the chosen ones (Chosen ones)
You heard plenty songs, this the unspoken one (Gangsta Grillz)

All I ask this year is we stay alive
We stay great
Hip-hop, we need you
I pray to God, all my niggas up there
Y'all lookin' down on us and you proud of us
You see, legends never die
Legacy's are forever
A message to the entire community
We better than this
When will it stop?
I'm tired of losin' my niggas
A dedication, peace signs up
Light a candle, say a prayer
Light a candle, say a prayer
Light a candle, say a prayer
Love you, my niggas
Light a candle, say a prayer
For life
Light a candle, say a prayer