

# Bring Dem Things (feat. Pharrell)

## French Montana

Montana  
You know I'm like yeah, nice P, you know  
What up P?  
Ay man  
Skateboard!  
Yeah  
La Musica de Harry Fraud  
(Skate on these niggas) When I pull up they notice me  
Come and talk to me like Jodeci  
But don't you be too close to me  
Them goons you see, let it go for me  
I bring them things, I bring them things  
I call the plug (hello?) he bring them things  
Mucho bitches, I bring them tings  
Looking so expensive, rings and things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
Mane, you don't wanna fuck with them bro  
Oh you high and they shooting, better get low  
Extort 'em, you ain't got no friends, oh  
They'll be fucking with that ass like a nympho  
Chanel scarf like rainbow barf  
A thousand dollar sip nigga, this ain't yo' cloth  
You ain't dripping nigga, that ain't no sauce  
I can see the noodles, that shit made for poodles  
I'm thinking 'bout the LaFerrari coupe  
One-point-eight, the option is the roof  
Greens is a secret to the youth  
Your goals are malnourished nigga, please spit the juice  
Y'all be Bape and I be human-made and  
Y'all be aping, I'm Richard Mille nation  
No diamonds, just turn beyond facing  
With gears and sprockets with the sapphire casing  
When I pull up they notice me  
Come and talk to me like Jodeci  
But don't you be too close to me  
Them goons you see, let it go for me  
I bring them things, I bring them things  
I call the plug (hello?) he bring them things  
Mucho bitches, I bring them tings

Looking so expensive, rings and things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
Here's a little story about a kid from Morocco  
Had to show Carlito I was Benny Blanco  
Check it out, ra-raindrop, offset  
Fuck a plug, we the outlet  
Child put me in a box, I'm in the box office  
All the rocks made shawty blow my socks off  
Coke boy white, Mac Miller, Reggie Miller  
Shoot to kill her, Canaries, quarterback Steelers  
White villa from crack dealing  
Now Cîroc French Vanilla, garage like a dealer  
I kill 'em softly, Lauryn Hill 'em  
Get above 'em, crib Calabasas on the hill, I  
Had 'em on a needle, 45 plate  
Beatles wore revolvers on the red carpet  
Alcatraz bars, crash cars  
Ain't no future in fronting, my homie rip yo mask off  
When I pull up they notice me  
Come and talk to me like Jodeci  
But don't you be too close to me  
Them goons you see, let it go for me  
I bring them things, I bring them things  
I call the plug (hello?) he bring them things  
Mucho bitches, I bring them tings  
Looking so expensive, rings and things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things  
I bring them things

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>