

Mad Max

Ay Em

(KookUp, what's up?)
(Ayo, Ran, turn that up)
Mm-mm, mm-hm-hm

Mad Max, war in the hood, PTSD, gettin' flashbacks
While my babe's in the Wraith, might make a tape on the dashcam
I still fuck with the yay, I tucked it away in the backpack, mm
I'm on a wave, hey, wave, I got a feeling
Cash stack hittin' the ceiling, bless me like I be sneezin'
Gotta thank God I'm breathin', I'm wavy, that's how I'm feelin'
Wavy, that's how I'm feelin', cash stack hittin' the ceiling
I'm wavy, that's how I'm feelin'

I just got it sittin' in the Rolls-
Royce truck with the windows tinted, slidin'
I'm slidin' out, 'bout to hide this grab, I can't get indicted
Do I gotta remind 'em? Still I did the best of both like hybrid
s
Hm, yeah, I want the finer things, but I don't want this life
My cup filled up with ice, beats got the windows shook
Gotta get this gringo gone, had to keep the windows shut
Hoping nothing goes wrong
Out gettin' this slab, get it gone the same day
Broski eat, I eat, same way, now I see views like the cinema ch
ain
Bitch on my line tryna fuck up my day
I see she's just tryna ruin my wave (Oh-oh)
Caught up in feelings, but that wasn't the aim
What she don't get, I don't make money legitimate ways
Look, I've got to go, I'm doing that road like

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