Max Payne

Chris Travis

I call the shots
Smokin' cuz' I'm hot, bitch
They want that ignorance I'll give 'em plenty then
Boy I'm getting money feeling innocent (innocence)
[?] out the hunnids like the cemetery
Making plays across the globe they know my name
They bite yo' flow and bump yo' songs [tryin' get fame???]

Imma let these niggas know we ain't the same
Imma play the orchestra and pull the string, bitch

Bitch I'm driving through the city like I'm Max Payne
And I f*ck a bitch until she feel some back pain
Breaking down the weed like the rap game
And I'm not a rapper bitch, I am a bad case
I'ont gotta speed it up at no fast pace
Imma pull of on yo' ass like a drag race

Imma smoke a spliff, watch me activate
And I don't wanna f*ck bitch you got bad taste

Imma let these niggas know we ain't the same
Imma play the orchestra and pull the string
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Made a couple grand then I took a trip
And I never went back but I miss it there
Boy you like a sample that ain't never clear
I f*ck her, give her samples then I disappear
Boy I glisten, glam like a chandelier (bitch)
Hundred miles away you see me like I'm near (bitch)
Niggas talkin' shit I don't ever hear
About them doing shit so let's have a cheers

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