

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

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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