

# To The Max

Fredo

Yeah

We push the beef to the max, but I won't speak on the facts  
I'm from them traps with the leeches and rats  
Made some racks, now I'm speakin' for racks  
Only other language I know is how to speak to the cats  
If I ever got some tats or a chain for my guy  
I'm sorry to say, it's facts, somebody payed with their life  
Dumb girls still tryna play with my mind (Mind)  
She can never play with my mind 'cah my mind only stays on my grind

But if you slip on my side, they'll be leavin' with that  
Lost bro, still grievin' with that  
Even though we got way more [?] straps  
Still I can't seem to relax  
We push the beef to the max  
Private joke, I'ma leave it as that  
Still wonder when I'm leavin' the trap (When?)  
Every time I try and leave it's needing me back

'Cause you don't wake up one morning and just get to make it  
Everything in life has always been 'bout steps and stages  
For man never wanna play their possession in life  
And then they wonder why their position in life never changes (How?)  
But if I focus there's no stoppin' me, just listen to the proof  
It's like I wanna be everywhere, except prison and the booth  
I tried tell my lil' bros just to stay in school  
While they see me shottin' work and breakin' rules  
Tell me, does that make them fools?  
I just wanna see you on a better path  
'Cause nothin' ain't ever last  
Except all the chasin', the runnin' into heavy hearts  
Got my dawg a Rollie 'cause he never asked  
Really had more boxes than Everlast  
Got a house for bae in case she ever asked  
No, I don't regret the start  
But I was broke as a joke, like Kevin Hart  
Except you don't get to laugh  
Now I got my neck on large  
Frozen ice, wouldn't even melt if I get scarf

But drip around us, they'll be leavin' with that  
Lost bro, still grievin' with that  
Even though we got way more [?] straps  
Still I can't seem to relax  
We push the beef to the max  
Private joke, I'ma leave it as that  
Still wonder when I'm leavin' the trap (When?)  
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I got a lot of haters, but I ain't got a lot of neighbors  
This is Mexico, straight yolo  
I ain't got no flavors (None)  
My lil' nigga shameless, so you best watch your stainless  
All them watches that they rockin' ain't got box and papers  
Tell the radio to put me on the shotter playlist  
I'm still gamblin' every single day like my block is Vegas (Every day)  
Now I'm cashin' in, twenty-three racks for the last batch of [?]

Aks them, "Who's patternin'?"  
Yo, I'm not gonna try and I'm not gonna lie  
I'm a boss, I've flown most of my block to Dubai (I have)  
When you're at the bottom, swear the only option's to rise  
That's why I hand out more drugs than any doctors prescribe  
Why dogs we recidin' in zoos  
'Round here they do what I say, Simon who?  
I cash out on them ... and them diamonds too  
The big four will go through a yute  
And hit a yute behind him too

But slop around us, they'll be leavin' with that  
Lost bro, still grievin' with that  
Even though we got way more [?] straps  
Still I can't seem to relax  
We push the beef to the max  
Private joke, I'ma leave it as that  
Still wonder when I'm leavin' the trap (When?)  
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