

Damn, Max, this one's too hard (Whew, hm)
Hold up, Crystal, let me talk this shit real quick
You know them people listening (Sike)
Aight, I want them sitting down
Yeah, yeah

Move around this bitch look like I know something (Huh)
He keep movin' in secret, I'm gon' blow something (For real), y
eah
Wipe that nigga nose he think it's- alright, come on (Achoo)
I mean, give that boy a towel I think his nose running (Ugh, wo
o)
Yeah, bitch, I got a attitude
My bitches say I'm kinda rude, be flexin', got all kind of juic
e
He can get that Wockhardt or that kiki, got all kinda juice (Sk
rrt)
Nigga just be lookin' at that blicky, he ain't tryna shoot
Walk em' down, we gon' chalk him down, Draco hawk him down
I'm from the Mile, bitch, I rep that 6, but be all around
Shoot that bitch and I don't need no help, or don't call around
I get sneaky with it, if he p- knock his daughter down, I'm sor
ry
Yeah, I want my trap back
AR with the scope, it's big as hell, I call it fatback
Call my doctor up, he called his- "Yeah, we need Act' back"
Fuck the music, I don't care about fame, I let the racks stack
Freaky bitch, met her in the Louis, yeah she a nat-nat
You just make a statement, you hit the stand, you a rat-rat
Told the opps I'm smokin' on they mans, this a pack-pack
Karo-ed 'em then I rapped about it, he a jack-jack
Yeah, bitch, this chain a hunnid pack
MAC-11 with that thirty on it, he do the jumping jacks
Sold a brick, took a basket out it, gave a onion back
I found my plug and told him work ain't come, I need my money b
ack
Hold on (Man, Drank God), fuck it, I'ma keep going
Diamond chain and it got them pointers, this bitch keep snowin'
In Detroit, it get hot as hell, but it keep snowin'
Hit him with that shit that blow dryer, I just keep blowin' (Po
p, pop, pop), for real

That's it, I really quit right there (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Give me an adlib (Drank God, Rich Off Pints, bitch)
We really rich off pints, nigga
Mm, alright I quit, cut it