

Mad Max

Lil Durk

I got Hitman on the beat

Keep it on the low, go drop a bag and get a nigga buried
Lil' bro send shots all through your car, he think he Stephen Curry
I done dropped an eight inside my soda, that mean my drink is dirty
I'm gettin' more money in the streets than Ross, I got these chicken serving
s
And I brung the strippers to the studio just to get me service
I'ma put my trust inside this toolie, I'ma go 730
Stay with my demons every day, these niggas good at murkin'
Droppin' a ticket on 'em the day they tried to play with Smurky
Can't be cool with niggas, I can't vouch for niggas, how they move
Do you like Ruth's Chris? Have my shooter turn you to some food
I'm in the 'Cat, I'm in the trenches, I'm with the demons, I'm in the zoo
I'm bringin' out the racks, I'm goin' buyin' a chain, cost a coupe
I bought five hotel rooms to put my clothes up from the mall
Niggas turn to raccoons and we crushin' 'em like a car
My young bitch better take a charge, fuck another broad
It ain't no RICO case gon' stop another body from droppin'
How many bodies niggas got? How many they got?

Mad Max, Max, Max, Mad Max (Run up on a nigga like)
Mad Max, Max, Max (Better get down like), Mad Max (On his ass)
Mad Max, Max, Max (We kick a nigga like), Mad Max (Man, what?)

I got my stick out, leavin' a bitch house, tell bro ETA to my slot (Let's get it)
I could've been part of that RICO, I called Thug and told him every nigga I shot (Slime)
Whenever it's war, you never see main names, you gotta get everybody he got (Blah)
Take off a ski mask, pray on the phone with the imam to get close to Allah
Failed my driver test, pop out in the middle of the street, ain't park the car (Ain't park the car)
Had to rob a nigga I know, he changed the bag and said it's 'za (Dope)
Every nigga 'round me had died, I paid the bills off for their mama (Go)
Grab the cannon, grab the Uzi, spin that bitch like DJ Drama
I don't be admittin' no crimes, sayin' my names on blogs the minute they're dyin' (Let's go)
I'm too trench, you can claim that body, I'm never admittin' to slidin' (Lame ass)
I'll never blackball none of y'all bitch-ass niggas, them rappers ain't doin' no crime
I'm The Voice, I got choice to let you live or get you slimed (Man, what?)
I spent a hundred at Western (Let's go)
On Pat, I'ma get in my weapon (Let's go)
He can hide that nigga, expensive (Let's go)
Big Threat and 'em dyin' to get you (Let's go)
That switch shit bound to get you (Grrah, let's go)
Free Mak', we flyin' to get you (Grrah)
One nigga ain't die, he crippled (Let's get it)
You ain't know we was gon' get you, did you? (Let's get it)
He ain't keep his pistol, pistol
Harlem Shake when they hit you, hit you

Mad Max, Max, Max (Let's go), Mad Max (Let's go)
Mad Max, Max, Max (Run up on 'em like), Mad Max (Kill his ass like)

Mad Max, Max, Max (Hunt him down like), Mad Max (Keep a gun like)