

Actin Up

Max B

I got that cannon on my hip
Demanding on your whip
100 stacks too big for rubber bands or money clips
Nigga get outta line Imma hit you with that fifth
Ow Ow them bitches tried to get me for my shit
Money in that Louie duffel Mallie g and Bigga Bubbles
It's a stick up bitch give me jewels and don't you move a muscle
Ain't ready for the flossin' from Harlem to Boston
Put you in that coffin' ow

Got a semi for a nigga that be actin' up Back it up
Lil' trick Imma re you only got a little bit
Fix you with some little shit
Get you little wavy up Just a sec
Any rapper nigga think we neck and neck
Imma bless em with the tech
Leave this nigga holy
Scold me stay with some icy like hockey golie
Smo' me take me to a diva
Motherfuckin' stupid bitch I don't need you neither
I don't need a sceeter
Baby I got two of those
G3's G5's baby I done flew in those
Burben got my passport
Say that nigga flight rich
Tri-state had that cake when used to live in 5 8
Boosted up the crime rate
Further more
Gives a fuck bout your war stories I done herd em all
Word to ya'll
I ain't goin' back again never that
Cop the silver beam all chrome with the Chevy black bet it clap
(Ow)

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