

Blow Me a Dub 2009

Max B

Let's get 'em
Yeah

Dezzie by my arm reach, Palm Beach
Poland Spring, Gain Green is the army
Calmly walking to the courtroom, head high
Thinkin' to myself, Louis cover my red eyes
Dear lord help me, Jesus could be my savior
Major, bitches say my cock got flavor
I got so much (much) paper, I decide to fuck it up
Drive a big wheel and my truck is cut
Cop a 5th of Creezly, sour, got the deezly
Shouts my guy from '89, shouts to my baby-moms
Shouts to my lawyers, employers, Uncle Mook from OFO
Kept a nigga rowin', help him flow the boat
Help me roll the smoke, hit the DJ, tell him play some Max B
Could do a couple million if ya ask me
Actually, I'm intact with my faculty
Max in back of me in the car seat, jog street
Used to be whipped up, I remember them days like yesterday
With one bar, I can take ya breath away
Two bars'll captivate, and hear the third bar, shit get crazy
And by the fourth bar, you'll be wavy
Momma made me, I'm a baby, third youngest out the four of us
I remember the tour bus, all of us, Georgia
Shorties'll hop in Florida, searchin' for a wave
Now dammit look and we all stuck
More sluts continue to support me, never been to Fort Lee
I was out playing horsie
Now I roll couragely, bossly, I ain't tryna sit in that cell
I rather be havin' orgies
Owwww