

# Credibility

Max B

Yeah we back in this bitch  
It's Byrdgang motherfucker (Ha)  
What? We supposed to stop cause y'all niggas is doing bad? (Ha)  
Well if you knew better you'd do better fuck boy (Ha)  
You know how we giving it up, broad day if we have to  
Ain't nothing changed  
We coming to get you faggots  
You dig?  
We still riding on you  
It's still goonies  
M.O.B. for life motherfucker  
Dipset, ride high motherfucker (Jones!)

Skip the middleman, knock a couple points off (Bring the price down)  
I bring a hundred grand, just to get my point across (I need five birds)  
You see we looking for [?]  
We talking bricks and you can keep your lil' digi-  
scale (You cappin' 'bout a key)  
I cop five but he fronted five (Wow)  
Drop lines for the summer time  
(You feel the heat up in July)  
I'm living mine like it's no tomorrow (Uh oh)  
10 G's a night, and just to blow on bottles (Ballin'!)  
So you can see where my life's headed (Down the wrong path)  
And if you wanna see where the night's headed  
Follow all the cars, it's looking like a after party  
At the strip joint, but it's looking like a bachelor party

It's Byrdgang on you bitches  
Let it bang on you snitches  
Tote the thing when you twist it and start the car (And get away)  
Start to [?] the switches, you just a Lil Vicious  
We throw a couple stacks up and buy the bar (Ten a day)  
Play in the summer, got diamonds plenty colors  
And we don't give a fuck about who you are (Nigga you gay)  
Tell me nigga what's the odds  
When you fuck up credibility with the squad (Byrdgang)

Now we pushing in the black Gallardi' (Red line)  
Guns in the whip, like we doing bank robberies (We fully loaded up)  
I'm disrespecting the law (Fuck 'em)  
I'm burning smoke, pedal pressed to the floor (Speeding!)  
And we the crooks that move bricks for our wages (That fast money)  
And read the book, just don't flip through the pages (Do the knowledge nigga  
)  
You see my wrist is outrageous (Blingin'!)  
And I'm hopping out a whip, you bitch nigga it's the latest ('07 shit)  
I took trips out to Vegas (West side!)  
And broke even with the poker dealer ('Bout thirty grand)  
I burned rubber when I was leaving out the 'Rossa dealer (Buck ninety)  
I'm flossing hard so you know the hoes got to feel it

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This is the fast life (Vroom!)  
Ain't no slowing down (Beep beep!)  
Meet me at the dealer, the roof going down  
(I want that in convertible)  
And paper plates like a cook out (Crush)  
Hit out a highway and we was racing on the push out (Speeding!)  
So while I'm zooming in my sports car, sky fall ceiling, full moon and the North Star (There's no ceiling here)  
Smelling tires from the burning rubber (Burning rubber!)  
Zig-zaggin' same 'Rari's, boy them different colors (Keep up nigga)  
And Lord know how the liquor does us (Twisted!)  
They say life is written, and only he can judge us (I say a prayer)  
That's why the kids stunt drastically  
All blue stones in the princess cut masterpiece

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