

Favorite Man

Max B

Yeah

We finally reunited
Don't it feel right
Ain't it fresh to death
Ain't it still tight
Ain't it's smooth though
On the low
I tell you how much I love you
Kiss you when you go
You see mama that's your son (That's your son mama)
She screaming baby
Out the window but he done damn
Shit was sad they gave him one
He ain't need much
He was dead before it hit him
They ain't keep up
I watched a mouth of bad boys
Cause they'll creep up (Creep up)
I'm not playing in this game
To keep up and I'm running out of try's (Yeah)
I'm running out of time (Yeah)
Made another tune
Played another room
Married the streets young
Skipped 100 moons
Graduated never made it
To the money room (Never)
That nigga Bigga can flow
So smooth and umm turning up

That's my favourite song
That's my favourite song
You gone get mad know matter
If I'm right or wrong
Bottle of brown
Still my favourite high high
(High High)
Running out of try's
Running out of time (Yeah)

You heard of him
That's my favourite man
(Boss Don Biggavel)
I'm down with them
That's my favourite band
(EMG)
I reps my bread
The lord knows how hard I try
(Try)
Running out of try's
Running out of time

Yeah
You on that baby