

# Goodbye

Max B

My favorite rappers was Pac, Big & Jay  
Nas & Fiddy Cent, N.W.A yeah  
Screaming fuck cops before them niggas  
My older brother had me pulling the trigger (yeah)  
Everyday I was running from the law  
Hit out on the competition I'm coming for them all yeah  
Caught his ass slipping, coming from the mall  
He had his kids so I let him live  
But if I see him again he wouldn't get a pass  
Baby want that Jellotin pudding in her ass "Splash  
Duffle full of cash,"you ever speak of my name I'm coming for ya fast"  
You niggaz be lolly pop, cotton candy, colder than winter hot as Miami  
The musical mercenary is back, lyrical nigga please  
I'm murdering you motherfucka's I make 'em memories (yeah)

You can, run with us or get, run over  
No more slipping we getting older  
Forty-four in the holster  
Baby you can cry on my shoulder  
Yeah, we doing what they said we'll never do  
Look out the window of the Lear it's a better view  
It's over for you niggaz goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

(40 boys nigga, you know what's up)  
(Alright, yeah)  
Run with us or get run over  
All you niggas are dolce's  
Come to coke, I'm your broker  
I be having it like sosa (scarface)  
Shipping it down to Dover (Delaware)  
That's what got me the crib in Boca (Florida)  
I ain't wearing no fashion nova (faggot)  
Ya'll niggas should have a [?] (pussy)  
Ya'll niggas the dunda dunce  
I play the back but I love the front  
You know exactly where we from  
Wifey here gettin' done  
Got an 8 ball in her bun (uh oh)  
There cam go, me and Charly Rambo  
40th and Lennox we play human commando  
We needed Lucini, no cam blow  
Yo Max, I don't think they understand though

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I'm a boss, I'm a God  
Taking pictures for the sauce, dripping sauce, foreign cars  
Maneuver with my rod  
Out my mind for real  
I be in the Uber with a bomb  
Got the drop where you living

Make you go move in with your mom  
This 40 will make you back flip  
My young bitch dropped out of school but she does my taxes  
I'm on 40th knocking Max's shit  
We're starving, can't believe they tried to feed me with rations  
I'm the hottest to come up out of Manhattan since Cam was spazzin'  
All day I see cameras flashin'  
Dirt gang we bandana flaggin'  
No talk we demanding action  
Give a fuck what your man be askin'  
He was the toughest them shots went off and you ran the fastest  
Vacationing down in Florida and they caught him in Tampa lackin'  
Big gavel when you come home, they gotta bring Grand Cru back  
I just need a location to move and I can move that  
Niggas think I might drew hell, before I even drew that  
They violated, couldn't recognize and they like who that  
Pray that my niggas shoot back

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