

## Goon Music

Max B

[Max B:]

Know we just spittin' bars  
Boss Don Biggavel  
Broad Street Bully, Macaroni With The Cheese  
French Montana (C'mon)  
Got the boy rockin' with me  
Yeah you know we all just spittin' bars  
(Sigel) Yeah

[Beanie Sigel:]

The Bully nigga, harder than Levi denims  
My 45th, I'm a put long 3-5's in 'em  
Twist backwoods, never put my haze in a dutch  
Stay drunk off that shit Wayne keep in his cup  
And I hate y'all YouTube niggaz  
When the cameras on, talk about what you gon' do to niggaz  
When the hammers drawn, you fold up and hoo-koo nigga  
This ain't no song, dog I will do you niggaz  
Don't none of y'all want it with Big Ock  
Hit you with the small Smith-Wess or the big Glock  
Give you a wig shot, small knife or big razor  
Open up ya chest like Vics Vapor  
You ass, I'm the shit, you just constipated  
Your flow trash, mines Switz, so complicated  
Flow easy on the track like the Doctor made it  
State P and Gain Greezy, you got to hate it

[Max B:]

Cop a couple V's, couple of E's  
I'm icy like nuttin' but skis  
Nuttin' in ya sleeze, get her knocked up  
I'm a greaseball, heat boss, comin' full-speed, no free call  
Both the mean way, spoke to Satan on the three-way  
Had ya baby-moms playin' DJ (DJ)  
We play, all up in the clouds  
Dick all up in ya mouth  
Bigga got the answer, stamina, Georgey, pudding pie  
I kiss the girls, I made 'em cry, made 'em fade the eye  
Off the water, slaughter  
Daddy I'm raw, I can buss in ya daughter  
Florida, headed out west for Diego  
These niggaz want seven, Chi-Chi go get the yayo  
Coke all white like mayo  
Halos all over ya head, like an angel, strangle you, oww

[French Montana:]

Yes indeed  
My goons will spray up the room like graffiti  
Homie only thing locked up, K's in the closet  
Only thing you checkin' is the money you deposit  
Talkin' outta line, talkin' outta order  
Nigga outta line, I put him outta order  
You fuckin' with them lines I'll get you outta order  
My money long, I'll make ya day shorter  
Like celebit, lions, tigers, pelicans  
4-4 nose like a elephant  
I ball like Bob Cousy

And you a cop-off Dooly, ya are movie  
I'm the real deal, got your bitch on a blue pill  
Akon gave me two mill  
That's a whole lotta money in the stashbox  
I'll push ya head back like a ragtop  
Rock gators like the Florida mascot  
Reach for my chain get ya head chopped

[Scarlett O' Harlem:]

Scarlett did things, I was gettin' 16 at 15  
I watched fritz teens sell coke to Mitch Green  
Young girl runnin' the street with tight jeans  
Big dreams to get cream and whip things  
Now listen, this gram pitchin', I had ambition  
Watched my ex-man cook up in my gram's kitchen  
He moved rock, he moved more bird than Padoodot  
Federal watch if in get up you hot  
Raised in the struggle, got my ways from my mother  
I'm not easy to touch, y'all niggaz won't touch her  
Niggaz had fun, but I'm, from the ball players  
To the actors and rappers, I done did 'em  
Got me nowhere, I ain't gotta go there  
Biggy told me go hard, no fair, this yo' year  
And y'all ain't never been through the struggle, man  
And y'all don't know my trouble, man

[Mac Mustard:]

Cru got me leanin' like a lowrider, we're never slippin'  
I slam a clip in and get the shit spittin' quicker than Flo-Rida  
No, nada, nigga in this game safe  
Call him Potato Head when I rearrange his game-face  
Shake the league, referees spin and the game take  
Karma take his Shuffle, get the name straight, it's Mustard  
Spread it on the street, get his brains busted  
Spread it on the heat, mark his prey as we speak  
Fuck a hand-to-hand, grams of tan, any nigga, man for man  
Talk sideways and won't guard, the fuck you think I am  
I can get Frenchy and put a whole in a nigga  
Or flip it like Maxi with dubs that blow for a nigga  
Drugs to grow for a nigga, love to show for a nigga  
Pull it out the pocket, and snuff that whore for a nigga