

Gotta Have It

Max B

We 'bout to go in on this one
Travel new artist nah I mean
It's like we all got that special person we love you know
A little ride or die y'know
Let me tell you 'bout mine

Ain't nothing like a ride or die bitch
She come through and throw the fifty up
Love to fuck she even roll the piffy up
Who that in the swiffy truck, son with the blicky tucked
Federally tried to hit me up
But, my bitch she nice behind the wheel
I be popping out the window, I'm nicer with the steel
One thing a nigga could say is that the heists' they be real
She gonna shoot a nigga dead like she licensed to kill
She always tell her friends bout me, the pipping is real
Let me control the tempo baby cause I'm nice with the peel (chill)
I want you on your belly quick
Max is the good side, I'm on my biggavelli shit
Riding to the party, her thighs touching the shotty
My eyes touching her body, got her high off bacardi (ayy)
Bitch had the nerve to take a piss in the lobby
Now she talking bout catching a body (what the fuck baby)

Cause I want you
I gotta have you
And I need you
It's just like I got a habit (I need a fix, I need that thing baby)

Now my baby no I got it under control
Never would she crack under pressure or would she fold
She ain't with that bullshit my baby girl she bold
Say a prayer for you
Give you long kisses goodnight then fill you with some holes
Riding in the rolls, cruising in the third lane
This my first time around I'm doing it for byrd gang
We them niggas hitting them switches
We cook them drugs in the kitchen
We getting bitches I got love for my bitches
Got black girls, puertorican, even got them chinese
Ecuadorian, white, even got them guyanese
Ya'll know how to find me, Lenox Ave 7th Ave
Say wassup to my mother I never had a better dad
Say wassup to my brother and love to the women
That's holding my nigga down while he sitting in prison
You don't know how a nigga living
Let's not talk about the past let's just forget it (let's just forget it, bang bang)

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The closer I get
The better you make me feel

She telling me money don't make the man
You ain't gotta pretend to me
Before you were my lover first baby you was a friend to me
I'm the kid bitch imagine my work
Been clubbing, fucking bitches all of that shit is work
Had to get up on them titties started grabbing the shirt
I'm a love you down put you on your back and then work
Make her wet it up put it in take what it's worth
I be popping more bottles than the package at work
All my bitches throw your hands in the sky
Let's get it poppin, get high and for your nigga just be ready to ride
I hit the road and kiss my baby goodbye
That's when she hit me with the look in her eye (she said)

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And I need you
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Its ya boy Max B baby
We doin 4 gang bang this 4 all da ladies out there
Bird Gang
It's ya boy Biggavel with another musical classic for you niggas
You gotta love it, ow