

I Aint Tryna

Max B

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry
Niggas tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Quarter mil in that Louis bag, shorty wanna do me bad
Get a bitch her do, he pull up in sixes boo
Double up on that hefty bag, I'm the best dick she had
In a long while, momma say all my songs foul
Momma say all my songs sound provocative
"Mommy, how would you know? That shit you do is not marketed"
I'm gon' spark again, pour me cups of Cru, get me nice and right
Pussy, like it nice and tight, cookies, like 'em nice and light
Fluffy like them biscuits that my momma, when she pulled 'em out the oven
Smelled 'em in the air, bullets fly from everywhere
Bet

He pull out a heavy gear, every year
I was sittin' in the penitentiary, look at what was sent to me
Letters from these bitches sayin' "Bigga you gon' have to go back in for con
spiracy"
One thing wasn't clear to me
Cared to be, how can you niggas prepare to be something you can't see, smell
or touch or taste
'09 ma let's up the stakes

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Now dippin' on that lean, got a half a bird
Drivin' up the interstate, dinnerplate in my car
Gots to break it down and bag it up, right before I hit the strip
Gotta move low when I tote that 5th, got a new flow wit' a gold 4-5th
Rope that bitch, make her tell me more, basement under the deli store
I'm rarely hard?, better call the Champ Bailey dog
Pop up on the scene, it's like that nigga on a mission for some cream, reincarnate
Every weekend my mom stay
Every weekend she go to church, knows the earth
Take it from your wiz, man I know it hurts, when them stones is on the dirt
When them chromes is on alert, nigga you better talk like a G
Nigga don't be tryna fuck with me
Oww Oww

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They don't wanna see a young nigga do his thang
Stupid niggas don't thank, don't miss or don't blank
Nigga stack dough, black on, you can find me there
You can find me there

What are you, insane, go against the grand
Interference Number be yo' name
Nigga who to blame when ya fucked up
Now that you got it, nigga ride it out, better do ya thang
Sick chain when you look at here, lookin' clear
Feds try take friends of mine, hands of mine
Niggas skiing to that finishline
Powder every hour, every minute, while you in it
Get your money, get up out it, ain't no love in the business
Keep your niggas close, circles small
Homie it's luv at the top, but it hurt when ya fall, most of all
Look homie, if ya ask me, Montana, Max B
Niggas off the wall like flat screens

Fax me papers with the signature, y'all niggas amateurs
Ya know we back, finish all the business, sir
Shorty gon' do me in, she don't know when she gon' see me 'gain
All my niggas play to win
Montana bitch

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