

Jealousy

Max B

Yeah
It's like
Niggas wanna take, take, take, yeah
Don't wanna give
Wanna have what you earned (Wrote a song about it)
What you worked for
Let's get it
Yeah

She tell me, "Daddy, won't you come over?" (Over, over)
Text me your address
I got felonies (I got felonies, baby)
Got these bitch niggas sayin', "Your run over" (Over, over)
They got my ass to kiss (Kiss my ass)
It's pure jealousy (Yeah)

P2, ma who chose the potion (Potion)
Exterminate the rats, smoke the roaches (Roaches)
Time to get my life back, gotta focus (Gotta focus)
Everything I do be in slow motion (Everything)
I don't want the bag, I want the briefcase (Briefcase)
Five lieutenants, I gave 'em each steaks (Each steaks)
Got four babies, I gave 'em each trust (Trust)
Got more wavy, I heat the streets up (Up)
When y'all was livin' life, they tried to change you (Yeah)
Nigga, life in the pen' couldn't contain me (Couldn't)
Gave me life in the pen', they tried to hang me (Hang me)
Spent the night with her friend, we did the hanky
Panky, fuckin' up in the stanky
My numbers is goin' up and niggas is gettin' angry
AMG, boss of this label (Label)
Nigga, I'ma bring a bunch to the table, yeah (Oh)

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It's pure jealousy

I planted my crops in '03, yeah
I landed in spots where money be, yeah
Started out just on the side
I harvest my crops in '25, yeah
My nigga Montana got rich, yeah (Rich)
Them niggas got hammers in my clique, yeah
Them niggas gon' be always makin' plays (Plays)
Them niggas gon' be always makin' waves (Always)
Ridin' big with the top down, smokin' (Smokin')
Formula 54, got potion
I got the antidote, got lotion (Lotion)
Free Diddy, free twin, got motion (Got motion, baby)
Said she'd like to know my intentions (Share intentions)
I had the perm, '08, big pimpin' (That money might)
Ballin' hard like I earned my extension (Brunson)
Dick suck to a ménage, it was temptin' (Temptin')
I was tender (Tender), I was simpin'

Started from the bottom and now I'm a rich man
Not bad for a small-town punk (Not bad)
I bounce-passed it to French and he dunked, ow

She tell me, "Daddy, won't you come over?" (Over, over)
Text me your address
I got felonies (I got felonies, baby)

Yeah, now
Technically, the song is over
But it wouldn't be right if I wouldn't gave you a lil' bonus
Show you what the Don do, let's go, let's get 'em, yeah

I told that bitch to bring her girls on over (Come over, come over)
With those big fat asses (Asses)
The whole world can see it
When I was a kid, I couldn't wait to grow older (Grow older, grow older)
And make those classics
They so jealous