

Lap Dance

Max B

Yeah
(Flame on)
Know we makin' good music
EMG, yeah
Yeah

She told me this is the last chance (Last chance, yeah)
For me to get a lap dance
And I'll be bringing you back home
I ain't coming back for no more
Your body, your body, your body, your body
Oh, my baby, it's your loss (Your loss)
I won't let you fade me no more (No more, baby)
So quit wasting my time
I'm just waiting to go bye, ow
Your body, your body, your body, your body

If I'm a nigga (Yeah), she's a nigga too
This a plus-one (Plus-one), ease a nigga through
If you must know (Must know), I be leanin' in the coupe (Come on)
Top down for you, needin' an excuse
To straight chalk that chalk, straight walk that walk (Come on, walk)
Baby can't learn, they said it's her fault (It's her fault)
She was lookin' for a love in all of the wrong spots
She promised to hold true and never to call cops (Ayy)
Just keep pushin', don't you ever call it quits (Come on)
That nigga Max Biggavel floss all kinda shit (All kinda shit)
Beautiful with a brain, my kinda bitch (My kinda bitch)
Make the dick disappear (Yeah), my kinda trick (Ayy)
Hennessy popsicle, my kinda lick
Stack of blue-face bills, shit look counterfeit
It's been years since I last seen money (Been years)
Baby face look good, but her back look funny (Ow)

She told me this is the last chance (Last chance, yeah)
For me to get a lap dance
And I'll be bringing you back home (Back home)
I ain't coming back for no more
Your body, your body, your body, your body
Oh, my baby, it's your loss (It's your loss, baby)
I won't let you fade me no more
So quit wasting my time
I'm just waiting to go bye, ow (Yeah, yeah)
Your body, your body, your body, your body

All I do is win, win, win no matter what (No matter what)
Snag two chicks, hit the one with the fatter butt
Baby, won't you count up all the singles and add 'em up? Atta girl (Atta girl)
Told her we live in a beggar world (Yeah)
At the age of seven, home alone, preppin' our own meals
Mama nigga come home drunk, tryna get him a feel
She run and hide to the closet, prayin' it'll stop
Come through bumpin' snow, prayin' that it'll drop
Bigga, you still mean, ain't lose a step
Flows get up in your soul, shoot 'til it's nothin' left, yeah
These lil' niggas think they can do what we do (They can't do it)

I keep on sayin' it, I escape the needle (Ayy)
Bloodsuckers like mosquito
Champagne in my veins, ice those free throws
Stuntin' like they be out, it's all smoke and mirrors
EMG, we them niggas, them other crews don't compare us (Yeah, yeah)

She told me this is the last chance (Cool)
For me to get a lap dance
And I'll be bringing you back home
I ain't coming back for no more
Your body, your body, your body, your body
Oh, my baby, it's your loss
I won't let you fade me no more
So quit wasting my time
I'm just waiting to go bye, ow
Your body, your body, your body, your body