

Left in the Cold

Max B

Young Qua, Max Bigavell, Dolla
Harlem to Bricks City, talk to the gang
Yeah

See money I get plenty
If I'm drinking when I'm driving mix that coke up with some Henny
I could be teaching my son shit watching Wonder Pets Teamwork
I can get you right if you need a perk
He gon' let the thing squirt if you fuck with me and my style

Make it look good when we come through
Beamers got a lot of 'em
Oh shit, I think I spotted 'em
Fleetwood Max, [?] to Brick City baby want me drunk
Now she mad that my shit stunk
This is what you get, baby see I'm a meal ticket
Papa used to boost, he poppin' off a [?]
Used to do the clear, wasn't me hell no
I ain't having that
My salary got a lot of cap
Got a lot gap, got a lot of space like Yao
These niggas is bitches they screaming Owwww

Its like I got regrets
Plenty checks, plenty sex
My lifes like a big pretty baguette, no it ain't
These niggas wanna see us left in the cold, no
We did the 'jects, did the 'Vettes
The 40 cal strapped up with the vest, to let you know
You better pay the rest that you owe

See I'm a Jersey Devil from the ghetto holdin' metal
Any time I'm on the track you know I gotta bring my shovel
Cause Imma kill it I'm the realest you ain't on my level
You see I'm greater, you a hater so I tell you hello
You see the bezel pink and yellow lookin' Fruity Pebbles
You want to bowl but be careful cause I tote that metal
That stain steezy, four fifth, bang easy
So talk greazy the four fifth will bang easy
I'm a true MC, cruising in that newest V
Fuck who got next ain't nobody substituting me
I'm hot now I don't care about who used to be
The game locked down I got the key in the booth with me
Truthfully, I don't give a fuck about a Grammy
Man I do this for my family
Yea this rap shit come in handy
All y'all niggas think I'm candy
Come and try me Imma body every one of y'all
Bullets in your chest like a wonder bra
Young Qua underdog, never been the one to stall
Anytime its going down Imma be the one to call

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