

Quarantine

Max B

Dame Grease (it's ya boy Biggavel')
Hollywood Ferg
Fuck with' yo' boy, ow

Won't you hit me for them bitches dude, he pull up in sixes too
Watch me leave, they gon' be missin' you, in the kitchen mood
Gets to chefin' up, all my niggaz done wet shit up (up)
Uh-oh, Gain Greene comin', they catchin' up, set ya up
When you think it's nuffin' niggaz creep up from behind
Niggaz sneakin' from behind, leave you leakin' from that.9
I'm gon' serve you with that quarantine (quarantine)
Pardon me, take your breath away like a robbery
Ow Ow

Now I got youngins in the front, nah surrender for someone
Gotta, gotta get that dough, I can bet I hit that hoe
Told her daddy that she love me, Bigga, she eat my dick
Leave ya red like a tomato, gonna spin you like tornado
Know that boy, he got that label, Bigga don't fuck with Gain Greene?
Hit you with that big shit, get your career ended
Nigga I feel offended
Best to watch your mouth when you speakin' to the chief
Leave you leakin' in the street
Catch you cheatin' that's your feet (feet) off of them, they go
Leave you all fileted and broke, they don't alternate that coke
I'm a hit them when they close they eyes, ship they dome all out the sky
Hide ya prize, every dime I count is mines
Ow Ow

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Foster home to foster home, case in D.C.F.
Yung Ferg, kicked to the curb and forced to head and nest
Always knew that I'd be blessed, like a angel in the flesh
I get high, ready to die, you can see it in my eye
Wasn't for rap, I'd prolly be dead, wasn't for coke, I'd prolly be broke
Wasn't for push, I'd prolly be bitched, fuck you think, touchin' all them br
icks
Almost had dreams that I copped that six, know these fiends, gon' need that
fix
I'll be there like the Jackson 5, stay on point like Allen I
Check Maxy for them pies, he gon' front me 25
Bring 'em back, 20 perp, off 'em all for 25
Middleman anything that I can, who the fuck you think that I am
Cop that Aston-Martin caddy, I ain't even touch my sack
Fiends be itchin' like a rash, mami told me stroke it fast
"Are you done? ", she said "Yeah, right", only Bigga make me cum
Fuckin' smut, I pull out and bust, all over her butt
I'll be damned, the way she move, I'm bussin' all over my hand

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I took the streets without no radio, Maxy, he's so wavy yo
Ol' girl, she wanted that 80 of blow, had to get her right
She said "Biggy, I feel freaky like Miss Piggy
Won't you hop up like a froggy", "Bitch I'm 'bout to do you doggy"
There's no way you can be my shorty, see I don't love these hoes
I just touch 'em and I tease 'em, I'm big pimpin', never beat 'em
Never (never) get excited when a nigga meet 'em
Do 'em like my other bitches mane, he pull up in sixes mane
He pull up and hit ya mane, right when you on that block
Push 'em off, said you can't leave kuz you got 'em off that rock
Tell me when's it all gon' stop, the shooters that fled now scream bleep
No more Aston Mars, put you in a casket pa
Took you off that wagon car, couldn't roll with that wave
It's a shame, that these niggaz doin' Broadway plays
Lookin' all shiny from that make-up, got that watch but not from Jacob
Got that cake, can't wait to go back to Jamaica
Ow Ow

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