

R.I.P. Sean Bell

Max B

Wassup, they comin', let's get up outta here, yeah (Up outta here man)
Tryna get these riches 'fore they lock us up (Won't take me down), they comin'

Oh shit, shit (Shit)

Tryna get these vests 'fore they pop us up, cuz they gunnin'

Rest in peace Sean Bell

She said that lovin' you give me is not enough

Keep it a hunned

Chyeah, I pop that Cru and fill my cup up to the line (Ah), take a swig (Yeah)

I don't wig, I just taste it wit' a big

Had to taste 'em with that cig', couple blocks ya off bounds

It's hard to dip it nigga with that 4 pound

Max is in The Source now, XXL (L)

Stuntin' in the bubble, got a bunch of fishscales (Scale)

Got a bunch of brick scales, I just felt myself (On the building baby)

Fuckin' all these bitches, I can't help myself

Sorta like addiction, fornication, that's some sick shit (Shit)

Sin against the body, that's some flick shit

This is my prediction, two years from now, probably pitfall

Trenton State, staring at the brick wall

Shit charge (Shit), get off the boat, get your surfboards

You niggas all soft like Nerf balls, squirt y'all

Squirt, chyeah, filthy fuckin' maggots

Niggas think that when he clean he got filthy money, bastards

Let's get these riches 'fore the coppers come

They comin', let's get up outta here, yeah

Tryna get these riches 'fore they lock us up, they comin'

Oh shit, shit

Tryna get these vests 'fore they pop us up, they gunnin'

Rest in peace Sean Bell

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In any situation, bet we top what they got

They addicts, them niggas need detox and Daytox

So many drugs it's hard to mention, in your addiction

Got you in desperate need, of a intervention

Takin' hits after hit factory, your shit wack to me

In fact, you niggas can come and get a sack from me

Surprised you still gettin' studio time, come do you a crime

Be true to yo' grind, come and get you a dime

And you can take the pain away, forget that

All the niggas say ya gay, kiss that nigga mouth till ya tooth decay

Truthfully, I can care less

When you in Harlem, wear a vest that come all over your neck

I'll be all over your set, all over your vet

Take a piss in the chinchilla till all over is wet

I'll be all over your 'jects, you can't even creep through, you're see-through

Strapped with that black Eagle, Vigilante

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Pac

I'm what the hood love, I got the streets buzzin'

I do this shit for the city, you know the streets love it

They yellin' "Gotti hard", man I just keep it real

I got a fetish for gettin' fetti and packin' steel

You cowards hate nigga, I know they wanna hurt me

Gain Greene is the team, we got you niggas thirsty

We yellin' "Fuck the fuzz", we puff the finest bud

You bitches show us love, rockin' the finest studs

Who got the Mac blastin', niggas fag-splashin'

Big black Magnum, dog, black-bag 'em

Send you to your maker, man I don't fuck around

Pussies get outta line then I'ma put 'em down

I'm ridin' with my nigga, until the end of time

I'll put a whole in ya head if you don't give me mine

Now Pac goin' hard, fuck what you niggas thought

Run up on Biggavell', and I'ma knock 'em off

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