

# Try Me

Max B

Max B:

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry  
Niggas tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me  
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Verse 1

Max B:

Quarter mil in that Louis bag, shorty wanna do me bad  
Get a bitch her do, he pull up in sixes boo  
Double up on that hefty bag, I'm the best dick she had  
In a long while, momma say all my songs foul  
Momma say all my songs sound, provocative  
"Mommy, how would you know? That shit you do is not marketed"  
I'm gon' spark again, pour me cups of Cru, get me nice and right  
p\*ssy, like it nice and tight, cookies, like 'em nice and light  
Fluffy like them biscuits that my momma, when she pulled 'em out the oven  
Smelled 'em in the air, bullets fly from everywhere  
Bet he pull out a heavy gear, every year  
I was sittin' in the penitentiary, look at what was sent to me  
Letters from these bitches sayin' "Bigga you gon' have to go back in for con  
spiracy"  
One thing wasn't clear to me  
Cared to be, how can you niggas prepare to be something you van't see, smell  
or touch or taste  
'09 ma let's up the stakes

Hook

Max B:

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change  
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl  
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome  
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain  
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl  
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Verse 2

Max B:

Now dippin' on that lean, got a half a bird  
Drivin' up the interstate, dinnerplate in my car  
Gots to break it down and bag it up, right before I hit the strip  
Gotta move low when I tote that 5th, got a new flow wit' a gold 4-5th  
Rope that bitch, make her tell me more, basement under the deli store  
I'm rarely hard?, better call the Champ Bailey dog  
Pop up on the scene, it's like that nigga on a mission for some cream, reinc  
arnate  
Every weekend my mom stay  
Every weekend she go to church, knows the earth  
Take it from your wiz, man I know it hurts, when them stones is on the dirt  
When them chromes is on alert, nigga you better talk like a G  
Nigga don't be tryna f\*ck with me  
Oww Oww

Hook

Max B:

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change  
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl  
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain  
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl  
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Bridge

Max B:

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry  
Niggas tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me  
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

French Montana:

They don't wanna see a young nigga do his thang  
Stupid niggas don't thank, don't miss or don't blank  
Nigga stack dough, black on, you can find me there  
You can find me there

Verse 3

French Montana:

What are you, insane, go against the grand  
Interference Number be yo' name  
Nigga who to blame when ya f\*cked up  
Now that you got it, nigga ride it out, better do ya thang  
Sick chain when you look at here, lookin' clear  
Feds try take friends of mine, hands of mine  
Niggas skiing to that finishline  
Powder every hour, every minute, while you in it  
Get your money, get up out it, ain't no love in the business  
Keep your niggas close, circles small  
Homie it's luv at the top, but it hurt when ya fall, most of all  
Look homie, if ya ask me, Montana, Max B  
Niggas off the wall like flat screens  
Fax me papers with the signature, y'all niggas amateurs  
Ya know we back, finish all the business sir  
Shorty gon' do me in, she don't know when she gon' see me 'gain  
All my niggas play to win  
Montana bitch

Hook

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I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change  
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl  
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome  
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain  
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl  
And I'm not tryna go ho-ome  
(Repeat)