

West Coast Wave

Max B

I'm just tryna fuck with the hoe, oh no, no, no, no
Better not fuck with my hustle
I'm a pimp baby I stay on the grind
Fuck these niggas and these bitches, keep money on my mind
I be tryna rake up the dough, dough, oh, oh, no, no
Nigga fuck with my money I'll cut you
Nigga better gimme every dime
'Cause nigga I got that money on my mind

What's the day that you was born (God bless)
I love my family, I love my music more than I love wakin' up in
the morn'
When niggas stopping my cheese
Lukewarm niggas, I'm hotter than sand beach when it's 90 degree
s
Ain't no stopping my gang
I average a tripe-
double, my Jimmy trouble, niggas can only hope to contain
I can come around and spray and then throw it in your brain
How many niggas that got a better style
You thought I was good before, you say I'm better now
Waving the P-89 and the grey Beretta round
Better duck when I pull it, I leave ya eardrum dipping
I be flipping, getting money and steady tip-tipping
I'm the closest nigga to B-I
Plus I possess of the swag with six series C-I
Drunk in the club, Jimmy better come and get him, he high
Please, don't let that muthafucka drive

I'm just tryna fuck with the hoe, oh no, no, no, no
Better not fuck with my hustle
I'm a pimp baby I stay on the grind
Fuck these niggas and these bitches, keep money on my mind
I be tryna rake up the dough, dough, oh, oh, no, no
Nigga fuck with my money I'll cut you
Nigga better gimme every dime
'Cause nigga I got that money on my mind