

Why U Do That

Max B

Why you do dat?!
I said I'm sorry baby, that was Biggaveli not Charly baby
Why you do dat?!
She said don't call me baby, don't categorize me with all your ladies
Why you do dat?!
I tried to tell you before I be gone but you wouldn't listen
Why you do dat?!
V-12 on 24's, pretty whores and the shoes is glistening

Doin 95 in the benz, see the fedz on my ass
Light the blunt hit the music, then I step on the gas
Now I'm speeding in the lane as if I had a quota
Got my bitch she shotgun, with pizza and a cola
She don't panic at all, my baby play it cool
It don't matter police and all she spraying the tool
It was just like yesterday when I gave her the penis
She stroked my ego when she called me a musical genius
Whatchu give me credit for? Baby I ain't shit
Two 74 pounds baby that ain't piff
Biggaveli the type of nigga to skeet off the tool
Raid the cabinets and th fridge and eat up all the food
But the dick I lay it heavy, something like a chevy
Wit A V-10 enginge sitting on 20 inch pirellis
Baby girl was ready, in her eyes I was the shit
Till she busted me wit another bitch
And she said

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Got the game in the loop, keep the thang in the boot
Got the virus to cook a pot of cocaine in the coupe
I make it rain on ya stoop
40's, 20's, and dimes
They used to be Mason Betha now all the honey's is mine
We get money
In the grind
We did it easy no frontin
And did it in a way when niggas couldn't see me coming
Better duck when niggas is gunnin
Of course yall sure to rat
I don't know what they told u, Boss Don do it big
Capo up in the club he poppin them kleikas
See him live up wit a bottle he on top of the speakers
Me I'm in the cut wit a skeezer, on my Biggavel shit
Wife beater and a du-ey, slightly on my jail shit
And I don't worry, these hoes and bitches they love us
Every other city we go over, these bitches they wanna fuck us
They fuck us and they trust us
Have them head over heels
Till you leave them in pain she said you don't know how it feels

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Now these labels they want me, they say I got what it take
Said I should be in the stu', instead of popping the eight
Nigga my topic is the cake
Jewelry, bitches, and cars
Doin it big wit all my niggas popping cris' in the bars
I fuck wit the stars
U can catch me out in cali
Lookin for caucasian bitches wit titties and a fatty
Now Im in the back of the caddy, staring through my rearview
Windows is getting foggy I hope I got a clearview
Bitch nigga I dare you, to shorten my cheese
Only money, music, and family important to me
Baby you talking to me?
"How you doin maxy"
Had me in the club blowin my stacks
She said

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