

Why You Do That

Max B

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

Doin 95 in the Benz, see the feds 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
270 for a pound baby that ain't piff
Biggaveli the type of nigga to skeet off the tool
Raid the cabinets and the fridge and eat up all the food
But the dick I lay it heavy, something like a Chevy
Wit a V-10 engine sitting on 20 inch pirellis
Baby girl was ready, in her eyes I was the shit
'Til she busted me wit another bitch
And she said

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

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
40s, 20s and dimes
They used to be Mason Betha now all the honeys 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 y'all sure to rat
I don't know what they told you, 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
'Til you leave them in pain she said you don't know how it feels

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

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
You can catch me out in Cali
Lookin' for Caucasian bitches wit titties and a fatty
Now I'm in the back of the Caddy, staring through my rear view
Windows is getting foggy, I hope I got a clear view
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

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