

1998

Maxo Kream

Wake up early, trapping late
Serving niggas by the gates
Shooting dice I let em' skate
Six and eight, they running mates
Getting money I'ma Baghdad
These bitches they Kuwait

Gave my worker's 4 pounds told 'em bring me 98
Matching Fubu with the Bape that was back in 98'
20 dollars for the drank, that was back in 98'
Starchy jeans and screw tapes, that was back in 98'
Gotta hundred round drum, hit your ass wtih 98'

Blowing O Dog, Like Larenz Tate
Running your mouth like Crest Colgate
Run in your house if I want I'm a take
Take everything but the sink and fishtank
My dick ain't free, I'm a make a bitch pay
Shoot a nigga up with the Mac 90k
Nintendo 64, we don't play 2k
Prank call phone, rollin' two-ways
25 lighters, gotta pocket full of stone
Don't call my phone, if you're not a yellow-bone
I'm an H-town nigga, so I need extra dome
Keep a duece of the screw, double cup, styrofoam
Drop a lot of Molly, cause I get it by the key
For the sherm heads got the PCP
My boys goin' pop I ain't talkin' Backstreet
My guns goin' pop and the bullets "in sync"
Stay comin' down, always Po'd up, Blowing Orange OJ
Oh Say Bronc-o, Drop a four with a bar in a p. soda..
Jamming on a grey tape, got me screwed up
Round 98 I was seven 7 or 8
Bad then a bitch I was in the second grade
Had a southside fade with four ways
Running outside fucking up my new J's
Right around the same time, I done sold my first bike
Sitting on the porch chillin' in the front yard
Goin' hard or goin' home, everyday had to fight
Woop a niggas ass for some Poke'mon cards
WWF X PAC went hard
Running round school telling my teacher to suck-it
Momma used to whoop my ass real hard
Act a damn fool when I'm out in public

Wake up early, trapping late
Serving niggas by the gates
Shooting dice I let em' skate
Six and eight, they running mates
Getting money imma bag that
These bitches they can wait

Gave my worker's 4 pounds told 'em bring me 98
Matching Fubu with the Bape that was back in 98'
20 dollars for the drank, that was back in 98'
Starchy jeans and screw tapes, that was back in 98'
Gotta hundred round drum, hit your ass wtih 98'

Off a bad cop, and his rag top
Fuck a good cop, I've never met one
Stay tipsy like J-Kwon, make the hood hop
I drop napalms
Stay calm I drop 8 bombs
But you feel that thump when that bass goin'
Every past sales we face thump, get so high, nigga face numb
My time money, I never waste none, shine coming don't get sonned
The stakes are high, I got three supplies
Grill motherfucker till he well done
Get deep Fried, they sat Louis, know my nigga Lex stay with the toolie
Flip a nigga ta-rantualas, turn rat niggas to ratatouille
Crooklyn nigga, know I had to do it
New-York back, you know I had to prove it
Money is my slang, nigga, y'all niggas don't speak it fluent
Fact y'all niggas can't speak at all
One more word I'm a fucking lose it
Got a king size bed, don't sleep at all
So when your queen give it up, get the pussy bruised
Uh her mouth stays glued to my dick and balls
I bust her jaw. Until it hit the door
But don't trip nigga, it's still yours
Soon as I get to score, that's when you get the call
It's like a chain reaction, you fuck up, she back for more

Wake up early, trapping late
Serving niggas by the gates
Shooting dice I let em' skate
Six and eight, they running mates
Getting money imma bag that
These bitches they can wait

Gave my worker's 4 pounds told 'em bring me 98
Matching Fubu with the Bape that was back in 98'
20 dollars for the drank, that was back in 98'
Starchy jeans and screw tapes, that was back in 98'
Gotta hundred round drum, hit your ass wtih 98'