

Blacc Ops

Maxo Kream

It's the black out
Shoot a nigga, black ops
We ball like the black tops
Invade, you could catch a fade like
Flattops, the gats out
Caught him on the back route
Willie Manchester on Hoover
Blew his back out
Spazz out the Spice Lane
Stash the guns at Lance house
Spending funds to fill our lungs until we fucking pass out
Fo's on the glass house
Pop trunk, wave in the turning lane
Yeah, you could say I showed my ass out
Sip codeine like I'm sick, I got the fever flu
Your bitch on my line, she [?] like the beavers do
Stop tryna' rap cool, you not a fucking freezer fool
You think you cold? Nigga I'll show you what the heater do
Bang em' up, squeeze and move
Rocket power, Pikachu
Make you Nick at night
With the Nick Cannon like cartoons
MF Doom, [?] feeling doper than a bag of shrooms
Kream Click Gang, stay strapped, orthopedic shoes

Trouble on my mind
I got trouble on my mind
Trouble on my mind
So much trouble on my mind
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I'm in that gold Benz, call me king [?] hoe
Your bitch try to suck my dick but she ain't asked me tho'
My nigga Travy, granddaddy had a Cadi'
We used to ride in that hoe till we got the Benz
I was 'bout to start approaching till I got some mends
These girls wiley, I'm feeling like [?]
I'm fucking slonky, the three chicks at the party
Oh well, ask my white friend Mike Lowrey
These niggas [?], and Maxo kill a nigga
Put that Tommy to their head, I bet he'll figure
But me, I'm just one little cute nigga
That be macking hoes
Like to do it in them Reeboks, but them Nikes though?
I don't know man, something 'bout them Nikes bro
My closet abstract as that fashion show
You was at [?] just like a track ago, bitch

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