

Bonecrusher

Maxo Kream

Fuck the club up (Yeah!)
We ain't never scared (Bitch!)
Fuck the Club Up (Hoe!)
We ain't never scared

Trigga Maxo C Osama
Snatch my chain, we wack yo mama
You got a better chance surviving as a suicide bomber
I be riding, sliding, stepping
In my drank more shots than Stephen
Chops with Glocks from every gene
F&N, spendin', been with weapons
He throwing sets, he ain't no threat
Bullet proof vest ain't no protection
Pop Glocks like 1942
Start sending shots into your section
Niggas fighting in the club like Bone Crusher
We don't throw knuckles
No mean muggin', we don't tongue tussle
Let that chrome touch you
Like WWF, give opps the belt
Jump from the term buckle
556 and 223 STDs trynna burn something

Hit the club one fifty deep
No pat down, bitch I'm VIP
Bloods and Crips, they all with me
With Vice Lord folks, BDs GDs
One thing for sure, they all on go
If Trigga Maxo say its green
556 and 223s stuff ARPs in skinny jeans
No alcohol but we got bottles
Double cup came in with sodas
If that backend ain't what they told us then we pistol whip promoters
You better not lay one had up on us
Cause you could die you even try to break us up
I'm with my guys, we all got fire
Don't need security in the club
BMF my heat
Like T and Meech we totin' 50 boys
Death Row Murda Inc. my unit G like Buck and 50 boy

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Just like Maxo you know I'm bout my cream
I be out in Houston with my rocket like Hakeem
I be out in Houston smoking sipping Texas Tea
I put money over bitches ain't no in between
Got 60 in my jeans, this shit poking out
She like my persona, took her on the paper route
I ran up my money, aye these niggas just run their mouth
Got diamonds in my teeth, that let you know I'm from the South
Ballin', these niggas foul
Started off with a gram
Audemar cost a house, necklace cost a Lamb
Trynna figure me out, knowing that Glocks don't jam
These niggas Mickey Mouse, I just don't understand
Damn

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556 and 223 STDs trying to burn something