

End Zone

Maxo Kream

Marijuana swisher sweet, codeine, promethazine
Kickstand gotta lean, dabbing waxes, THC
Throw like Peyton Manning, Randy Mossing in the endzone
Tipping like a waiter, Brett Favre, I'm a throw a four
Green Bay packing while I'm sacking, bagging stinky 'dro
Hun dun stacking, I be trapping, I could get it gone
You are just a rapper, get to clapping, bullet hit your dome
Call me for them pounds, I ain't trying to sell no fucking zone

Macaulay Culkin, clap your face, leave a nigga home alone
Crawling down Yellowstone, picking up a yellow bone
Three or four numbers, but a nigga got one phone
Matte black everything, Maxo Kream don't ride no chrome
Five thousand dollars if you niggas want a fucking song
If you ain't got no money or no drugs, leave me the fuck alone
When you talking to a gangster, little nigga, watch your tone
Keep them swishers and them pistols, get your fucking face blown
84s on the west get your life took
84s poke a nigga like Facebook
Karo in the drank, that's a no-no
Get a pint, I'm a Karo for sure, though
Got it sold from the west to the 44
Drop a xan in the mud, call it dodo
Moonwalking down the block, call it slow-mo
Pimping bitches, pulling tricks out of slow hoes

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Look a fuck nigga in the eye
Bitch you know my set never die
I pull up on your ho, make her choose us
Get up to the spot, now she screwed up
Chopping up the game like a AK
Keep it cool, still kicking, young Pele
It's like the second coming of this trill shit
You ran up out the hood, nigga, Will Smith
While my side bitch looking like Jada
You a hater while I'm high eating alligator
Tip my waiter at the Pappadeaux, rock a show
A bunch of niggas rapping, they ain't popping, though
Bunch of niggas shopping, they ain't copping, though
Couldn't play the game but you watching, though
Jet Life, know we get blown
Ran through the whole O, that's the endzone

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