

## Quarterbaccs

Maxo Kream

Moving bowls and selling dope with fifty rounds of Calico  
If you ain't getting money nigga what the fuck you trapping for?  
Pistol packing capping, steady trapping by the kitchen door  
Nigga I don't know you I'ma serve you by the liquor store  
Pistol packing capping, steady trapping by the kitchen door  
What the play read? I got fiends running back the store  
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We don't call em' quarter pounds, bitch we call em' quarterbacks  
Manning brothers this Roethlisberger get a pound of that  
Silencers and Kel-Tecs, sitting in the attic jack  
HK's, Uzi switchblades, bungee cords we strapped  
Break elbows down to a fraction  
If there's profit, do transactions  
Niggas flexing, I kidnap em'  
Crystal castles, duck tape wrap em'  
Made eight racks in the laundromat  
To my defense bliss for them quarterbacks  
Put to the eagle to your helmet like McNab  
I want the cash and the stash, and the gun cocked blast

Everyday I'm contemplating, money making, stacking dough  
Posted trapping by the store while sipping drank, inhaling dro'  
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Fiends scramble out the pocket just to come and get a sack  
Manning brothers this Roethlisberger get a pound of that  
Forked along to overtime  
Fuck a pump we running back  
[?] twenty eight stack, watch me quarterback  
Down set hut, run plays all day  
Drop back shotgun if you blitz my way  
Where the PA fake and the defense scared  
Better pass that long, going for the Hail Mary  
With the touchdown pass, I never lost  
Even with one hand like Randy Moss  
If the feds [?] I'ma QB toss  
Gotta' keep the field goal I ain't taking no loss

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