

Maxo
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Look

You owe me money, smokey
Better send it through a cash app
Next time you owe me, buy a gun, you getting blast at
You just a middle man, you mid-grade like my last pack
Out of town bangers, go to Cali and get laughed at
Chrome 84s, swanging, banging, in the hatchback
She walked the blade, getting paid, tryna make the cat stack
IHOP, Denny's on the corner, slanging flap-jacks
You come from up the road to buy some dope, then I'm 'a tax that

You call me to re-score ain't got my dough, like where my cash at?
Call my baby Loc's to kick your door and push your cap back
If you ain't got it all, at least can try and pay me half back
Ducking all my calls, or something
Like I'm one of your broads or something
Knew you since the 7th grade, you let mun-yun get in the way
I know where your son go to school, I know just where your momma stay
But I would never play that way
You make your bed, you gotta lay in it, I'mma dig your grave
Send you up to heaven gates

My loyalty run deep, but my gut, I should've trusted it
Need a re-up, couldn't put the fee up, so I fronted it
Matter fact, you can keep the cash and the packs
Use them funds for some guns, when I catch him, get him wacked

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Pay me exactly what you owe me, nothing more and nothing less
I was taught to flip the dough, triple stack it and invest
Running off will get you offed, you better invest in you a vest
Inherited hustling skills from my father, running through my flesh

Aye
If you know me, why you owe me?
Acting real, but be phony
I ain't seen that boy in months, we he still acting like we homies
Now he can't eat, he getting boney
Now he can't sleep, them demons on him
Told him whatever that he owe, that he can keep it, I'mma smoke him

Heard nigga laughing, I'm not joking
Ten assists, I feel like Jokic
I know real deal snipers, drop a bag, then leave them holy

Hell nah, I ain't forgot
So if you know, nigga you know
But if shit ever get too bad, just know I'm coming for my dough

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