

Sold Out

Maxo Kream

Yo we ain't really having nothing else left
Everything gone nigga' we done sold it all nigga' if you ain't know

No halves, no zips, no pounds, sold out
No grams, no eighths, no shake, sold out
No percs, no xans, no tan, sold out
No X? no meth? is ya deaf? I'm sold out
Supreme high-top one sold out
Bought a crib out the hood sold out
New Bape but my shit sold out
Just cuffed a white bitch sold out
No grams, no eighths, no shake, sold out
I trap, ship packs, count racks, show up

Junkies knocking at my door, I told them "I ain't serve you shit"
Nigga wanted half a pound, I told him "I ain't got a zip"
Need to place another order, overnight I get it shipped
Getting on the plug nerves, say I move the dope too quick
Moving them packs like I got on Vans
Only 12 grams, I ain't got no tin
Plug say he dry, then I need a new plan
So I hit my lil' bro, 6 bands, middle man
Don't need no workers, all my sales hand to hand
Still waiting on the plug, but the fuck nigga' playing
Gotta play outside with the coke once again
Trynna spend 10 bands, but he only want xans
Now i'm speeding across town, as fast as I can
Drive the packs myself, took a crash on me chance
Cause i'm in the school zone, so the charges enhance
Trynna run on my bands, regardless of the circumstance
Every minute, every hour, yeah my trap going boom
Got stains lined up, like they waiting on shoes
Im a fucking filthy savage, I be serving to the youth
When I run out of work, put me in a bad mood
Six pounds, it was gone in an hour, OG gas bag of the sour
Smoking bouquets of the flower
Moving K packs of the downers
My white bitch i'm serving her father
Send packs in the air on departure
Xanax for less then a dollar
I hate when I run out of product

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My connect ran out of work today
So Ima' hit a double O, and ima' call up Dre
I need some tabs, and I need some dope
If you ain't got it, Ima' hit Julio

He never on the dry, and he got it fosho'
I'm from Texas, and I know the Migos
I woke up from a dream I was getting kilo's
Got a big ass stack thinking about who I know
Cause i'm all sold out, and niggas' calling me for dough
I can never be a stain, cause I serve em'
And I'm on the block eating I ain't hurtin'
My lil' bitch just pulled up in a Suburban
Served those six stain at the store anyway
I done sold all the bags, bitch I ain't playing
She said its cool she know who outside with it
So I pulled over quick and we get this nigga'
It was already sold before I got back nigga'
Got two grams and like three guards nigga'
This booger stain called me a hundred times nigga'
Bitch as nigga' told you that I'm dry today
Quit calling my phone I feel like Dre
Gas pack selling faster then the Concords man
Got all this trap money, and a pistol on me fam'
What you make in two weeks, man I got it in my pants
How the fuck you a trapper, and you only sell weed?
Nigga' I done sold heroin, oxycontin, DMT
Nigga' ask Ali I be trappin' all this cheese
And my stains stop calling we gone take something B
Who the fuck this nigga calling say he on Bissonette
Oh shit that's the plug now it's time to finesse
I was dry for 12 hours know i'm chasing texts
I could sell anything even guerrilla piss