

Spice Ln.

Maxo Kream

(Zaytoven)

Fat black, gap tooth, janky than a bitch (Huh)
Always known for hittin' licks
(Robbin' takin' niggas' shit)
On that kick door shit
Talkin' cash money shit
A hunnid Ps, ten keys (Maxo, Maxo)
Talkin' cash money bricks (Maxo, ok)

I ain't gotta use my pipe 'cause I could slap you like a bitch (Bitch)
Old peon ass nigga from the shoulders you ain't stiff (Bitch)
Remember posted on the Spice I had a Carbon and four fifths (Uh huh)
When Reload, J-Bo, and Door Hinges took the plug down for a lick (Ok)
They kicked the door and upped the pints, the pounds and codeine yeah they grabbed it
But they stupid ass forgot he had money in the attic (Stupid)
He sent them back a text message, cryin' that "I'm laughin'" (Haha)
But they still took his 50 pounds so they bagged it down and grammed it (What you do?)
Baggin' down and gram it (Uh huh)
Put it in a sandwich (Goddamn)
Bag with the paper tag, sellin' swag bags (Swag)
TECs with suppressor max, ain't leave Baghdad
Where we act like your friend then take your gas bag
Niggas know I'm janky, wipe your nose Mr. Hanky
Trappin' outta Stone Ridge, sellin' hoes and zones of mid
Where I went I found my plug Matt and took Jimmy's shit
Me and Ike, took ya back, to the trap and fat (Fat, okay)
Now we sellin' whole pounds, we ain't bussin' down (Uh uh)
Ojo got the strap, you make a move, he bust you down (He bust you)
In the trap I'm sleepin' on the floor, my pallet on the ground
I'm like "damn I gotta change that", I started sellin' K packs
Got 'em for the five hunnid, sold 'em for the two
Two a day, fifteen a week, them bitches used to boom (Goddamn)
My walkin' days was over, I copped that matte black Rover (Hey)
And then my bitch got pregnant, goddamn I shoulda kept it just a (I'm just a)

Fat black, gap tooth, janky than a bitch (Huh)
Always known for hittin' licks
(Robbin' takin' niggas' shit)
On that kick door shit
Talkin' cash money shit
A hunnid Ps, ten keys (Maxo, Maxo)
Talkin' cash money bricks (Maxo, ok)

Way back in '05, I knew mama was fed up (What?)
She put me out the house, I had to stay with the damn plug (Okay)
Hit the kitchen, rock whippin', stole a gun from my brother (Hey, hey)
Hit the trenches, Glock grippin', I had corns on my knuckles (Hey, hey)
Niggas know Maxo not for play play (Hell nah)
Dissin' Ed and D, aim broad day with the AK
Beefin' with YM100 man they should've seen it comin'
We caught 'em off Kirkwood, Lil' Jordan started gunnin' (Boom-boom-boom-boom)
Hit 'em up ba-da-bing, we shot up everything

Niggas screamin' "Fuck Kream" they know exactly where we be (Exactly where we be)

Spice Lane, Stone Ridge, by the Mickey D's

On the same block where we lost Baby John and Cheese (Hey)

Bobby sellin' crack, Fredro totin' straps (Crack, straps)

Body bag, toe tags, catch 'em down bad (Catch 'em down bad)

Reload, robbed a nigga, no mask, at the racetrack (Hey, hey)

I hit 'em with the okey-dok and sold his dope back (Hey, hey)

I'm just a

Fat black, gap tooth, janky than a bitch (Huh)

Always known for hittin' licks

(Robbin' takin' niggas' shit)

On that kick door shit

Talkin' cash money shit

A hunnid Ps, ten keys

Talkin' cash money bricks

Fat black, gap tooth, janky than a bitch (Huh)

Always known for hittin' licks

Robbin' takin' niggas' shit

On that kick door shit

Talkin' cash money shit

A hunnid Ps, ten keys

Talkin' cash money bricks

(What you doing around Spice Lane man?

They'll put you in a goddamn casket

And you know what?

I'm never even gonna come to your fuckin' funeral, motherfucker)