

THEY SAY

Maxo Kream

And they say Maxo a bitch, they say Maxo a ho
He got rich and he dipped, don't come around no more
They say he switched on his clique, yeah, he turned on his bros
And he ain't pimpin' a bitch, he out here trickin' on hoes
He ain't flippin' no bricks, he ain't shippin' no birds
Slangin' grammies and nicks, but he think he the plug
Like he shootin' up shit, like he really a thug
And he ain't really a Crip, he used to be with them Bloods
He scream out, "Hoover Deuce", but he fuck with them 60's
You ain't no ScHoolboy Q, and you ain't Crippin like Nipsey
He bet' not come to the block, don't step a foot in the set
'Cause if he do, he get robbed, we strip his jewels off his neck
'Cause he ain't totin' no Uzis, he ain't no droppin' no bodies
He ain't poppin' like Uzi, he ain't icy like Yachty
He been rappin' too damn long, when he droppin' the album?
He put Playboi Carti on and then that nigga surpassed him
Cap rappin' like you trappin' hard and sellin' keys, nigga, please
You ain't trapper, you just sellin' weed
But let him tell it, he the plug and he got everything
I heard he trickin' on a bitch, he give her everything
That nigga just a rapper, fat Black bastard
Bitch ass nigga, fuck you and your daddy
Credit card scammin', there ain't shit to talk about
You fake rap, duck ass nigga, shut your gap mouth

Fuck Maxo
He ain't a Crip, fuck Maxo
Nigga talkin' 'bout he be in the hood
Who he think he is?
Think he an Alief vet?

Must be forgettin' I'm the same one from the trenches
Started makin' rap money, niggas started actin' different
Sad nigga with his bag, I was a broke happy nigga
Pocket watchin' all my spendin', said I'm dead wrong
Hate to see me livin', they won't love 'til I'm dead gone
Yeah, day one niggas turned to killers
Paper Backwood, Swishers, tryna smoke me like a damn bong
Like we ain't slang that rock for paper, totin' scissors
Told you niggas, worked my ass off, so how I owe you, nigga?
'Cross the globe, took you to my shows, done bought poles for niggas
Lou and Ghost died, I even tried to buy some poles for niggas
Put my cash on Instagram and post it like you stole it from me
'Posed to be my homie but you turned around and hoed me
Left me by my lonely, I ain't stressin', bitch, I'm straight
Maxo Kobe, switch my number, had to leave that Section 8
I threw 2-4's on my Lambo, Texas Forgiato plates
I wasn't stingy with my cake, I let you have some
Go to jail and never wait because I paid the bail's bond
Sent him upstate, I bought him iPhones and some Samsungs
Hurt me great, and I hate I had to make this damn song
Daddy doin' years, free my brother, bring Ju home
Sheddin' tears at Mmadu Biosah tombstone

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