

# 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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