

# War Wounds

Maxo Kream

Ayo, is that That Mexican OT?  
B-B-Bankroll Got It

I'm so cold I can shoot a mosquitos  
Wings through a lil' peep hole, I'm feelin' like a thug hero  
So many war wounds from these wars, they probably think that I'm emo  
I stay one deep like I'm Z-Ro  
My boots came straight from Nat Geo

I climebed off a horse I jumped in the Porsche  
OT, you from Texas? I tell 'em of course  
I be deep in the country sippin' on the porch  
Four pints of wockhardt I'ma pour up a quart  
Yeah, I flow like butterfly, sting like a bumblebee  
Beat his bitch ass up got him seein' double me  
Bitch, I'ma hybrid there ain't no other me  
Smellin' like weed but I'm lookin' like a money tree  
Got ten bathrooms I can shit all day  
Crib so big playin' ball in the hallway  
They be tellin' me, "Rain, rain, better go away"  
'Cause they know that these diamonds ain't no play-play (Bling)  
Diamonds be lookin' like a raindrop  
(Drip, drip, drip) I'ma knock off his tank top (Fa-fa)  
Give his ass a red paint job  
I know the guns from China it's singin' K-Pop (Grrr)  
Texas is in good hands, I'm Lonestar made pimpin' (Uh-ha, uh-ha)  
If you feelin' froggy you can go ahead and leap  
'Cause I pull this bitch out and then ribbit  
And for all of the dudes save the dickridin' for bitches  
My choppa's a no good thot with extensions  
Runnin' from the money got me feelin' like Emmitt  
OT, boy, I love you  
I say, "I can dig it"

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Persona Money gang till they put me in the dirt  
Know a white boy shooter put a nigga in a hurt  
Led Zeppelin, Limp Bizkit, Fred Durst  
Tote a M16 like a shady verse  
Twelve gauge buck shots like an African  
Stomach gotta shit bad like a laxative  
Sell crack to a cheese head Green Ray to a weed head  
Trap house like a Packers fan  
Gun for my racks sellin' k-pack xans  
Shoot a Glock at the opps and the cops I ran  
Smokin' Afghan kush out the Pakistan  
I'ma break the bomb down like Baghdad  
Dog food same colour as a Arah  
Got skunk in the bag like a trash man  
Switch on a heater  
I put my dick on my blick, my nina a trans man  
This not a cat or a scat

Got a demon hawk track, I don't do no trans am  
I'ma do the whole dash with the pedal to the metal  
Young Max got crip, keep the flame like the devil  
AR-15 like four fifteens  
Make it bang on the scene like the bass and the treble  
Like wham-wham choppa go bam-bam  
Flintstone servin' them pebbles come chupo mis huevos

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This H-Town, I'm straight now  
'Cause I stay down no games (No games)  
Ain't no cartoons, these war wounds, it ain't never trustin' no lame (Never)  
My check throwed, my neck cold 'cause I stay inside my bag (Bag)  
And my license plate say Texas  
So I'm slidin' by in my slab (Let's go)  
Might be one deep like I'm Ro (Ro)  
Yes, it's screwed up, so it's slow (Slow)  
Only two cups in that four (Four)  
And that old school sit low (I swear)  
Yes, I'm outta town with OT (OT)  
Bad bitches, we low key  
I've been here, so they know me  
And I'm everywhere your ho be (Ho)  
Tell 'em haters, "I'm back" (Back)  
And them war wounds they fat (Fat)  
I got thick paint on that 'Lac ('Lac)  
And it's big buds in my sack (Let's go)  
Don Ke I'm on track (Track)  
When I'm turnin' corners I'm cold (Cold)  
With that bankroll on swole  
'Cause us real G's don't fold (What?)

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