

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 fifteen
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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