

Mad Max

Rob Vicious

(Ay, Rob)

(What?)

Ayy

(I think the feds is listenin')

Ayy, I think the feds listenin'

I told bro to slow it down-

Ayy, you ain't heard about Robby, nigga

Shot his own shit

Pussy nigga talkin crazy, he was tore up from the floor up

I got Henny in my system, bitch, I been quit drinkin' pour up

One of the most vicious niggas that you know of

Ayy, shout out my lil nigga, he done pulled up, shot the store up

And bro just hit a opp, bro that's what's up, we 'bout to go up

I put that shit on Jesus, put that shit on Jesus Christ

Got all these dirty guns around me, nigga barely sleep at night

We catch a play to rob a nigga around this bitch to eat at night

That pussy nigga talkin' left, that choppa stick gon' lead 'em right

Them niggas from the other side is only mad when they can't hear the pipe

Tell that thirsty, dusty, pillow-talkin' bitch go get a life (Ayy)

Shh, ayy, I think the feds listenin'

I told bro to slow it down, I think the meds kickin'

Lil Rob, calm down, you too damn vicious

Ayy, you can't take the heat, then lil' bitch, get out the damn kitchen

Got a lot of shooters 'round the way that I just can't mention

Everywhere I'm rockin', It's a K, you know I ain't slippin

Why you rockin' with your brother pistol?

It ain't nothin' in it

These nigga swear to God they want some issues, they can't fuck with me

Okay a party ain't a party 'til them choppas in

I got a hundred rounds for you and who you rockin' with

Ayy, I got my choppa in the party, better back back, ayy

Fuck around I'll shoot it up just like I'm Mad Max

I put that beam up on his head, it's like a snapback

Fuck around, I'll turn this nigga to a hashtag

I got my choppa in the party, better back back

Fuck around I'll shoot it up just like I'm Mad Max

Woo, I feel like Ric Flair

Just popped a molly, on my mama, it can go there

Hundred shooters came in this party, it ain't no fear?

Feelin' like the big bad wolf, I'll blow here

Me and Mad Max the same nigga, we be both trippin'

Hit the scene with two Glocks and I leave with 'em both empty

I never miss a shot, get up close when I'm on niggas

Told my shooter leave it home, but it's still on the road with us

And it's still up in the trunk, just in case they get close

Shoot him in his face how that casket get closed

Double right back, hit the candles, I'm cold

It's a war goin' on outside, you at home

Who you think a real nigga? Me and Rob Vicious

I just popped another molly, now my trigger finger itchin'

Hundred shooters int his party, please don't get to trippin'

Don't say nothin' on that phone, 'cause I know the feds listenin'

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