

Mavis Staples

"Ain't No Fun"

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Max B:

What's good

Boss Don Biggavel, Mac Mustard

Wavy Crocket, Al Peezly

See it's like this baby

You gon' always be mine

I don't give a fuck what niggaz you fuck with

You'll always be my bitch

Do what I say (Gain Greene)

Uh (tell you a little bit about this shit)

Verse 1

Max B:

I'm just tryna get my money straight

I fuck it from the back, she love to make the funny face

That's right, beat it, don't stop, lift ya legs up, flip the cover off

She suck it with the rubber off

Butter-soft leather in the seat and the Porscha

That was the spaceship, this is the flying saucer

Flosser, it'll cost ya just for fuckin' with my life like a enemy

You just wanna fuck me

You just wanna, treat me like the rest of your bitches and I'm a diva

When I drive a beamer, me too (me too bitch)

She wanted to fuck my belt

And every time this bitch touch me with her tongue I melt

She said, "I wanna thank you for the gun I felt

Ya shit fit it so perfect, it was so worth it"

I purchased the brand-new ride

Make her scream "Max, damn you fly"

Hook

Max B:

As long as you my bitch, you gon' always love me

As long as you my bitch, you gon' always wanna fuck

Make sure you got two friends for Mac Mustard and Peezly

Kuz it ain't no fun, if they can't fuck too, ooh, ooh

Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

I'm tryna get between ya knees and breeze
And all I need is a bottle of Cru, me and you, a lil' weed
Start slow with the motion, then pick up the speed
In the back seat going hard, fuckin' up the V
And I been doin' this since the days at Elton Beach
Talkin' on the park, smeazed, when they had the metal
seats
Bitch, ain't lovin', better speak
Kuz you lookin hungry for the team and I'ma let her eat
Don't worry little mama, I got you
Have yo' ass screamin' in the telle like I shot you
I'ma wear that ass out, beatin' up the top too
Goin' hard, I got to, my niggaz is tryna block too, stop
loot
Kuz it's a priviledge to say Gain Greene
Nigga popped you, them other bitches not you
It ain't hard to spot you, your bitches tryna rock
They lookin' for a spot too
So waddup

Hook

Max B:

As long as you my bitch, you gon' always love me
As long as you my bitch, you gon' always wanna fuck
Make sure you got two friends for Mac Mustard and
Peezly
Kuz it ain't no fun, if they can't fuck too, ooh, ooh

Verse 3

Al Pac:

I got a good girl, AKA Gangsta Bitch
And my shorty never hesitate to bang a bitch
She realer than most of you niggaz
When it's time to go to war, she the first one squeezin'
the triggers
I like ma kuz she kept it real from the start
Fuck these other hoes, only death could break us apart
For the love of my baby, dog I'll put in work
I dare a nigga violate, he gettin' put in the dirt
My bitch is sweet kuz you see her up in the skirts
She keep the 22 Pearl, brand-new up in the purse
And she quick to let a nigga have it, my lady bust da
ratchets
She don't play when it come to the cabbage
Not concerned with rocks and karats, my lady's not ya
average
She prefer handglocks, that's marriage
Plus she also look good in Chanel and Fendi

She split blunts and she sip Coke mixed with Henny
She the type of chick that'll have you lay on they side
She 'bout the paper and when it's beef, she ready to
ride
If I blow trial, lil' ma strangle the judge
What we got here nigga is a gangsta's love

Hook

Max B:

As long as you my bitch, you gon' always love me
As long as you my bitch, you gon' always wanna fuck
Make sure you got two friends for Mac Mustard and
Peezly
Kuz it ain't no fun, if they can't fuck too, ooh, ooh

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