

Mavis Staples

"Oww Oww Oww"

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Up North, Gain Greene
Mali G, Biggavel' (We back at it baby)
Lemme spit my New York shit for a minute
Holla at ya boy, uh

Hook
Max B:
I'm like Oww, Oww, Oww
My niggaz get down, down
I'm totin' the pound, pound, we'll run in your mound
Oww, Oww, Oww
Niggaz get low when we come around (lock and load)
We got them cannons for them niggaz think they
handlin' the crew (crew?)
Look what you made me do (Look what you made me
do)
These niggaz is player-hatin', I think I know why (know
why)
Oww

Verse 1
Max B:
Instead of giving it all up, I only gave up a lil' piece
He street, Bigga he manufique
Every man he meet, say what's up to, my niggaz gets
the groupin' out
These bitches I can loop 'em out
But I choose not, make 'em work hard, just to be my
number one
"Maxi won't you come and meet my mumma, son
Hold my hand and walk up the alter", "Bitch stop ya
fantasies"
She never really understood me
When I ran to re off at Broadway, slaws say I got the
forte
Only fuck 'em in short stays
Kuz it run cheaper for a quick one, 60 of the Grand
Creezly
And I told the bitch to sip some
Hit some of this, it'll get you wavey where you need to
be

Every chick that see me, want a piece of me, each of
me
Every Gain Greene nigga I fucks with, got me
You niggaz all weak and all sloppy
Oww

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Verse 2
Mall G:
Moneyy
I can spin 'em around just like a cielin' fan
Feel me man, finna my grind movin' these kilograms
We gettin' money boy, you just talkin' middleman
Stretch the work long and leave it stepped on like
stairwells
Soon as it touches my hands, I be like "Farewell"
When the beef come around, niggaz turn the
scarecrows
Weirdos, pants saggin', hoppin' outta Lambos
Tech 9s and airholes, man yo
I don't really think that they can handle, the mashin',
thrashin'
I'm brutal with this Mac 10, black Cadillacin'
Big money stackin', bladn', trappin'
Hoes in the Days Inn, oh I'm so amazin'

Hook
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Verse 3

Nitty 3:

If she let me, best believe I'ma fuck her
All the bitches say "Nitty, you's a muhfucka"
Cuz I don't buy 'em shit, find ya ass another sucka
Cuz we pimpin' hard around this muhfucka
And you slippin'
Who ever said it was hard for a pimp lied
Look at my shoes man, the ostriches, they just died
I got flavor, mix the Maury with the alligators
Red and green guts mixed on the escalator
Fuck about it bitch, my money more paper
How you think you walk around, pockets all caked up
40 thousand dollar jewlery, niggaz all draped up
(draped up)
Draped up

Verse 4

T.P.:

Talkin' with the Mac 10, hop up in a black Benz
Smokin', hopin' no one seen what happened
100 to the lawyers, I ain't goin' back in
Ain't goin' for no flim-flam, call me the Hook Man
This be your bitch or even the right hand
Hoes yeah they fear me, to them I'm like the Son of
Sam
Matchin' for my rations, fulfill her every passion
For money I'm a madman, she better bring my cash
and
God sits on my shoulder so you know I gotta have it
Rockin' loose diamonds, flawless karats
Pull up in a Bentley, oh how they resent me
Leavin' wit' ya favorite bitch, put her ass on Craigslist
Turn her on to breakin' tricks, teach her how to get a tip
Pimp and quick to fix her lip, always stickin' to the script
Feds mad they caught me with G's and a scale
Thought I sold drugs but it was just to weigh a mill

Hook

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