

Mavis Staples

"Quarantine"

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Max B:

Dame Grease (it's ya boy Biggavel')

Hollywood Ferg

Fuck wit' yo' boy, ow

Hook

Max B:

Won't you hit me for them bitches dude, he pull up in
sixes too

Watch me leave, they gon' be missin' you, in the
kitchen mood

Gets to chefin' up, all my niggaz done wet shit up (up)

Uh-oh, Gain Greene comin', they catchin' up, set ya up

When you think it's nuffin' niggaz creep up from behind

Niggaz sneakin' from behind, leave you leakin' from
that.9

I'm gon' serve you with that quarantine (quarantine)

Pardon me, take your breath away like a robbery

Ow Ow

Verse 1

Max B:

Now I got youngins in the front, nah surrender for
someone

Gotta, gotta get that dough, I can bet I hit that hoe

Told her daddy that she love me, Bigga, she eat my
dick

Leave ya red like a tomato, gonna spin you like tornado

Know that boy, he got that label, Bigga don't fuck with
Gain Greene?

Hit you with that big shit, get your career ended

Nigga I feel offended

Best to watch your mouth when you speakin' to the
chief

Leave you leakin' in the street

Catch you cheatin' that's your feet (feet) off of them,
they go

Leave you all fileted and broke, they don't alternate
that coke

I'ma hit them when they close they eyes, ship they
dome all out the sky

Hide ya prize, every dime I count is mines
Ow Ow

Hook

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Verse 2

Hollywood Fergie:

Foster home to foster home, case in D.C.F.

Yung Ferg, kicked to the curb and forced to head and
nest

Always knew that I'd be blessed, like a angel in the
flesh

I get high, ready to die, you can see it in my eye
Wasn't for rap, I'd prolly be dead, wasn't for coke, I'd
prolly be broke

Wasn't for push, I'd prolly be bitched, fuck you think,
touchin' all them bricks

Almost had dreams that I copped that six, know these
fiends, gon' need that fix

I'll be there like the Jackson 5, stay on point like Allen I

Check Maxy for them pies, he gon' front me 25

Bring 'em back, 20 perp, off 'em all for 25

Middleman anything that I can, who the fuck you think
that I am

Cop that Aston-Martin caddy, I ain't even touch my sack
Fiends be itchin' like a rash, mami told me stroke it fast
"Are you done?", she said "Yeah, right", only Bigga
make me cum

Fuckin' smut, I pull out and bust, all over her butt

I'll be damned, the way she move, I'm bussin' all over
my hand

Hook

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Verse 3

Max B:

I took the streets without no radio, Maxy, he's so wavy
yo
Ol' girl, she wanted that 80 of blow, had to get her right
She said "Biggy, I feel freaky like Miss Piggy
Won't you hop up like a froggy", "Bitch I'm 'bout to do
you doggy"
There's no way you can be my shorty, see I don't love
these hoes
I just touch 'em and I tease 'em, I'm big pimpin', never
beat 'em
Never (never) get excited when a nigga meet 'em
Do 'em like my other bitches mane, he pull up in sixes
mane
He pull up and hit ya mane, right when you on that
block
Push 'em off, said you can't leave kuz you got 'em off
that rock
Tell me when's it all gon' stop, the shooters that fled
now scream bleep
No more Aston Mars, put you in a casket pa
Took you off that wagon car, couldn't roll with that
wave
It's a shame, that these niggaz doin' Broadway plays
Lookin' all shiny from that make-up, got that watch but
not from Jacob
Got that cake, can't wait to go back to Jamaica
Ow Ow

Hook

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