

Max B "Bad Whiskey"

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Yeah, uh
It's ya boy back
Fresh off that bing
Boss Don Season, Domain Pain
Shout to my nigga Young Los on the beats, ya know
I mean, two in the afternoon man, sunny day
Stormin' through the Soho
Really seen a nice pair of shades I like
Ya know, them shits was like 2500, I bought 'em
Fuck it, it's what I do
Gain Greene, Boss Don shit
Domain Pain for you niggaz, I'm 'bout to get it in
Let's go (let's get it) get at ya man
Talk

Verse 1:

I got the.40 low
Covered up like I'm 40 below
Seven here with like 40 to go, or maybe more
Pay me forward, I'm the waviest of all
Got a black one, white one, even keep a slim bitch
They all stick together, and they got a good friendship
Closet so expensive, Andrew Marc, cold huh
And if I'm smokin' that haze, it's 40's of that Autobahn
Know I got that Auto ma, loop ya
Ya ain't shit without Max, your music need a booster
5th'll leave him screaming like a rooster
Sweep the nigga body off the stoop like a super
Nigga I'm the future
Nigga I be used to the finer shit
I don't do the urban, I only do desginer shit
I only do the Gucci, Louis, Fendi, Prada
Biggavel is a pimp, I run up in ya momma
Run up with the Llama, pop at a nigga for thinkin' he
thug
Dump a dub, I'ma fill this nigga with slugs
I seen this nigga in the club out in Jersey
Seen his team lookin' like they wanna hurt me (but)
But (but what) but thanks to the frontline (yeah)
You only gotta tell 'em focus up one time
Nigga, I be tryna duck the one-time
You smokin' with 30 niggaz on one dime

Chorus:

Here we go, here we go
So won't you niggaz roll up a big fat bag of the sour,
sour
You can't stop the wave, nigga I'm wavy
(We got the haze and the pussy in the telle every hour
on the hour)
Got caine, well I've got dour
Plus you know we got that Prada (Prada)
Nigga we gettin' chips while y'all gettin' angry

Verse 2:

On the strool, on the strip nice, bitches on the dick like
Big pipe, cherry lipgloss, get ya lips right (get ya lips
right mami)
Get ya lips wet, I'm not Dipset (I'm not Dipset)
Nigga I'm Greene Gain, roly and the mean chain (Gain
Greene)
I leave ya holey in the cheese lane (yeah)
Holey-moley, go fuck yourself, please change
For the better, Max, do it for ya boy
You ridin' in the Jetta, Max, do it for a toy
I be movin' like I'm Floyd (yeah) right jab, left jab
'93 was the shit, Harlem had the best cabs (Harlem)
A.J. Lester's, the best rags
A buck twenty, then, that was big money, then
That was like a twenty-ten, I was gettin' money when
Reagan was in office, pee-pee on your carpets
Grind like an orphan, lime in the coffin
Bitches off the Myspace love me out in Boston
Oww

Chorus:

Here we go, here we go
So won't you niggaz roll up a big fat bag of the sour,
sour
You can't stop the wave, nigga I'm wavy
(We got the haze and the pussy in the telle every hour
on the hour)
Got caine, well I've got dour
Plus you know we got that Prada (Prada)
Nigga we gettin' chips while y'all gettin' angry

Yeah

Got you niggaz all pissed off in the game
Boss Don Biggavel shit
Back with that Domain Pain, yeah
Young Los, got another one baby
Niggaz ridin' that wave
Fuck wit' ya boy, it's over for these niggaz man

Aw man, hey Big Tone
Gon' flip these niggaz upside down
Jingle that change out they pocket, yeah
Aw man, know mean
It's Gain Greene baby, aw man
Uh
Oww

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