

Max B

"Bang Bang Boogie"

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Chorus:

Now come here miss lady, can I date you baby?
Make you coo-coo crazy for cocoa
I can loot you mami, I can scoop you mami
I can Coupe you mami with no dough
Now up jumps the boogie, the Range grain is cookie
We bang bang, we boogie to the beat
My thang stain ya bitches, my blang blang, you bitches
It's Gain Greene, you bitches, we the streets

Verse 1

You say fuck me? I feel the same way about you bitch
Niggaz made you bitch and now you act like this
Well get yo' head out yo' ass nigga
Spent six cash, left the rest in the stash nigga
I sport Coupes, let the thang rip
I'm waterproof when the rain hit
Hit ya main bitch, I'm Boss Gain
The right side the Bent', the left side is the Porsche
lane
Fire with fire we fightin', time to retire to ya mic and
She ridin' the pipe, mami she like it, she psychic
And she like to play on the Sidekick
A guarantee you gon' like this
I ain't bitin' my tongue, yeah I said it, Max is the nicest
G4 on and all types of devices
Yellow-green studs, all types a premises
Baby come here, come holla, I'm all about that dolla

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Verse 2:

Chop up a nice, big 8th for this
Fiends be lickin' the plates to it

And the bitches, they finger themselves up
The lil' niggaz eat instead he bringin' them shells up
I keep the jails up, get Biggavel' on your album
I had spunk, I can get ya sales up
Come and fuck wit' ya man
I'll get you in loops, get you a extra couple of grand
I let it splash from the mac milli
Who got the most swag on the wax, really?
Who got the most bags, better ask Nitti
I'ma hit you with the jab if you act silly
I ain't tryna put this game in a chokehold
Tryna see how much caine can a boat hold
You can get a reign if the coke slow
You can get a Range from the dope flow
You a slowpoke, catch up nigga
I'ma dump it in ya chest, best vest up nigga
I'm a beast big, Biggavel' streets big
Fly nigga, got more sneaks than the Heats nig'

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Verse 3:

You ain't seen a nigga with my stature
Playtime's over when the cops come and catch ya
I ain't have a Jag nor a Rover
We was stuck in the hood, had the cab all over
Had the bags all over the floor, Pits ate 'em up
High off the residue he, tried to wake him up
Time to scrape 'em up
I trick six on a off day, hit the block for a hour and I can
make it up
My bitches cook and clean cuz my hooks is mean
Young Boss Don pimp, I'm a hooker's dream
I took the Beam for a spin
Pray to the lord, get on my knees if I see 'em
Spray at ya fort, get off money, then I grin
Who popped ya, you niggaz live life of imposters
I'm on your roof wit' a chopper
It's like taking candy from a baby, all the food in ya
locker

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