

## Max B

### "Blow Me A Dub 2K9"

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Let's get 'em  
Yeah

Dezzie by my arm reach, Palm Beach  
Poland Spring, Gain Green is the army  
Calmly walking to the courtroom, head high  
Thinkin' to myself, Louis cover my red eyes  
Dear lord help me, Jesus could be my savior  
Major, bitches say my cock got flavor  
I got so much (much) paper, I decide to fuck it up  
Drive a big wheel and my truck is cut  
Cop a 5th of Creezly, sour, got the deezly  
Shouts my guy from '89, shouts to my baby-moms  
Shouts to my lawyers, employers, Uncle Mook from  
OFO  
Kept a nigga rowin', help him flow the boat  
Help me roll the smoke, hit the DJ, tell him play some  
Max B  
Could do a couple million if ya ask me  
Actually, I'm intact with my faculty  
Max in back of me in the car seat, jog street  
Used to be whipped up, I remember them days like  
yesterday  
With one bar, I can take ya breath away  
Two bars'll captivate, and hear the third bar, shit get  
crazy  
And by the fourth bar, you'll be wavy  
Momma made me, I'm a baby, third youngest out the  
four of us  
I remember the tour bus, all of us, Georgia  
Shorties'll hop in Florida, searchin' for a wave  
Now dammit look and we all stuck  
More sluts continue to support me, never been to Fort  
Lee  
I was out playing horsie  
Now I roll couragely, bossly, I ain't tryna sit in that cell  
I rather be havin' orgies  
Owwwww

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