

## Max B "Cake"

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Chorus:

You niggaz don't want me to shine, these niggaz don't  
want me to grind  
I'm, about my money nigga  
These niggaz don't want me to live, these niggaz just  
want me to bid  
Bid, up in the prison system  
Niggaz know I'm about to get rich, know I'm about rich  
Uh, I'm 'bout to get cake  
Yayo, got white, got blow

I've been coolin' niggas off like the AC, one minute  
your hot  
The next minute your not  
Drop the album, nobody copped it, nobody believed in  
the game  
Without the boss don wave  
Funny how, niggas turn funny style, I just let the money  
pile  
Bitches scream skeet it on my tummy oww  
I was in the room seekin closure, smokin on the dosure  
Cru juice get me and my dudes loose  
Moon roof, seen my nigga head pop out  
I need a lead back out, and about to head back out  
OG, niggaz ain't know me, got 'em put down, left 'em  
stinkin'  
Shout to my niggas that's in Lincoln  
Bezey on the arm like aqua  
This niggaz a lame, my life is a saga  
Oscars, niggaz tryna cop 'em off the runway  
Bring the gunplay, fuck my bitches in one day  
Some say, Bigga you the illest nigga yet to come  
Get the vest for them, and I tango with the best of them  
Left with them bitches that night at the China  
Drove 'em to the diner, I like em finer  
Owwwww

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