

Max B "Cold World"

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Verse 1

AB:

It's Vigilante Season, it's big cars nigga
Swervin' through the traffic, me and Max, stars nigga
Get fly, what nigga, made a quarter mill
And that's all in a drought baby fuck a record deal
The only Brooklyn nigga that come through Harlem
Disrespect The Pros nigga then you want a problem
Never mind feeding 'em, leave them bitches starvin'
Just gimme brain ma, leave the pussy throbbin'
See I'm a pimp like Gold and Mack
Hop up in this Coupe ma, ain't no holdin' back
Gain Greene, Don Pro, this is street life
Blackin'-out in this bitch with Dame Grease right
You know us Brooklyn niggaz chill
Comin' from the Stuy, then you oughta chill
It's AB slash pimp, Don Pro shit
09 the takeover this is my year

Chorus

Max B:

Ya know, ya know, ya oh-oh
That it's a cold world
Mami should see a call girl
Show her lil' body just to get a buck
Any nigga she could fuck
Daddy I got a way
From the hood to the style
Gain Greene, Don Pro, AB
Biggaveli just let 'em be
He don't want no more cuz he saucey
All the game he showed me
Baby don't leave me lonely

Verse 2

Max B:

She told me "Baby never leave, me and Jimmy need
you nice
Now it's time to buy ya some ice"
Different set of shit
That make you feel that you the black Nefertiti you are
I love how he switch up his bars

Get him in the mood, get some Grand Cru
Sorry, need that nigga, tell him this how great he is
Think that baby maybe his
Think that baby maybe not
Look at how the game done made me pop
Watchin' my boy, it made me stop
Had to think of him, cuz I know it's me thuggin', Remy
sigh, sayin' Max
"Straighten up or you gon' go back"
Had to say a prayer for my folks
Jesus give me the strength to spare they life
Mami you tryna get you right
Take you overseas where the water's green
Boatloads of quarter-keys
This is wavy, all of this means
That these niggaz right back at the checker point
I'm with the joint, then the upper-decker, I point

Chorus

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