

Max B "Dead Solver"

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Max B:

Oh man
It's ya boy Biggavel
You already know what I do
This shit is wavy Dame Grease
This why I fucks with you nigga
Got Mac Mustard with me on this one
That's my guy, I'm not gon' play
I'ma just talk to you niggaz
Uh, Uh

Verse 1

Max B:

Yeah, I'm too much to figure out
Boogers give 'em the beef, I fuck 'em and kick 'em out
Lick 'em out
Bigga, you's a nasty bastard
Lil' nigga showin' off tryna pass me the ratchet, yeah
Got the Hummer toy
Pimp-slap the shit out a bitch, you niggaz is loverboys
I'm the oven boy, all hot to death, Bigga got the
temperature
Got the dick hard, slipped it into her
Get ya pitchin' up, old nigga
You can diss anybody but, but no Bigga
He gon' diss you back
He gon' talk about ya momma
Talk about muttin' in her mouth with the Llama
Fuck her with no condom
Get the bitch pregnant, bet she keep it
Daddy got the treatment, baby it's no secret
Nigga you's a disc jockey, never had your wrist rocky at
all
Bigga, he too cocky
Oww

Chorus

Max B:

Take a look at my life, they wanna know
How I'm so nice with the flow
I'll take ya life with the 4
When you was right, I fucked ya hoe

Follow me follow me, take a journey with the boy
Oh boy, I see Bigga, he brought another toy
Baby, daddy need new shoes
Ow Ow

Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

Put ya shit on the gate like a nigga on the pack up
5th grip, it spit and hit any nigga that act up
Hit ya chest, tear ya back up, lift ya back up
DTs calling for backup, my niggaz back up
Yeah we be tearin' his trap up to get this trap up
Punchlines hit liek a mack truck, that nigga Mac tough
Waitin' for me to choke, you could hold ya breathe
Preparin' these flow in-depth, till there ain't no flowwers
left
Some niggaz don't notice yet
Hold the mic like a Tec, spit until the quote is met
Bounce like a lotus yet still niggaz'll fold they set
All them thugs in ya basement scream like a bitch when
them slugs penetratin'
There's a reason niggaz hatin'
And here's more to add to the list
It's a dash to the bricks, don't be last in this shit
Make him, shit on his niggaz, straight spazz on his
bitch
Your work weak, you niggaz pumpin' trash on the strip

Chorus

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Verse 3

Max B:

Big machine, big recoil
Whenever it spit, Biggie give ya a detour
Meatball ass bitch, classic Max kick
I'm not your average, this rap shit is a marriage
Know how mad I get, every time I hear this faggot
Lip sing more, still he fuckin' the same whore
After she (what she do?)
Sucked my dick and then pulled off the beanie yo
Wiped her skin clean with ya speedo
We got the Orbit, got the Efferdent, breathmints

Bitch smoke cigs, all this shit is irrelevant
Let's talk about, how you niggaz is girly
Kissin' and makin' up, Bigga, you're breakin' up
You niggaz is fake enough
Knowin' I'm, thousand time better with the flows
I'm the favorite, single weak, hated it
Copped the bootleg then I traded it, get off me man
Used the shit to hold the coffee stand
Ow

Chorus

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