

Max B

"Dem Boys"

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[Verse 1:]

I can make a transition in a flash
I'm 'bout to be on positions that get you niggas mad
I be in positions just sitting in da jag
Seat back I'm shittin I'm sippin on a glass
Don't let your pride stop you from kissin a lil ass
Dem fellas lookin good
They sellin cook in da hood they gettin a lil cash
I predicted in da past when the cash flo come
You kno we gettin it fast
Chop your fingers you try dippin in my math
Flo state fresh just like I keep them in bags
Blow a couple k on my jewels
Couple k on da rags
Left his body in da dump
For a couple days in da stash
Lime like gaters big pimps
We running through towns like vegas
Big shrimp I run through your lines like raiders
Your moms at da funeral beatin on your corps
Screamin why like jada why (why)

[Chorus:]

Now I dun told ya'll niggas in 2 thou 4
We ain't them niggas to fuck with
And I dun told ya'll niggas if you fuckin with da roll
Den you pushin your luck bitch
I'm a pop da trunk and den cock da pump
And do lots of dumpin and
We don't neva leave dem chromes at home
Ya'll niggas betta leave dem boys alone
[Singing:] Ya'll betta leave dem boys alone

[Verse 2:]

I put da G on da game da P on da pimpin
Here's a few things that I'm eager to mention
There's a number one slide and I need da position
Trinkets on da watch and I need dem to glisten oww
See how I get flossy with da thing
Cook up a pot of shells get sausy with da thing
Uh nigga it's glossy in da chain

No bars just bogeys and coffee in da range
The V like 3 and so is da oak wood
Jeans like 3 but they hold up da toast good
Fiends like me cause they know dat da coke good
Pay a nigga on credit to hit u ma dope good
Streets love a nigga they don't want us to leave
Dem fuckin labels on top don't want to furnish da
cheese
See I got a hundred of these street treats raw dope
Charge a hundred a key

[Chorus:]

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