

Max B

"Dem Boyz"

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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 yall niggas in 2 thou 4
We aint them niggas to fuck wit
And I dun told yall niggas if you fuckin wit da roll
Den you pushin your luck bitch
Imma pop da trunk and den cock da pump
And do lots of dumpin and
We don't neva leave dem chromes at home
Yall niggas betta leave dem boys alone
(Singing)Yall 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 wit da thing
Cook up a pot of shells get sausy wit 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 cuz 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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