

## **Max B**

# **"Do It Right"**

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Chorus

French Montana:

If you wanna do it, take your time

Do it right

You can do it baby

Get yo' money right

Verse 1

Max B:

After two fifths of Cru, I had the plan made

Nigga got his food ate, patched it up wit' a band-aid

Max mayonnaise, macaroni cheese, and mustard

Your bitches look busted

Shit got me disgusted, clusters droop off the left wrist

I think I got a death wish

Sittin' back, suicidal thoughts of doin' it

Hittin' the switch, all my niggaz could move a brick

I can move the shit on a slow day, no play, okay

I be speakin' to my bitch Oshay

And as we roll on, hold on to ya love

Mami fiendin', she want more drugs

Shaking and she goin' through withdrawals

Big pitfalls, I'm 'bout to be the shit dog

Can a nigga stop what I'm bringin', singin'

Soundin' all good

I'm going all around the hood, it's Max B

Chorus

Verse 2

French Montana:

Get high till we can't see

Your rap career over, look for plan B

These rap niggaz, softer than cotton candy

I ain't a boss, all my niggaz family

Every nigga near me, got a gun just as big as Camby

That's Marcus, and open coffins

Bootleg cable, and bitch

You get what you bring to the table

I got shrimp and spaghetti, and Prego sauce

Yeah my boy polished, homie ding those off

And I hear him knockin', it's the Wavie Crockett

With more hoes from River Road  
And more O's, and plenty rolled  
From food stamps to big checks  
And I'll smack a bitch wit' a 100 stacks off a reflex  
That's a jackpot, 650 with the ragtop  
And Pillsbury for a mascot

Chorus

Verse 3

Tony Yayo:

S.O.D. Swammies On Deck homie  
My killers O.D. and die for respect homie  
The barrel of my gun, start to pre-cum  
Fiendin' to buss, I'm low when the D's come  
G-Unit is a money-makin' fountain  
25 on the wrist, my chick in Christian LaBoutan's  
Kick a nigga in the head, football punt a nigga  
Then stab a nigga quick like a London nigga  
Your career is a blender nigga, mine is promised  
I wear a 9 in the snakeskin Pradas  
Wit' a 9 in a chick that's chasin' dollars  
Like I'm chasin' dollars  
By any means necessary, yeah a nigga necklace heavy  
Let the caviar dreams star out  
I'm in the hood with the Porsche out  
To the G5 turbulation  
The fly dude by it, where they camel-racin'

Chorus

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