

Max B**"Everything"**

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[Chorus:]

I gave you everything
(I said I gave you everything)
Somehow it just wasn't enough
(It just wasn't enough)
Why don't you trust me
(Why don't you trust me)
Light the sour up and give me a buzz

[Verse 1:]

Hey baby, somehow you seem addicted to my style in
jail
I always was the first to trial
Always was a versatile, talented, handsome individual
Comin' up, so look at me, it's pitiful
Pity me, never that, niggga keep ya head for a later day
Just bow ya head and say a prayer
Speak to Jesus please till he answer, I never been a
dancer
Fucked chicks, Geminis, Cancers, got the answer
Got the recipe, they tryna take the little what was left of
me
Folded my destiny, hysterectomy
Baby love, you's a seamstress, daddy coming home
Really baby, I mean this
Seen shit, nuttin' ain't phase me, nuttin' ain't graze me
You fuckers supposed to pay me
Gimme my paper, niggaz is overdue with residuals
Baby my work is visual
Here we go

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

You see it, the way I came and took over the game
It was rare, you ain't see 'em like me in years
Keep me in the clear from the bullshit, full clip
Keep 'em on the curb, you might've seen him in the
burbs
Beverly boutiques, mami she got cute feet (Oww)
At night I pop her coochy
I don't waste time, I'm so cold with the bitches
Give 'em the dick in many different positions
Wishin', one day I'll be a changed man, fuck it though
That'll fuck up my gameplan, main man
Fuck with a nigga hard, tellin' me "Bigga do it right"
I'll make it the night of your life
Take ya out at nights in the beamer, cleaner
Get it detailed, 90 thou was the retail
Peach Street, mean tail, if only Bigga beat bail, eeh,
well
Scarlett, roll up a mean L, please

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

We good, this shit here is a classic
Almost gone, the devil workin' his magic, tragic
Tryna leave me in the wrong direct, me with no
protection
Leavin' me infested, restless
Breakfast, them bitches cook for me every morning
I dick 'em and don't call 'em, ballin'
Spend a lil' paper, hit the mall and daddy, he clean
I'm never screamin' all-in
I'm a call him and let him know where to meet me
Bigga he cruel, you's a bottle of Fiji
Up north, your nickname was Cici, that was real gay
Quarantine dropped, had a field day
Had a chill day, there was a cook-out
OFO, Gain Greene comin' baby, you better look out,
look out
Give me 30 years, throw the book out, picture that shit
Bigga goin' out like a bitch, naw

[Chorus:]

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