

Max B**"First Of The Month"**

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Chorus:

Mama, she tryna touch the yayo
We say "Yo, what you need, we got D, we got weed, we
got E
(We got, we got)
She cop it and she love to stay high
Her money good, good, good, she smoke it time after
time
So pop the top, we'll put one in ya girl
This is that bone bone bone, let's smoke a couple
pieces and chill
I got these bitches lookin' thirst' for a blunt
This not ordinary day in the hood, this is the first of the
month

Verse 1:

Started out as a little itty baby in this cold, cold world
His poppa had a boy and girl, stressed her momma out
Now she doin' drugs, movin' through the city streets
Clean teeth, used to have them pretty feet
Now she pretty weak from the drug use, fuckin' all
them ballers for they cash
There's war when I got pot to pass, flew 'em in
Dolo in the crib, tryna fix suttim' to eat
Tryna get suttim' that's sweet so we can sleep, "Don't
lay on the sheets
Momma, she be drippin' blood from the needle, in and
out of veins
This drug gon' bring you lots of pain, lots of range"
Starin' out the window as my poppa wavin' by to me
"Baby where the TV, why you lie to me"
Ridin' we, gunnin' from my robberies, treatin' 'em like
bitches from the past
Stand on 'em as I watch 'em pass
Watch that nigga dash like he in and out
Carlo, he told me, "Wrap that package up and send it
out"
It's the first of the month

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Verse 2:

They had a nigga sittin' in the can in jail wondering
"What's life, I am done wit' it, run wit' it
Baby you can be a star, won't you just ask Maxi B.
Look at how I'm runnin' through they faculty", back to
back with me
Was my right hand, telling all my business in the street
Said I got it from Dyckman lightning, pipin'
Hot, we got burners, and them bundles, we can furnish
Done seen niggaz get murdered, I can tell you more
Pumpin' out the corner store, kept my little look-out in
the front
My dudes just moved 'em out the trunk
"Million Dollar Baby Volume One and Two, I love it boo
Classic like that G6 and I fucks with you
Biggavell', I don't think you really know, how wavy you
are
You's a star", the fiends, I let 'em park my car
Dippin' out the back when I see the Jakes
She need a taste, chasin' that paper, she left a trace
It's the first of the month

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Verse 3:

My grandma passed, I really miss her, couldn't go to
the funeral and kiss her
In the cell I was staring at her picture
She never liked my way of life
Told me I would pay the price, ridin' on my foes got me
glidin' on these hoes
Feelin' like some other type of nigga
"Come and fuck with the Bigga, we can live it up
One day I'm gon' give it up
Be a family man and settle down with a wife and kid"
"Nigga you so triflin'
Nigga don't be tryna spit that righteous shit, you ain't
but a bitch
And baby I don't like that shit
Staying out late, tryna come home when you want
Tryna come and roll a blunt, tryna come and go for
what
You ain't really wanna be my man, Max, damn, Max
Baby you best to stand back, I can't stand that
Every time you get around your friends you be, startin'
yo' shit again"
On the first of the month

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