

Max B

"Goon Music"

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Max B:

Know we just spittin' bars
Boss Don Biggavel
Broad Street Bully, Macaroni With The Cheese
French Montana (C'mon)
Got the boy rockin' with me
Yeah you know we all just spittin' bars
(Sigel) Yeah

Beanie Sigel:

The Bully nigga, harder than Levi denims
My 45th, I'ma put long 3-5's in 'em
Twist backwoods, never put my haze in a dutch
Stay drunk off that shit Wayne keep in his cup
And I hate y'all YouTube niggaz
When the cameras on, talk about what you gon' do to
niggaz
When the hammers drawn, you fold up and hoo-koo
nigga
This ain't no song, dog I will do you niggaz
Don't none of y'all want it with Big Ock
Hit you with the small Smith-Wess or the big Glock
Give you a wig shot, small knife or big razor
Open up ya chest like Vics Vapor
You ass, I'm the shit, you just constipated
Your flow trash, mines Switz, so complicated
Flow easy on the track like the Doctor made it
State P and Gain Greezy, you got to hate it

Max B:

Cop a couple V's, couple of E's
I'm icy like nuttin' but skis
Nuttin' in ya sleeze, get her knocked up
I'm a greaseball, heat boss, comin' full-speed, no free
call
Both the mean way, spoke to Satan on the three-way
Had ya baby-moms playin' DJ (DJ)
We play, all up in the clouds
Dick all up in ya mouth
Bigga got the answer, stamina, Georgey, pudding pie
I kiss the girls, I made 'em cry, made 'em fade the eye

Off the water, slaughter
Daddy I'm raw, I can buss in ya daughter
Florida, headed out west for Diego
These niggaz want seven, Chi-Chi go get the yayo
Coke all white like mayo
Halos all over ya head, like an angel, strangle you, oww

French Montana:

Yes indeed
My goons will spray up the room like graffiti
Homie only thing locked up, K's in the closet
Only thing you checkin' is the money you deposit
Talkin' outta line, talkin' outta order
Nigga outta line, I put him outta order
You fuckin' with them lines I'll get you outta order
My money long, I'll make ya day shorter
Like celebit, lions, tigers, pelicans
4-4 nose like a elephant
I ball like Bob Cousy
And you a cop-off Dooly, ya are movie
I'm the real deal, got your bitch on a blue pill
Akon gave me two mill
That's a whole lotta money in the stashbox
I'll push ya head back like a ragtop
Rock gators like the Florida mascot
Reach for my chain get ya head chopped

Scarlett O' Harlem:

Scarlett did things, I was gettin' 16 at 15
I watched fritz teens sell coke to Mitch Green
Young girl runnin' the street with tight jeans
Big dreams to get cream and whip things
Now listen, this gram pitchin', I had ambition
Watched my ex-man cook up in my gram's kitchen
He moved rock, he moved more bird than Padodot
Federal watch if in get up you hot
Raised in the struggle, got my ways from my mother
I'm not easy to touch, y'all niggaz won't touch her
Niggaz had fun, but I'm, from the ball players
To the actors and rappers, I done did 'em
Got me nowhere, I ain't gotta go there
Biggy told me go hard, no fair, this yo' year
And y'all ain't never been through the struggle, man
And y'all don't know my trouble, man

Mac Mustard:

Cru got me leanin' like a lowrider, we're never slippin'
I slam a clip in and get the shit spittin' quicker than Flo-
Rida
No, nada, nigga in this game safe
Call him Potato Head when I rearrange his game-face

Shake the league, referees spin and the game take
Karma take his Shuffle, get the name straight, it's
Mustard
Spread it on the street, get his brains busted
Spread it on the heat, mark his prey as we speak
Fuck a hand-to-hand, grams of tan, any nigga, man for
man
Talk sideways and won't guard, the fuck you think I am
I can get Frenchy and put a whole in a nigga
Or flip it like Maxi with dubs that blow for a nigga
Drugs to grow for a nigga, love to show for a nigga
Pull it out the pocket, and snuff that whore for a nigga

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