

Max B "G's Up"

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Hook

Max B.:

G's up nigga, hoes down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, chokin' the 4 pound
If you ain't goin' with them niggaz then nigga you goin'
down
Dipset
(Repeat)

Verse 1

Max B.:

Had to fade 'em in the black
Hit 'em with the crossover made 'em jump back
And before all that I used to make 'em bump crack
Ridin' shotgun in the A slumped back
Max leave streets please they don't want that
They need me in this shit
The.40 Cal is mine, the Nina's make ya split
Cock back, squeeze, all started feedin' 'em with the 5th
And he couldn't really hide cuz I seen the nigga trip
You ain't seen a nigga flip
To the bank 50 G's and feed a nigga trips
30 nights folly and feed a nigga scripts
Beat the nigga bitch just bleedin' from his lips yeah
Got me speedin' in the 6, drunk off the Hen, breezin' in
the mix
Chicks beleiving in the dick, dick, feindin' for a sniff
Got me needin' for a spliff
Ain't a thing funny when you fuckin' with this money
I'ma lean you off a cliff

Hook

Verse 2

Jim Jones:

The picture gettin' clearer
If it was bricks then the strip we had to tear it up
If it was beef the 4-5th we had to gear up
Lookin' at my life in this rearview mirror
Burning in a pike in this brand-new Carrera
The game funny my money it gets weirder

My gang hungry no money that we scared of
Then do us both a favor my nigga, and don't compare
us
We still losin' soldiers at this war
Like every other week I'm pourin' clod ones at the floor
They just killed Ikey he was going to the store
That's why I roll around the fully loaded in the door
Majority time, I gotta stay above the poverty line
And that's a major part of my grind
I still hit the hood and park my cars in the 9
While the lil' niggaz from Howard dyin', now play up

Hook

Verse 3

Jim Jones & Max B:

Jim Jones:

They say success is like a honor
You see police wanna arrest us while we brawlin' (I
know my rights)
We ride on heats so if they pressin' we ain't foldin'
See me in the streets it ain't a question

Max B.:

So let them AG, let them niggaz hate, come teach me
Them niggaz with the big cake, they couldn't reach me
Now when they see us they cake game errthing all
peachy
Snitch niggaz puddle beneath me, believe me

Jim Jones:

I can't let 'em break me
If I don't die well then a man is what it makes me
I rather ride in the Lambo with the AC
Top down, stuntin' for nuthin' comin' through frontin'

Max B.:

Stop tryna be, one of them niggaz that do it for nuthin'
I got a passion for this shit cuz I love it
Like a piece of pussy when I fuck it
Waitin' to cum
Runnin' the streets on Lenox Ave., wavin' my gun

Hook 2x

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