

Max B

"I Ain't Tryna"

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Max B:

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry
Niggaz tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Verse 1

Max B:

Quarter mil in that Louis bag, shorty wanna do me bad
Get a bitch her do, he pull up in sixes boo
Double up on that hefty bag, I'm the best dick she had
In a long while, momma say all my songs foul
Momma say all my songs sound, provocative
"Mommy, how would you know? That shit you do is not
marketed"
I'm gon' spark again, pour me cups of Cru, get me nice
and right
Pussy, like it nice and tight, cookies, like 'em nice and
light
Fluffy like them biscuits that my momma, when she
pulled 'em out the oven
Smelled 'em in the air, bullets fly from everywhere
Bet he pull out a heavy gear, every year
I was sittin' in the penitentiary, look at what was sent to
me
Letters from these bitches sayin' "Bigga you gon' have
to go back in for conspiracy"
One thing wasn't clear to me
Cared to be, how can you niggaz prepare to be
something you van't see, smell or touch or taste
'09 ma let's up the stakes

Hook

Max B:

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Verse 2

Max B:

Now dippin' on that lean, got a half a bird
Drivin' up the interstate, dinnerplate in my car
Gots to break it down and bag it up, right before I hit
the strip
Gotta move low when I tote that 5th, got a new flow wit'
a gold 4-5th
Rope that bitch, make her tell me more, basement
under the deli store
I'm rarely hard?, better call the Champ Bailey dog
Pop up on the scene, it's like that nigga on a mission
for some cream, reincarnate
Every weekend my mom stay
Every weekend she go to church, knows the earth
Take it from your wiz, man I know it hurts, when them
stones is on the dirt
When them chromes is on alert, nigga you better talk
like a G
Nigga don't be tryna fuck with me
Oww Oww

Hook

Max B:

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl
And I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

Bridge

Max B:

I ain't tryna stop the ride on my cavalry
Niggaz tried to body me and ain't nobody stoppin' me
I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome

French Montana:

They don't wanna see a young nigga do his thang
Stupid niggaz don't thank, don't miss or don't blank
Nigga stack dough, black on, you can find me there
You can find me there

Verse 3

French Montana:

What are you, insane, go against the grand
Interference Number be yo' name
Nigga who to blame when ya fucked up
Now that you got it, nigga ride it out, better do ya thang
Sick chain when you look at here, lookin' clear
Feds try take friends of mine, hands of mine
Niggaz skiing to that finishline

Powder every hour, every minute, while you in it
Get your money, get up out it, ain't no love in the
business
Keep your niggaz close, circles small
Homie it's luv at the top, but it hurt when ya fall, most
of all
Look homie, if ya ask me, Montana, Max B
Niggaz off the wall like flat screens
Fax me papers with the signature, y'all niggaz
amateurs
Ya know we back, finish all the business sir
Shorty gon' do me in, she don't know when she gon'
see me 'gain
All my niggaz play to win
Montana bitch

Hook

Max B:

I got a beautiful thang, mami I'm just tryna change
I'm in luv wit' you girl, I'm in luv wit' you girl
But I'm not tryna go ho-whoa-ome
I got a beautiful Range, nice pinky ring and a chain
And a nice freaky girl, and a nice freaky girl
And I'm not tryna go ho-ome
(Repeat)

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