

## Max B "Lip Sing"

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Tommy Chrome  
Oh this Domain Pain  
So elegant  
Owww  
Gotta love this smooth shit man  
It's ya boy Biggavel', yeah

Verse 1:

I told them bitches, "Come and see me"  
They be actin' like it ain't nuttin', I know them niggaz  
need me  
I was givin' 'em the loot, but them niggaz done blew it  
I was worried 'bout movin' coca than steady selling  
units  
I was runnin' through the streets  
Steady runnin' through bitches like I was water  
Hit up them, 60 for a quarter  
Had the nigga coppin' bags, fuckin' up all the scratch  
I'ma dump him off that Mac, I'll dump him off and pack  
I'ma dump it any nigga thinkin' he a thug  
Spend most of my nights drinkin' and thinkin' 'bout the  
drugs  
That my mamma used to smoke, yo' mommy smked it  
too  
Suckin' dick for a couple dollars, I bet she liked to  
swalla  
That shit makes me wanna holla, now I'm poppin' my  
collar  
I don't know what you heard, but Biggaveli 'bout a  
dollar  
You niggaz ain't got a clue  
Silver Surfer coming and you ain't even gotta move  
Baby just cruise

Chorus:

Everybody knows my claim to fame  
(Everybody knows my claim to fame)  
Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the  
game  
(Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the  
game)  
Everybody knows these niggaz is lip sing-in'

Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the game

Verse 2:

I done steady talk and I stroll, all this Sour D is starting to take a toll

Nigga I'll take ya hoes right from under you

Nigga they don't want you, I'ma come confront you

Both 50's of Sour and a Von though

Put it ya pawn though

I'm waterproof like the Columbian poncho, the head honcho

Baby I'm the Boss Don, come slores

Stuntin' through the NY, frontin' all kinda whores

Rolly rocky like dinosaur, Jurassic

Errthing I hop on is a classic, know he love them glasses

Know he love them asses, baby get your pussy up

Smelling kinda funny, had to dushy up

Toughest niggaz envy, couldn't push me up

I don't need you fools, cocksucka got stingier

Copped a AM B, cuz I'm frizzier

Don't say shit to me, I ain't playin' trick

Hit ya wit' the caine shit, look at how he play wit' it

Oww

Chorus:

Everybody knows my claim to fame

(Everybody knows my claim to fame)

Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the game

(Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the game)

Everybody knows these niggaz is lip sing-in'

Bet you thought I wouldn't come in and change the game

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