

Max B**"Lord Is Tryin' To Tell Me"**

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Intro

{Max B}:

Oww!!! Yeah

Vigilante Season

Boss Don, Dame Grease

Let's get 'em, yeah

Verse 1

{Max B}:

These streets, I got 'em in a smash

If it's worth it, throw his body to the surface

Everything is picture perfect

Dog I wouldn't change a thing, got these niggas hatin'
me

Never once did they judge me when I couldn't make it
rain

If you see that Boss Don, he deliver

Every song, bitches they quiver, whenever I give 'em
heavy dong

Got that bezzy on my arm and it glisten like a charm,
I'm the man

See Jimmy, he my biggest fan, nigga damn

See I do this shit for fun, I was only toying with that
cockroach

Now it's time to ride, we got lots of coke

Know I cop the best shit on the streets, why you envy?

Hit me with some punani, baby don't be stingy

Baby don't be tryna diss the Boss Don Bigga, nigga no

It's best thing that I get the dough

Higher stratuspheres, I can take you there, just grab
my hand

Make you disappear like the Magic Man, tragic, damn

Chorus

{Max B}:

The lord is tryna tell you somethin' (somethin')
somethin' (somethin')

Every morning you wake up and hit the mirror..

..then don't know who you are (are)

Po-Po they almost caught it in the crib but we flushed it
(flushed it)

Flushed it (flushed it)
Gain Greene gettin' money, you bitches, I hope you
notice the cars, awwww
(Oh why?) You can see it in my eyes, I'm tryna ride
(Oh why?) You in heaven but nobody waan die
(Oh why?) I love fi see a battyman cry
Every morning you wake up and hit the mirror then
don't know who you are

Verse 2

{French Montana}:

We hear to stay like sickle cell
And you can tell I'm through these faces like Trenton
Trail
Montana, Biggavell, on-camera, get you killed, fit the
bill
Cop kinda work that don't fit the scale
Niggas try to counterfeit me and my niggas style
I be lookin' on that WorldStar, watch a nigga style and
try to book 'em
Fuck up your budget, the cannon bust and them shots
flying
Fresh outta high school to the league, Mount Zion
I'm like Kobe with the .40, McGrady with the .80
Shaq with the Mac, put a hole in your back
I'm a product of that product they be baggin' up
Coke Boyz, prices on his head, toe-tag 'em up
You niggas underpaid, went and got the London Wave
Gain Greene/Coke Wave renegades
You know them niggas gun a hot, 100 shots
You know we run the streets, what the bumboclaat
Montana, bitch

Chorus

{Max B}:

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somethin' (somethin')
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Verse 3

{Max B}:

Back up in this shit again, me and Dame Grease we got
another hit again

Scratch workers in tenements

I'm innocent, wasn't even there

People whisper when they see me like, "That's him!

That's him!"

Benjamins, get 'em by the bunch, bullets hit him by the
bunch in his gut

He salty 'cause his bitch a slut, lift her up

Beat it while I'm standing, 'cause she cheated, I'm the
man

Pop that cannon in a jam, I was the man when I was
vanned

Now the bitches do whatever I say, "Baby, give me
some.

Fix me up. Hit you with the K." I get plenty munch

Y'all niggas know where he from, we Harlem, bitch

Ridin' on you faggots, y'all gon' hear me come

Y'all niggas gon' hear me dump (dump) at my rival
crew

This 50 bag inside my shoe, 5th of Grand Cru

Y'all know how we do, this is how we move on our
enemies

Kill 'em all one by one

Bend 'em up in piles, I'm gon' send 'em up to style,
wow

Chorus

{Max B}:

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