

Max B

"Mo Flow"

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[Skeme:]

Look, more flow than a little bit
Niggas is more dough than a little bit shit
More flow than a little bit,
Niggas is get more dough than a little bit
Iâ€™ve been in and out of state nigga is even round and
here
Nigga you ainâ€™t even gotta play
Get a... up, if life is a bitch I get a...
â€™cause Iâ€™m fucking that quick only difference is I
ainâ€™t even ducking that bitch
You canâ€™t fuck with me, hey nigga you know whatâ€™s
up with me
Bitch couldntâ€™ even get a part from me
And these hoes... fucking free
So pimp pimp a ride, Iâ€™m trying to figure how to liquor
the dight
Like real nigga shit I lick the day
Whether bar is deff on the brick to yey
Still talking this trap shit,
Niggas just talking that rap shit
Well my black clips, we brother malcom that black shit
Black fist, pop pop, cold flow nigga bar bar
Chris cross in that clip dog
Bitch like I make you nigga chop chop
Ah, on my one two, nigga all the hoes that I run through
REAL deserve to see â€™cause Iâ€™ve been through hell
Like men what the hell, at least I deserve to see L
Talking five hundred, your pussy ainâ€™t good to the
five run it
Track me never thought like pimp see no,
P no, prize you, my sweet dough, all my see no,
All my sweet dough when I toast the glass with the
three hoes,
Three hoes, yeah nigga you know Iâ€™ma need those,
Word up to my... I got dick want it bitches like DO
Lifestyles and Iâ€™m almost famous,
So close I can damn that taste it,
And revenge is sweet all my clothes expensive get talk
as she
I need a palms on the B, listen all the parts like shit,

I go wrong on the beat and scratch it the dub pull bars
on the B
Like an animal what a can of dough,
CP3 with a hand of bro, I dare one for the three so three
In this SOX nigga wait too deep, he's no me nigga,
he's too sweet
Never see me nigga I'm G, we just act nigga we no
speak
Unless you talk money nigga me no speak, like silent
my style no style is
So violent, I'm fly shit with no pilot, this pure here I
come try it
I goes up, leave it all on the base little dog back back
Lil dog need space the crew is here is a new year
The flow let em know the shit they say

Mo flow, more dough, new year, more hoes, more
hoes, more hoes, more hoes

[Iggy Azalea:]

Take a break skin let a man to do it
And if the start of my flame let's my to flew it
Spin hard to dru I need a bitch that I had to stew it
At least I'm in whole like a rubics
... to prove it, let us think in the head I'm not to prove it
Ain't trying be a G 'cause easy do it
Coby in the fought shit shoot it,
Simple metaphor I rap for my dogs for... rap bitch your
casket on the clothes
Like wards get the shit dissolved,
But I don't mean no gangsta shit, now keep it red if
you're trying to go,
They ain't told you I'm a soldier boy, I'm Superman
that hoe,
Got city keeping first so I do that,
The rest will prosper now the game gotta a root back
the thing be a breeze
You're saying no, no who that
Hungry in raps what a food that
At the top before you can think
This game girl I rule, I got them more than ink
Frame for the brain, for the fame, for the change, for
the pain, for the frame colder
Frame for the brain, for the flame... like that's some
yoga
And a juzz of money, money comes to the money so
react I can't stop hold up
Trip for the flow, when I spit it so nasty ugly ogar

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