

Max B

"Osama"

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Hook:

Osama, we coming
Osama, we coming
I think everyday about them Towers
Osama, we coming
Osama, we coming for you

Yeah, it could've been me dog
But I was laid up on the big cash shores
The fuck this nigga at, the fuck he hiding for
We could probably find his ass hiding in the corner
store
Box him in, spit off the tips, through the floor for him
Turn the nigga to million dollar reward for him
Who all for him, nigga eat a dick
That shit was too close to home, I think I need a fix
Shit, I take a long stroll through the rain
Take a couple squares, two totes for the pain
Few spokes in the Range
Llama in the jam sport
You made it hot, you made it harder to transport
Gram goin' to fam court, fightin' child support
Biggavel', I'm gon' rouse ya thoughts
Let the town know I'ma pick out the sport
Let the pound go, I'ma kick down your door

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