

## Max B

### "PD5"

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Chorus:

We street niggaz who keep figures, we keep heat (we keep heat?)

Oww Owwww

We're seven meals strong, bredren peel off, he won't skeet (he won't skeet?)

Pow Powwww

I start a show without the radio, which way did he go?

Oww Owwww

Baby I'm 'bout to go, go and get my coat, I gotta go (I gotta go)

Chao Chaoooow

Verse 1:

Big crib, cannons in every room

I got the ship, Greasey he got the Chevy Doom

I can barely move when he see that shit here

See this 5th gear, I sit in a big chair

Make the finer decisions wherever his head go, the nigga dead though

Fuck, he need him in medical

Better get him a nice sized box to sleep in

It's over for him, the nigga was knee-deep in

Seen him creepin', from the right side, bright side, bitches love the dick

They always say it's the right size

Nice eyes, hazel like fruit punch, lemonade

This is the season for vigilantes and renegades

Been afraid of nuttin' that crossed my path, bitch

He had me confused, I put him down in the casket

Drastic measures I be takin' when you bitches put my back against the wall

Fuckers be tryna blackball

Got a fat draw with nuttin' but cash in it

Stash crack in it, thought I lost but I'm back in it

Heavy in the street shit, still on my one and twos

About to punish you, better put on your runnin' shoes

Oww

Chorus:

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skeet (he won't skeet?)  
Pow Powwww  
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Oww Owwww  
Baby I'm 'bout to go, go and get my coat, I gotta go (I  
gotta go)  
Chao Chaooww

Verse 2:

All I got is my hancock now, man down  
You bitches on round cock now  
Got the shit on lock but I ain't satisfied, Bigga need  
more  
Like I'm in bed with three whores, me are  
Not them niggaz on TV, them niggaz is weak  
They never really be in the street  
Hold 'em all accountable for taking out the mouths of  
the niggaz I fucks with  
Bitches, keep 'em in bunches, lunches  
Dinners at the hotel suite, I'm the most hated on  
And I don't eat, filet mignone  
Better pay me on the first and the 15th, nigga hit me  
Twenty thousand to rent me  
Just for one night, I can wave you, fix you with the  
treatment  
Keep chips, tucked in the safety deposit, closet  
Everything is the opposite, I can pop ya, bitch  
I'm Kobe, you Radmanovich, got a lot of it  
I'm the best out, stressed out, from this rap shit  
Sorry you feeling left out, guess house  
Club Cocabana was the spot  
These niggaz that wanna rock, bet I'ma make it hot  
Nigga, why ya just died in ya career before it  
jumpstart, buckshot  
Cover you when the pump spark, mayday  
Make you niggaz walk the plank, blindfold  
Bigga, I'll never go, the nigga stuck in grind mode  
Oww

Chorus:

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