

Max B "Pin The Tail"

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Max B:

Byrdgang club banger
Tryna holla at ya shorty
Won't focus, won't focus only
Tryna hit that thang, let's go

Hook

Max B:

We make hits in the studio nightly
We out tryna get this money
We make trips in the winter in jet planes
The cloud match where it's sunny
We got mami on the dance floor grindin' to the beat
Tipsy off the bubbly
But at the end of the day
You finna to play
I'm tryna pin the tail on the donkey

Verse 1

Jim Jones:

It goes yes, yes y'all an'
Fresh to death ballin' (Ballin')
You can play hard under pressure, I'm scorin'
They playin' tight D, I'm in the paint like a G
And some say they gangstas but they ain't like me (Not
at all)
I come from an environment, 'caine I was fryin' it
Then hit the dealer, see the Range I was buyin' it
We don't testdrive, but the whole whip like you should
Chefin' up pies, a whole brick like you should
Then take the proceeds, waste about 4 G's
With models in the club
Tryna get to hold the skeeze (Gettin' twisted)
I tried to get the dame to breeze
But she puttin' up a fight like Layla Ali
(Well what's ya name nigga)
I told the lady I'll be
Doing the turnpike, 80 in the fly V
Middle name: 40 On The Wrist
Last Name: You Can't Afford Me Bitch
Get a camcorder bitch (yeah)

Hook

Verse 2

Juelz Santana:

Cases of Perrier Rose (yep)
Look like Picasso painted on the bottle
We throwing money, we lookin' like lotto
I can cover chicks with cheese like nachos
Fly out the cold (cold) land in the heat where
New York to Miami Beach (Yeah)
Bitch I live the life of a hood star
Rockstar without the guitar
Got 'em all rubbin' they push bras (Ah)
Got 'em all shakin' they tush like
I'ma give 'em a taste of the good life (nope)
But I give 'em a taste of the good liquor
A taste of the good bud
Next thing you know, she'll be tasting my good, uh
I get money, be quiet
You're talking to the Jolly Green Giant
(I) I see it (I) I like it (I) I buy it (buy it)
Baby I'm flyer than a pilot flying at his highest climate
Ay

Hook

Verse 3

Cam'ron:

Where my homies? up to no good
Where my homies? yep, I'm so hood
What up pimpin', pimpin'
I'm exempt already
See, my hoes are like me plates, temporary
I ignore you, beat it
Move more strategic
The marble's mad, yep, the floors are heated
Can't half pound or quarter key it
Better ask 'round, I'm sorta needed
Backgrounds or to see it
In the 90's. Z3s, BBs
Now in the crib, TVs watch TVs
Killa killin' more killin' 'em than a kitty purrs (Meow)
Fuck furs, his and hers, Bentley spurs
Guntalk, real talk, speak Mac to Mac
We like the Pistons, Bulls, you know, back to back
Maserati's, back to back, come ride with me
On 1100, not the bike, two 550s
Killa

Hook

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