

## Max B "Quarantine"

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Max B:

Dame Grease (it's ya boy Biggavel')

Hollywood Ferg

Fuck wit' yo' boy, ow

Hook

Max B:

Won't you hit me for them bitches dude, he pull up in  
sixes too

Watch me leave, they gon' be missin' you, in the  
kitchen mood

Gets to chefin' up, all my niggaz done wet shit up (up)

Uh-oh, Gain Greene comin', they catchin' up, set ya up

When you think it's nuffin' niggaz creep up from behind

Niggaz sneakin' from behind, leave you leakin' from  
that.9

I'm gon' serve you with that quarantine (quarantine)

Pardon me, take your breath away like a robbery

Ow Ow

Verse 1

Max B:

Now I got youngins in the front, nah surrender for  
someone

Gotta, gotta get that dough, I can bet I hit that hoe

Told her daddy that she love me, Bigga, she eat my  
dick

Leave ya red like a tomato, gonna spin you like tornado

Know that boy, he got that label, Bigga don't fuck with

Gain Greene?

Hit you with that big shit, get your career ended

Nigga I feel offended

Best to watch your mouth when you speakin' to the  
chief

Leave you leakin' in the street

Catch you cheatin' that's your feet (feet) off of them,  
they go

Leave you all fileted and broke, they don't alternate  
that coke

I'ma hit them when they close they eyes, ship they  
dome all out the sky

Hide ya prize, every dime I count is mines

Ow Ow

Hook

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Verse 2

Hollywood Fergie:

Foster home to foster home, case in D.C.F.

Yung Ferg, kicked to the curb and forced to head and  
nest

Always knew that I'd be blessed, like a angel in the  
flesh

I get high, ready to die, you can see it in my eye  
Wasn't for rap, I'd prolly be dead, wasn't for coke, I'd  
prolly be broke

Wasn't for push, I'd prolly be bitched, fuck you think,  
touchin' all them bricks

Almost had dreams that I copped that six, know these  
fiends, gon' need that fix

I'll be there like the Jackson 5, stay on point like Allen I  
Check Maxy for them pies, he gon' front me 25

Bring 'em back, 20 perp, off 'em all for 25

Middleman anything that I can, who the fuck you think  
that I am

Cop that Aston-Martin caddy, I ain't even touch my sack  
Fiends be itchin' like a rash, mami told me stroke it fast  
"Are you done?", she said "Yeah, right", only Bigga  
make me cum

Fuckin' smut, I pull out and bust, all over her butt  
I'll be damned, the way she move, I'm bussin' all over  
my hand

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Verse 3

Max B:

I took the streets without no radio, Maxy, he's so wavy  
yo  
Ol' girl, she wanted that 80 of blow, had to get her right  
She said "Biggy, I feel freaky like Miss Piggy  
Won't you hop up like a froggy", "Bitch I'm 'bout to do  
you doggy"  
There's no way you can be my shorty, see I don't love  
these hoes  
I just touch 'em and I tease 'em, I'm big pimpin', never  
beat 'em  
Never (never) get excited when a nigga meet 'em  
Do 'em like my other bitches mane, he pull up in sixes  
mane  
He pull up and hit ya mane, right when you on that  
block  
Push 'em off, said you can't leave kuz you got 'em off  
that rock  
Tell me when's it all gon' stop, the shooters that fled  
now scream bleep  
No more Aston Mars, put you in a casket pa  
Took you off that wagon car, couldn't roll with that  
wave  
It's a shame, that these niggaz doin' Broadway plays  
Lookin' all shiny from that make-up, got that watch but  
not from Jacob  
Got that cake, can't wait to go back to Jamaica  
Ow Ow

Hook

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