

Max B

"Take The Game"

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Verse 1

Max B:

I tell niggaz to ante up
Let the family fuck, bitch, why you pull ya panties up,
stand me up
Sit me down, hit me with the pound, I'm a keeper
You niggaz outta style like beepers
Bigga, he's teacher, he could show you loops that you
never seen
Fruits from the Evergreen
I'm the quality pedigree, young Bron James with the
ball
But on the weak, I'm ashamed of y'all
Claim the fame to call myself Bigg, Jigg, and Pac, hit
the cigs a lot
Mami, she like to lick the cock, skip the drop (skip it)
7-60 V12 for the winter
Take your shoes off before you enter
Get her dentures a good cleaning, speed in 'em till
they get white
This nigga he like Mekhi Phiph', actor
Fuck you tryna rap for, even though I'm comfty
(They can never take the game from a young G)

Hook

Max B:

Yeah

I like six-fours and thick hoes
Just look at the way she walk, my shit grows
Life is a bitch, you know how the shit goes
(They can never take the game from a young G)
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

My nigga, we stack bread, let it fly through the roof
Take the leash off the vinyls, let 'em fly through ya
Coupe
Watch him fly off the stoop, trippin' over trashcans
Got this shit infected like the trashman
Cash fam will get a nigga laid on his ass fam

Jimmy couldn't ride the wave, now he yellin' "Splash"
fam, damn
Niggaz ask what type of zone you be in
Kuz I keep the six parked, and we drive the 5 like a UBN
Let you pick a nigga like UPN
And leave his brains all over the hood of his new BM
'80's baby, raised off of Rakim and Kool G Rap
Spit slugs that knock the pins off ya bitch doobie rap
Leave a nigga laid out on the corner of his block
Throw the press on and leave his ass cornered with his
rocks
Better warn him that I pop, hit his head with the warning
shot
(They can never take the game from a young G)

Hook
Max B:
Yeah
I like six-fours and thick hoes
Just look at the way she walk, my shit grows
Life is a bitch, you know how the shit goes
(They can never take the game from a young G)
(Repeat)

Verse 3
Max B:
Heavy on the wristwear, shit real glittery
I puts ya outta ya misery
Piffery, slippery, get me in a jam, I can ease out
Dropped the Domain, had 'em fiend out
Had 'em bowing down to the great one, niggaz praise
me like the Buddha
My music slways moves ya, lose ya
Leave ya in the woods till it stinks up, get ya links up
Nigga you best to drink up
Nigga you best, stop fuckin' with me, I'm a grizzly
Glide through the city like a frisbee, mama dig me
Wanna suck, fuck, wanna let the team get a taste
I'm tryna do it in her face
Do it for the cake, kuz it's needed, beat it
Homie best to step, things are almost completed
This murder case, so I'm weeded, I'm gettin' money, B
(They can never take the game from a young G)

Hook
Max B:
Yeah
I like six-fours and thick hoes
Just look at the way she walk, my shit grows
Life is a bitch, you know how the shit goes
(They can never take the game from a young G)

(Repeat)

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