

Max B**"Tatoos On Her Ass"**

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Tatoos on her ass
Take one
Dame Grease, we got 'em baby
Got these niggaz
Got the whole game tryna take us down Al Pac
You know it's Vigilante Season man
Fuck this shit
So I'll just give you that wave
Shout to the Four Horsemen
Let's get 'em, uh

Hook:
Them Gain Greene boys, they too advanced
(Too advanced)
How Jimmy let the game slip through his hands
(Fuck you do that, fucked up now)
When my songs come on, they do the dance
(Do the dance)
Bitches tattoo my name on they ass

Verse 1:
Yeah
The Vigilante Season is here, so buckle up
The Milli Vinilli killer, Chrissy, pucker up
Get ya lips wet, take ya dentures out, let me feel the
gums
My DVDs be in the slums
Lookin' all good in my three-piece, got you niggaz
speech weak
You bitch niggaz couldn't see me like cheap seats
Ridin' that white horse, slippin' that caine, need twelve
steps
Squeeze at you niggaz till no shells left
Stop it son you not the shit, I'll pop a clip
Seen him on YouTube swappin' spit
What the fuck is that, that's some homo shit
I noticed it, did the Domain on some promo shit
That ain't even one third of the wave, I possess the fury
Send some wolves to get you for your jewelry
Ask 'em 'bout the boy, I'm a nuke myself
Played with the biscuits as a boy, and I never tried to

shoot myself
Nigga that coke you sniffin' got you skimpy, come and
get me
They gon' find ya like Pimp C
I don't give a fuck about your bullshit, best to show me
where the money be
Nigga your only 23
Owww

Hook:
Got a foreign car, the new Coupe is black
(Coupe is black)
And I'm never too old, we movin' the cash
Plus I piped your broad, how cool is that
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass

Verse 2:
Nigga I ain't trippin' off this shit
I'ma tool up, vroom up, time to hit tools up (Tools up?)
Yeah, time to hit Ben Bitty
The 2010 Biggie
Need another swiggly, just pour me some Grand Cru
Got the Codeine, sour make the whores leave
More fiend, that's that shit I be slingin' out the back of
the spaceship
Taste it, get you niggaz facelifts
Get you niggaz wasted, Bigga the better spar
Pay for your funeral on my debit card
Cop a pine box, you don't want that, baby
Niggaz on my dick, screamin' "Wavy"
Try to do a splash, now cyclones
They told me Batista, you Roddy Rowdy Piper, E's got
you hyper
Nigga stop poppin' those percocets, make me hurt the
set
They make me wanna squirt the Tech
Owww

Hook:
Well she touched in Miami, while you was doin' tracks
(Doin' tracks)
She even gave me couple bucks out ya stash
She said it taste like pastry, what type of fruits is that
(What type fruits is that)
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass
Them Gain Greene boys, they too advanced
(Too advanced)
How Jimmy let the game slip through his hands
(Fuck you do that)
When my songs come on, they do the dance
(Do the dance)

Bitches tattoo my name on they ass
Got a foreign car, the new Coupe is black
(Coupe is black)
And I'm never too old, we movin' the cash
Plus I piped your broad, how cool is that
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass

Freaky bitch, yeah
Need a nice outro for this one
Ain't gotta say much
Vigilante Season, ya know
Boss Don Biggavel'
Dame Grease
Four Horsemen baby, yeah
Got bottles of that Grand Cru
Ya know the industry, comin' for my head
All these niggaz talkin' greasy 'bout the boy
Let's let the music speak for itself, ya know
Lil' coke head niggaz runnin' round the game
Poppin' them percs, shrooms
Fuck wit' ya boy bitch
The Boss Don, oww
Gotta love it
Gain Greene, yeah
That's it, huh
{Max B laughs}

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