

Max B

"The Greatest"

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Max B:

They say I'm the greatest
No, they trully do, they say I'm the greatest
Grease, what's good baby
Oww Oww Oww
Know we got this thing goin' on
This Goon Music, yeah
Can't explain myself, I don't how I'ma tell you (lemme
tell ya suttin')
Oww Oww Oww

Hook

Max B:

As bad as I wanna tell ya, I just can't seem to say it
I love you more than you'll ever know (than you'll ever
know)
They say there is no competition, you put him up and I
bet he blow
Don't get mad you ain't wavy, baby
I got the Beamer that's white as snow (that's white as
snow)
I'm tryna fuck it like you'll never know
(Fuck it like you'll never know)

Verse 1

Max B:

I told the girl (what you told her?)
"Why you keep rollin' on to me baby?
Let the Grand Cru taste ya golden lady"
Finally there came a realization that, murder I was
facin', Jack
Burner on ya tongue, let you taste the Mac, bitches
tastin' Max
They suck and they swallow, gargle
Pour it on the model, shut up bitch, gargle (swallow)
Let off six hollows, light any of them, fuck it, die slow
Niggaz cooperatin' with 5-0
I know what they do, just give me some room, lemme
twerk
Mami I'm tryna lift ya skirt
Hit ya lil fanny from the back, gotta tell her me go

deeper
Only time you niggaz fly is Easter, weaker
She makin' me seem when she fuck it then she touch a
nigga skin
That lotion, gotta rub it in
She like that Johnson & Johnson, Vigilante like Charles
Bronson
Run in your apartment, oww

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Verse 2
Mac Mustard:
Shorty in the right place at the wrong time
Lemme hit that tight holster with this long .9
Baby got me in the way, y'all bitches wanna swallow
Said she love my verse so I can pour it on the model
I was loadin' the hollows, thinkin' 'bout the next hit
Bitch was on some next shit, titties rubbin' her necklace
Reckless, my bitch be calm in the hood, she catch me
with the next bitch
She goin' to her ass, uh, the Tecs spit
So be quick on the follow-up and you can get this nice
dick to gobble up
And I will tell you when your time is up
Biggavell, line 'em up, Mac takin' 'em all down
No numbers to call now, these bitches is whores now

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Verse 3

Max B:

Bigga he do it big, better check my status, I'm a boss
My Ferrari, I flew it in, threw it in
As a little bonus baby love because you earned it
Everything I taught her 'bout the game, mami learned it
Crawlin' up for sherm sticks, poppa in the living room
Bitches screamin', "Fuck me" in they interviews,
interludes
"Maxi, I'm so into you", "Baby, no you ain't, you just
sprung"
She got that earring in her tongue
And she like to do it out in public, shoot-out on some
thug shit
Said she wanna move out of her husband's
Cousins, sisters, aunties, nieces
Smokin' on 50's of sour then her in pieces

Hook

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