

Max B**"West Coast Freestyle Pt. 2"**

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Money comin' in, can't complain
Gotta make sure all my business steady right, what you wishin' for?
Hop up on this dick, you slore
Top up on the kitchen floor, all the tables dirty from that res' on the quarter pie
Roll ya eyes at me lil' girl, I'm a rock ya lil' world, cop that pref
"Can ya dick me on ya wishes" she want lots of hugs and kisses
She forgot to tuck the biscuits, tried to tell her it's her fault
Fuckin' broad gave me her income tax, I'll push out and then come stacks
I'll pull out and then come back, niggaz just love my style
I'm a beast, just with this rappin' shit, he gon' run up and clap him quick
He gon' make me slap the bitch, grab the shit, certified with my stamp
Like, "Quarantine? Yeah, that's the shit"
Make 'em see the difference in my game, gotta make that new transition
Got these niggaz, they so envious, Benzy's, he's the stingiest
Give my booger zilch, warm me up, go get the quilt
Got whitey like that 5th of milk
Get the silk Louie or that Gucci hat, baby either, or I got cake, independent, I don't need these whores
Got me on the line, gotta make the two, pressure on my back
I ain't stoppin' kuz I go so hard, speed up kuz they know the car
Creep up kuz they know it's hard, cross my heart, hope to die
Woozy from that Grand Cru, movie, all the mans whoo
Nigga fuck you worried 'bout my gram dukes
Pockets, two lumps like a camel, animal, oww

Ooh la laaaaa
Thanks for bringin' it back, nigga this is that gangsta

shit
Ooh la laaaaa
And when there's beef we run and go get them tankers
quick
Ooh la laaaaa
I don't care what they say, nigga I'm Gain Greene for
life
Ooh la laaaaa
You better watch yo' money nigga, we want your life

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