

**Max B****"West Coast Wave"**

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Hook:

I'm just tryna fuck with the hoe, oh no, no, no, no  
Better not fuck with my hustle  
I'm a pimp baby I stay on the grind  
Fuck these niggaz and these bitches, keep money on  
my mind  
I be tryna rake up the dough, dough, oh, oh, no, no  
Nigga fuck with my money I'll cut you  
Nigga better gimme every dime  
Kuz nigga I got that money on my mind

What's the day that you was born (god bless)  
I love my family, I love my music more than I love  
wakin' up in the morn  
When niggaz stoppin' my cheese  
Lukewarm niggaz, I'm hotter than sand beach when it's  
90 degrees  
Ain't no stoppin' my gang  
I average a tripe-double, my Jimmy trouble, niggaz can  
only hope to contain  
I can come around and spray and then throw it in your  
brain  
How many niggaz that got a better style  
You thought I was good before, you say I'm better now  
Wavin' the P-89 and the grey Beretta round  
Better duck when I pull it, I leave ya eardrum dippin'  
I be flippin', gettin' money and steady tip-tippin'  
I'm the closest nigga to B-I  
Plus I possess of the swag with six series C-I  
Drunk in the club, Jimmy better come and get him, he  
high  
Please, don't let that muthafucka drive

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