

Max B "You Gotta Love It"

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Before I set it off, ok, first off, you a bitch nigga.
Only reason I'm doin this, I'ma just name 5 reasons real quick.
Got a hundred fifty, got a hundred fifty.
First, you stole Roc-a-fella from Dame.
Second, you stole Kanye from Dame.
Third, you stole Roc-a-wear from Dame.
Fourth, I seen a nigga throw that diamond up before them shots was fired.
Fifth, hold on, turn the beat off. I had to turn the beat off for this.
You talkin' bout you a 80s baby, you 37 years old.
You was born in 1968, and I open the daily news,
How's the king of New York rockin' sandals with jeans?
Open-toed sandals with chancletas with jeans on.
How's the king of New York rockin' sandals with jeans and he 42 years old?
Back to business

You ain't the only one with big wallets
Got it, my shit's brolic
Got it, but ya publishing should go to Ms Wallace
Honest, stealin BIG's shit, he made 2 albums
You wildin'
And he can't dress dog, who styled him?
It was Roc-a-wear when Dame had it, now you got it,
call it Cock-a-wear
(You got it on?) Huh, not in here
Debt it pronto, you don't see a car, no
Dame and Biggs bitched for years, now you on, ho
He own the 40/40, got you in Atlantic City
Get your budget out of base line, God damn it's pretty
You love a Harlem nigga, we get it cookin', it's true
But now I look we got more dudes in Brooklyn than you
(Yup) A parody, right down to Jeezy video
I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty ho (ask Weezy)
And Jaz video you starred in it, Peter Pan
I was hoppin off the Greyhound, be the man
How could he be the man, huh, only reason fam
I don't suck dick or kiss ass, and I'm conceited damn
But we hork yo, right where you walk Hov

You could fool the rest of the world, long as New York
know
We put you underground, clown, they gon' check the
cellars
I know he 40 years old, I don't respect my elders
I respect the hustlers, plus the grinders and the sellers
You's a customer buster, here go jet propellers

Chorus

Max B:

You gotta hate us, the way we gettin' this paper
All my niggaz'll come and spray for minimum wages
Niggaz dick-ridin' the Dips, steady tryin' to play us
(They tryna play us), bust a round and we got it in
favors
(Dipset) In 40th, niggas we totin' guns
(Dipset) This is 40th nigga we from the slums
(Dipset) Pushin' 40, nigga you not the one
It's Killa Season, holla at 'em nigga, cuz here it come

Killa, let's go
Who could fuck with me, no mammal
But we tote handles, at ya open-toe sandals
And you look like Joe Camel
Off of Roc-a-fella, right? No contact
We bust the flyest joint, they put us out the contract
I left the label, right? Lotta cats wonder how
Every time I diss that label, I get fined a hundred thou
Just for tellin y'all I get fined a hundred thou
Huh, them cats are ill, 5 times, a half a mil
Want to complain like a bumper sticker, smack a grill
Paul Wall cap a grill, but them cats in daffodils
East coast, west coast, slay, or cap ya peel
Down in Houston, ask B, I'm a mack for real
Heck he tell me, respect better dwell me
Beyonce, fiance, check my second LP
I might bring it back
That's ya girl, that's ya world
Had the thing fuckin singin about slingin crack
Mr Roc-a-fella, stop stop stop it fella
Still got a acapella, but I will ock-ya-bella

(Put it in ya mouth)

(Put it in ya mouth)

It ain't my fault I'm raw
I'm sorry B but I want a war
And he stabbed Un over Charlie Baltimore
Sucker for love? Mm-mm, sucker for love
Kill a bitch, go to trial, handgun stuffed in a glove
I'ma hop in her bed, dog or just pop off her head

Tell O-Jay-z chill, Cochran is dead

Chorus

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Y'all niggas don't want it with us man, this just round 1
of 15 rounds, B.

We ready. You ain't gon' bluff us with no concert,

Sell out 25 000 actin like you gon' diss us.

You got anthrax over there man, and we George Bush
man.

You ain't gonna Saddam Hussein it, actin like you got
something over there,

You doin what Mase did, you making stupid songs
man.

Let it out, man. We ready for 15 rounds man,

And all I did was battle once,

Everybody gettin ready to step up to the plate and I'm
gon step up again,

And slam - grand slam your ass, pardon me.

Dipset. I know you. I know you like that.

I remember Dame sold you his old Pathfinder.

Chipped in for the GS. You Jaz's old son.

Where's Sauce Money at? Where's the, like... where
they at?

I'ma get back to all that. Dipset y'all. Round 1. Let the
games begin dog.

Haha, I'm laughin at your ugly ass, no homo.

You ugly dog, you ugly. You ugly man. You ugly.

Oh man I'm sayin you look like Fraggie Rock and all
that.

You old out-fast nigga. I'll get back to you, nigga.

Chorus

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Oh shit, yo dude make sure you got them old vocals
Bring 'em up real quick

Yup, yup that's her, yup we got 'em

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