

Vyncent Flaw

"Maxx's Birthday Song (Featuring Richee)"

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Maxx Jenga, you know it's your birthday and I just
I wanted to say that you and I are pals
And I don't know just what I should say to you on this
Birthday track I made for you, I'll just say
You are my friend and I'm glad I know you

It's your motherfuckin' birthday
So what the fuck you gonna do?
All we wanna do is have a little party with your crew
Dear Maxx, I really wanna bend ya
Over this chair, like your name was Topanga
Make your mouth drop out of a frown
And come tumblin' down like you name was Jenga
All ya care about's the dick and that ain't fake
When I come into your party, bring a birthday cake
Always askin' presents and a party at your house
But you can't ask for shit with my dick in your mouth

Dear Maxx, is that a little fat on your belly?
Buy some new clothes 'cause your shit's gettin' smelly
Hey Maxx, are those love handles?
You're thizzin' so hard you can't blow out the candles
So here's a little track that we made just for you
Spread your ass cheeks open, stick my dick inside of
you
Motherfucker goes on MySpace and his only friend is
Tom

My name is Maxx, I like my girls stacked
I get off on watching ugly whores do crack
When I go to the bathroom my parents clap
My name is Maxx and I endorse this track
He's Maxx James and he doesn't even care
He'll use his cats piss to spike up his black hair
He's got shitty ass friends who recorded this track
Instead of buying him a present that probably would
have been whack

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