

## Byrdgang

### "Testify - NOE feat. Jim Jones & Max B"

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NOE:

Waddup people  
This is NOE, Baltimore Beast man  
Dipset, Byrdgang  
Jim Jones, waddup, Max B, Jha, waddup  
It's not a game man  
I feel like man, I had to, I had to bent over this track  
man  
It's not a necessity, ya know  
It's not a necessity  
How vain it is to sit down and write  
When a lotta y'all muthafuckas ain't stood up to live  
Listen

Verse 1

NOE:

When the wind blows, it carries my struggle  
And all the pain that I bear  
There's a consequence of learning to smuggle  
For learning how to bag it up and piss out clean pee  
To bag a quarter key of dope and piss out green tea  
I learned it in a cell when I spent a couple years, piss  
clear  
I couldn't even tell when I went  
Man I welcome all the hell that I see  
Zeus fucks with me, it's like I declare celibacy  
I prefer my offense cuz it's more fun to run it and score  
But I'm reminded what the guns is for  
And I'm reminded what the purpose of hard-slumming  
was for  
To publish and leave y'all lames runnin' for sure  
But I prefer to crash when niggaz hurt for cash  
When they cut small slabs for the hard white to last  
Tell everybody that  
An argument with me usually ends with cops  
screaming "Everybody back"  
So don't cross my line  
For months I ain't toss up the .9  
Not sayin' that it don't cross my mind  
The last time i check I ain't have a good beat on what's  
right from wrong

Or what's life from song  
You see the way I'm staying New York  
And I done went to war here to earn a major pay in New  
York  
So of course I draw quicker, I'm sicker than most  
So when I sneeze it's when I pick up the toast  
It's y'all blessing, I deep-earth 'em  
I make 'em a deep person  
He paid wit' his life, I hope the lord rebirth him  
A long way from jinglin' change  
And I'm eons away from a transcript and singlin'  
names  
In the strip club singlin' dames  
Here's 100, hang around, cuz I too hate to mingle with  
lames  
See, life is just a spender in time  
So when I get behind the mic I see the world  
Pretend that it's mine

Hook  
NOE:  
Will you testify for half of the street  
Or join in on a bloodbath in the street  
Survive my nigga  
If you wanna get up  
Better get with the Byrdgang  
(Repeat)

Verse 2  
Max B:  
I can pipe, right? I can type, right?  
Mines is real, nigga what ya life like  
I come in ya spot with the ice bright  
Splurge in hotspots, score on dike night  
Spurrin the droptop, all if the price right  
Some like Max, some wanna be like Mike  
Some like Stacks, some wanna be type light  
Head crack the nigga's ass up, he like dice  
We can cop but we stiill take ices  
Big nigga, big figures, 6 digit, base prices  
We all through your globe again  
All through your hoes again  
Verse 2, same shit, bring ya hoes again  
This shit is just like smack up your nose again  
The world is kinda small, can't you feel the shit closing  
in  
Max will put a bullet hole through your clothes again  
Or shoot at ya photos, it's all for the dough again

Hook

### Verse 3

Jim Jones:

Streets ain't the same (Naw, it's different)  
My ear to the pavement  
But I think I hear the streets saying names  
So as a G I'm ashamed  
But I just put the racks with the skis on the Range  
And I dropped 50 stacks to put the keys on the chain  
See I jumped knee-deep in the game  
Cuz I don't need it like (naw, mu'fucka)  
Cuz I don't wanna fry (nope)  
Byrdgang, big Coupes is what we wanna ride  
G5s, big planes is what we wanna fly  
All that plus honor our pride  
Without that fuck it, well fuck it, you rather die  
So all my life I just wanted a chance  
But I'm still running around with the gun in my pants  
The vest on daily  
Why you eatin chow up in the mess all fairly  
I try to tell the game that it's best y'all kill me  
Momma told me slow up cuz the stress gon' kill me  
Cuz they ain't loving you  
Naw, they just loving the bad guy  
They don't give a fuck, they just wanting the crack high  
But we don't give a fuck, we just want the dough to  
stack high  
To the ceiling, oh what a feeling  
Tryna get cake like George from B-Town  
Head outta state is how I seen town  
You wouldn't believe the cake I see now

### Hook

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