

Politik Live

"The Matinee"

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[Young Mav]

Ever since Jay-Z had his mid-life crisis
Cat's been saying Young Mav's the nicest
The new ghostwriter with fees you won't like
But it'll cost a price to make you nice
Now move and roll over cause the game is ours
Find a new hustle or plan to starve
You dudes is t-shirts, freaks of the week
William Hungs, while Young, I'm just hung
Unsung, chicks need me like tampons
First dude you call, when your man's gone
Mention my name and watch the game change
Wifey's signing papers to lose your name
You wanna blow, step it up like XXL
Or until we bow out, use sex to sell
Since you know what you're up against
Don't test him, call 106 and request him

[Chorus - 2X]

One, for the Mavericks Team
One Love, for my man's may he rest in peace
One, for my dog out hustling
One Blood
One Clique
One Fam
One Dream

[Dirt Gritie]

Here's the actual, factual, sixteen darts flying at you
Don't mess with my crew we might embarrass you
Adjust your attitude, don't ever come at me rude
Is you jelly cause we make moves and do what we do
Pursue what we do, its funny I was just like you
Getting crunk in the club till half past two, true
The only difference is, I was more ambitious kid
Climbed out the bottle now I chill with chicks in Lexus'
Cruise in Beamers and the Benz, calling all of my
friends
We hitting up the Okanogan for the weekend
Once the long week ends, to get the stress off my mind
Chilling with my fam on the beach getting high

Man you know how we do
A pound is like a salute spread love through the crew
True and that's some real shit you know the mavericks
Most suckas talk shit and then abandon ship

[Chorus - 2X]

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[Young Mav]

I'm so far ahead of my time that I'll be sixty-nine
By the time you understand these lines
By the time you can finally make sense of this
I'll be putting twenty-twos on a Lexus kid
I'm on a mission that I cannot lose
I got dudes who would die before they see me lose
I got dudes who'd serve time not to see me lose
Therefore playboy I cannot lose

[Dirt Gritie]

Ones for my javelin
Stabbing in the abdomen of foes for challenging
Devouring the soul of men, what you challenging
It's the year of the mavericks you just can't win
Look who just stepped in, five-eleven brown skin
Shut down your function, get crowds to crowd in
Gritie grits that ill cat
Most dudes is sub par and I can't feel that

[Chorus - 2X]

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