

# Cake

Max B

Gain Greene, UpNorth Records  
Max Biggavel', T.P.  
Oh this big pimpin' baby

5-Star telle?, fuck that, I don't need that shit  
Short stay, never did the foreplay  
Never kiss a bitch nowadays kuz it's risky  
Groupies after shows, screamin' "Bigga, pick me"  
Gimme dick B, I can come to court, why you on your trial, just stay  
I can hold the.4 while you roll around  
It's been a minute baby girl since we last fought  
You was third string, and I was down with Byrdgang  
Now I'm a Gain Greene Boss in my element  
Pimp the younger bitches for the hell of it, Bigga sellin' it  
Goddamn, these bitches be on me  
Daddy I luv the stay, don't ever leave me lonely  
Only nigga at the slumber party in a bathrobe  
No draws under, I'm Big Brutha Thunda  
Baby I wonder, why ya bed so good  
Why ya head so good, good, (uh)  
Baby I wonder

We wake up and fuck every morning  
And money got a nigga feeling good  
I cops me plenty dick sucks when I'm tourin', ohhhh  
Kuz pussy got a nigga feeling good, girrrrrrrlll

Baby I could help you hit the top, put ya mind to it  
You know I make magic happen like Rashard Lewis  
And she know that, ya know I luv my niggaz but where the hoes at  
Get me in the mood, we'll get you in the groove  
Montana baby, we got the city lock  
Willie Hutch, crunch time, hit the clutch, and shorty know it  
They know my pimp game like a poem  
Harmonize in ya ear, chain ice crystal clear  
You ain't hear nuthin' this hot, a long while  
About to tilt the world, my nigga gon' get off trial  
Somehow, always find a way out the crack hole  
Try to take it easy, tryna stay out that black hole  
Tie black, hot city banger, E, duffle bags Young Los  
Coke Wave Gang homie plus many more  
We fuck plenty whores  
I ain't wanna finish his career, he was beggin' for it

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The boy gets lots of pape, scoop ya bitch, be on my way  
Hold ya lips, the clips'll spray, bullets in and out the K  
I ain't got time to play, stash is safe to flip a case  
Call my place the Pussy Place, got a few in your state  
I made the way for brighter days, my mind is on a disarray  
For Dom I lay Dolce, Gucci shoes, they stingray  
Watch as Max swim away, I think God blessed me with some haze  
Endowed with' a lotta game and neither one you gotta blame

Get this that girl time, wish me death if I'm lying  
Sleepin' with the enemy, she can't be no friend to me  
Know you need more her clothes, daddy need a Bentley  
Girl we can do this fast, forget ya pass, make it last  
Smile and flirt, work ya hips, show some tits, pop ya ass  
Blow a kiss at every car, show 'em you a track star  
Pimps and hoes, to black cards, money never runs out  
Recession proof, never drought, infinite cash routes

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