

# Deez My Streets

Max B

Deez my streets, deez my corners  
Fuckin' with Max B nigga, you's a goner  
Bullets in yo' ass like heat from the sauna  
Jeeps run up on ya  
Beef with them heats and them jeeps that'll scorn ya  
Mom through, pop through  
Dress up, black suit, tend to wear condom on ya  
Your wife, your friends, your kids condom on ya  
Don't fuck with the boy, I tried to warn ya

Where the fuck is my bread (Where it at nigga)  
Mu'fucka, I'll bust yo' head (Bust ya shit)  
Fill ya fuckin' ass up with lead  
Heard through the grapevine, you working for the feds  
(That's what I heard dog)  
I'm 'bout to put Harlem on the map  
Pop the trunk of the Jag and put your father in the back  
We hoggin' in the back  
You niggaz eat real good in the front row while niggaz starvin' in the back  
We mobbin' in the back  
Gun cocked, jewels off, robbin' in the back  
Kill a white bitch while she joggin' in the back  
Open up your mouth, come slob a nigga's sack, bitch  
Max spit hard, the nigga rap  
Sawed-off shotgun, revolve a nigga clap  
All off hot one, dissolve a nigga fat  
All off hot ones, resolve a nigga's ass  
Yeah, talk to 'em nigga

I gets high and abusive  
Got a brand-new hammer and I'm dyin' to use it  
We kill a nigga softly, get a nigga off me  
Slap his tray on the floor and spill a nigga coffee  
I got faith in this man, but will he ever cross me  
Will he ever get up to gone and try to off me  
I ain't waiting on this nigga to do me  
I'm a do him like Nino did to G-Money in the movie  
One in his head on the roof  
The god blow back and kick bread on the stoop  
Infrared on your shoot  
Little small dots be resemblin' the circus  
Dissembling your surface  
I don't know which emblem to purchase  
I'm a household name, a good friend of the Burton's  
And all my lil' niggaz is deices  
Strap 'em up with C-4s and send 'em in the precinct

Niggaz saying Harlem ain't hot, don't get popped  
Nigga our gun talk  
Cop drops from cocaine rocks  
Gun spark, Glock cocked, brought it from Bangkok  
Turn your man into a Hulkamania tanktop (Damn)  
I'm a fan on the low, I like dudes  
Floss chain bigger like 60 ice cubes  
I can't predict my future  
But before I go back to the pen my bitch'll shoot ya  
I don't mean to confuse ya

You got a good song, that don't mean you're the future (nope)  
You got a good song, think you the bomb  
Dogs out to fuse ya  
Post up with the ball, back down and use ya  
Post up with the.4, clap clowns, abuse 'em  
Gat sounds amusing, smackdown, remove 'em  
Nigga we'll lose ya (yeah)  
Keep ya fresh, put your body with the brew in the cooler  
Holla back, yes

Yeah, tried to warn you niggaz man  
Now y'all gotta learn the hard way  
Fuck it, 'bout to just take this shit all off  
Y'all can't stop me nigga  
Your Boss Don Biggaveli  
You niggaz fall back  
Gang Greene, Byrdgang bitch  
Let's get this money  
The game is all mines man  
All mine