

Fif In Yo Mouth

Max B

I ain't tryna battle rap
I'm a put the fif' in ya mouth
I ain't tryna be ya homie
I'm a put the fif' in ya mouth
You's a cream puff nigga
I'm a put the fif' in ya mouth
You just seem tough nigga
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Yo

We all know who possesses the hottest flows
Robbery ones, homicide and possessions of dem hoes
So much smoke, it's embedded up in the clothes
These niggaz is trash, who better than dem stroll
Who better with the flow
2-headed for ya nose
Fuck the pussy, hard from the back, it's better for dem hoes
You seen the band, seen the leather, and the stroves
Kick in ya do' with the .4 and put seven in ya clothes
We flood the hood with the wet and a lotta pounds
Everyday niggaz let off a lotta rounds
Yeah, and you muthafuckas is clowns
When it come to this rap shit, who got the better sound
I know you wanted this comin', I know you waitin'
I know you anticipatin' the big sensation
Guns, money, drugs is my occupation
I'll meet you up on the other side, I'll be waitin'

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