

Lord Tryin' To Tell Me

Max B

Oww! Yeah
Vigilante Season
Boss Don, Dame Grease
Let's get 'em, yeah

These streets, I got 'em in a smash
If it's worth it, throw his body to the surface
Everything is picture perfect
Dog I wouldn't change a thing, got these niggas hatin' me
Never once did they judge me when I couldn't make it rain
If you see that Boss Don, he deliver
Every song, bitches they quiver, whenever I give 'em heavy dong
Got that bezzy on my arm and it glisten like a charm, I'm the man
See Jimmy, he my biggest fan, nigga damn
See I do this shit for fun, I was only toying with that cockroach
Now it's time to ride, we got lots of coke
Know I cop the best shit on the streets, why you envy?
Hit me with some punani, baby don't be stingy
Baby don't be tryna diss the Boss Don Bigga, nigga no
It's best thing that I get the dough
Higher stratuspheres, I can take you there, just grab my hand
Make you disappear like the Magic Man, tragic, damn

The lord is tryna tell you somethin' (somethin') somethin' (somethin')
Every morning you wake up and hit the mirror...
... then don't know who you are (are)
Po-Po they almost caught it in the crib but we flushed it (flushed it)
Flushed it (flushed it)
Gain Greene gettin' money, you bitches, I hope you notice the cars, awww
(Oh why?) You can see it in my eyes, I'm tryna ride
(Oh why?) You in heaven but nobody waan die
(Oh why?) I love fi see a battyman cry
Every morning you wake up and hit the mirror then don't know who you are

We hear to stay like sickle cell
And you can tell I'm through these faces like Trenton Trail
Montana, Biggavell, on-camera, get you killed, fit the bill
Cop kinda work that don't fit the scale
Niggas try to counterfeit me and my niggas style
I be lookin' on that WorldStar, watch a nigga style and try to book 'em
Fuck up your budget, the cannon bust and them shots flying
Fresh outta high school to the league, Mount Zion
I'm like Kobe with the.40, McGrady with the.80
Shaq with the Mac, put a hole in your back
I'm a product of that product they be baggin' up
Coke Boyz, prices on his head, toe-tag 'em up
You niggas underpaid, went and got the London Wave
Gain Greene/Coke Wave renegades
You know them niggas gun a hot, 100 shots
You know we run the streets, what the bumboclaat
Montana, bitch

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Back up in this shit again, me and Dame Grease we got another hit again
Scratch workers in tenements
I'm innocent, wasn't even there
People whisper when they see me like, "That's him! That's him! "
Benjamins, get 'em by the bunch, bullets hit him by the bunch in his gut
He salty 'cause his bitch a slut, lift her up
Beat it while I'm standing, 'cause she cheated, I'm the man
Pop that cannon in a jam, I was the man when I was vanned
Now the bitches do whatever I say, "Baby, give me some.
Fix me up. Hit you with the K." I get plenty munch
Y'all niggas know where he from, we Harlem, bitch
Ridin' on you faggots, y'all gon' hear me come
Y'all niggas gon' hear me dump (dump) at my rival crew
This 50 bag inside my shoe, 5th of Grand Cru
Y'all know how we do, this is how we move on our enemies
Kill 'em all one by one
Bend 'em up in piles, I'm gon' send 'em up to style, wow

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