

## Osama

Max B

Osama, we coming  
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I think everyday about them Towers  
Osama, we coming  
Osama, we coming for you

Yeah, it could've been me dog  
But I was laid up on the big cash shores  
The fuck this nigga at, the fuck he hiding for  
We could probably find his ass hiding in the corner store  
Box him in, spit off the tips, through the floor for him  
Turn the nigga to million dollar reward for him  
Who all for him, nigga eat a dick  
That shit was too close to home, I think I need a fix  
Shit, I take a long stroll through the rain  
Take a couple squares, two totes for the pain  
Few spokes in the Range  
Llama in the jam sport  
You made it hot, you made it harder to transport  
Gram goin' to fam court, fightin' child support  
Biggavel', I'm gon' rouse ya thoughts  
Let the town know I'm a pick out the sport  
Let the pound go, I'm a kick down your door

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