

# Oww Oww Oww

Max B

Up North, Gain Greene  
Mali G, Biggavel' (We back at it baby)  
Lemme spit my New York shit for a minute  
Holla at ya boy, uh

I'm like Oww, Oww, Oww  
My niggaz get down, down  
I'm totin' the pound, pound, we'll run in your mound  
Oww, Oww, Oww  
Niggaz get low when we come around (lock and load)  
We got them cannons for them niggaz think they handlin' the crew (crew?)  
Look what you made me do (Look what you made me do)  
These niggaz is player-hatin', I think I know why (know why)  
Oww

Instead of giving it all up, I only gave up a lil' piece  
He street, Bigga he manufique  
Every man he meet, say what's up to, my niggaz gets the groupin' out  
These bitches I can loop 'em out  
But I choose not, make 'em work hard, just to be my number one  
"Maxi won't you come and meet my mumma, son  
Hold my hand and walk up the alter", "Bitch stop ya fantasies"  
She never really understood me  
When I ran to re off at Broadway, slaws say I got the forte  
Only fuck 'em in short stays  
Kuz it run cheaper for a quick one, 60 of the Grand Creezly  
And I told the bitch to sip some  
Hit some of this, it'll get you wavey where you need to be  
Every chick that see me, want a piece of me, each of me  
Every Gain Greene nigga I fucks with, got me  
You niggaz all weak and all sloppy  
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Moneyy  
I can spin 'em around just like a cielin' fan  
Feel me man, finna my grind movin' these kilograms  
We gettin' money boy, you just talkin' middleman  
Stretch the work long and leave it stepped on like stairwells  
Soon as it touches my hands, I be like "Farewell"  
When the beef come around, niggaz turn the scarecrows  
Weirdos, pants saggin', hoppin' outta Lambos  
Tech 9s and airholes, man yo  
I don't really think that they can handle, the mashin', thrashin'  
I'm brutal with this Mac 10, black Cadillacin'  
Big money stackin', bladn', trappin'  
Hoes in the Days Inn, oh I'm so amazin'

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If she let me, best believe I'm a fuck her  
All the bitches say "Nitty, you's a muhfucka"  
Cause I don't buy 'em shit, find ya ass another sucka  
Cause we pimpin' hard around this muhfucka  
And you slippin'  
Who ever said it was hard for a pimp lied  
Look at my shoes man, the ostriches, they just died  
I got flavor, mix the Maury with the alligators  
Red and green guts mixed on the escalator  
Fuck about it bitch, my money more paper  
How you think you walk around, pockets all caked up  
40 thousand dollar jewlery, niggaz all draped up (draped up)  
Draped up

Talkin' with the Mac 10, hop up in a black Benz  
Smokin', hopin' no one seen what happened  
100 to the lawyers, I ain't goin' back in  
Ain't goin' for no flim-flam, call me the Hook Man  
This be your bitch or even the right hand  
Hoes yeah they fear me, to them I'm like the Son of Sam  
Matchin' for my rations, fulfill her every passion  
For money I'm a madman, she better bring my cash and  
God sits on my shoulder so you know I gotta have it  
Rockin' loose diamonds, flawless karats  
Pull up in a Bentley, oh how they resent me  
Leavin' with' ya favorite bitch, put her ass on Craigslist  
Turn her on to breakin' tricks, teach her how to get a tip  
Pimp and quick to fix her lip, always stickin' to the script  
Feds mad they caught me with G's and a scale  
Thought I sold drugs but it was just to weigh a mill

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