

# Picture Me Rollin

Max B

(I walk the streets alone) It's a priviledge  
(I walk the streets alone)  
Suttin' you can't do baby  
That's another topic, let's give it to 'em

Them niggaz need to hit me with my grip  
I want it now, I'm a ride on these bitches till I get it  
I'm comin' down to the studio, we know where ya be, you can hide, but you ca  
n't run  
Get that bitch from me, here her man come  
Jealous like a little green monster  
These bitches just flashin' money, Maxi I really want ya  
I just wanna start a lil' famila  
Bitch, what ya talkin' 'bout, your daddy think I'm a pimp and ya mother can'  
t stand me  
Candy, brought her on her birthday  
Fuck is the PD3, niggaz is gettin' thirstay  
Lip Sing, dammit that's my joint Max, when you tryna put it out  
She said my dick is the best, so when you tryna pull it out  
All my niggaz hoodied out, hooded up  
Now whisper it in her ear, then tell me if it's good enough  
Shorty coulda fronted but she didn't man, pump and steady pitchin' man  
Got me duckin' the fuzz, somebody's gonna get ya man, damn

Just let me live my life with' you  
(Just let me live my life with' you)  
I can cook, clean, and cater and be nice to you, ooooooh  
Lil' nigga you just mad I won't write with' you  
Owwwww  
You ain't never seen a nigga prolific like the Bigga so let go  
Owwwww  
Picture me rollin'

I be speakin' to my brother  
He told me keep the pressure on these niggaz, never trust 'em  
They test you, muthafuck 'em  
Nigga Gida gettin' big, smoked and stroll, he said "Biggavel"...  
Watch them niggaz you with", then he lit up a L  
Gotta give 'em that, Bigga mannin' up, nigga bounced back  
Gain Greene, bottle of the Cru, blow a ounce back  
See the boy finally on his shit, he so handsome  
Momma, she in love with' her grandson  
Love his chubby cheeks and his nice skin  
Lookin' like his daddy back in '80 when he was just a baby  
Maybe, one day he can be a star, just like his poppa was  
Only fucks with the sour, that's how I get a proper buzz  
Lemme tell you how I was, wild lil' nigga in the streets  
Nigga don't sleep, runnin' from the police  
O.G. told me, step on niggaz, had to get to the top  
Nigga we non-stop, nigga we gon' pop

Picture me rollin' baby  
Boss Don Biggavel', oh man  
Shout ot my boy, Yung Los, on the beat  
Musical genius, yeah  
It's Gain Greene baby  
Domain Pain, art of lip singin'

So wavy, gotta love it, Oww