

# Quarantine

Max B

Dame Grease (it's ya boy Biggavel')  
Hollywood Ferg  
Fuck with' yo' boy, ow

Won't you hit me for them bitches dude, he pull up in sixes too  
Watch me leave, they gon' be missin' you, in the kitchen mood  
Gets to chefin' up, all my niggaz done wet shit up (up)  
Uh-oh, Gain Greene comin', they catchin' up, set ya up  
When you think it's nuffin' niggaz creep up from behind  
Niggaz sneakin' from behind, leave you leakin' from that.9  
I'm gon' serve you with that quarantine (quarantine)  
Pardon me, take your breath away like a robbery  
Ow Ow

Now I got youngins in the front, nah surrender for someone  
Gotta, gotta get that dough, I can bet I hit that hoe  
Told her daddy that she love me, Bigga, she eat my dick  
Leave ya red like a tomato, gonna spin you like tornado  
Know that boy, he got that label, Bigga don't fuck with Gain Greene?  
Hit you with that big shit, get your career ended  
Nigga I feel offended  
Best to watch your mouth when you speakin' to the chief  
Leave you leakin' in the street  
Catch you cheatin' that's your feet (feet) off of them, they go  
Leave you all fileted and broke, they don't alternate that coke  
I'm a hit them when they close they eyes, ship they dome all out the sky  
Hide ya prize, every dime I count is mines  
Ow Ow

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Foster home to foster home, case in D.C.F.  
Yung Ferg, kicked to the curb and forced to head and nest  
Always knew that I'd be blessed, like a angel in the flesh  
I get high, ready to die, you can see it in my eye  
Wasn't for rap, I'd prolly be dead, wasn't for coke, I'd prolly be broke  
Wasn't for push, I'd prolly be bitched, fuck you think, touchin' all them br  
icks  
Almost had dreams that I copped that six, know these fiends, gon' need that  
fix  
I'll be there like the Jackson 5, stay on point like Allen I  
Check Maxy for them pies, he gon' front me 25  
Bring 'em back, 20 perp, off 'em all for 25  
Middleman anything that I can, who the fuck you think that I am  
Cop that Aston-Martin caddy, I ain't even touch my sack  
Fiends be itchin' like a rash, mami told me stroke it fast  
"Are you done? ", she said "Yeah, right", only Bigga make me cum  
Fuckin' smut, I pull out and bust, all over her butt  
I'll be damned, the way she move, I'm bussin' all over my hand

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I took the streets without no radio, Maxy, he's so wavy yo  
Ol' girl, she wanted that 80 of blow, had to get her right  
She said "Biggy, I feel freaky like Miss Piggy  
Won't you hop up like a froggy", "Bitch I'm 'bout to do you doggy"  
There's no way you can be my shorty, see I don't love these hoes  
I just touch 'em and I tease 'em, I'm big pimpin', never beat 'em  
Never (never) get excited when a nigga meet 'em  
Do 'em like my other bitches mane, he pull up in sixes mane  
He pull up and hit ya mane, right when you on that block  
Push 'em off, said you can't leave kuz you got 'em off that rock  
Tell me when's it all gon' stop, the shooters that fled now scream bleep  
No more Aston Mars, put you in a casket pa  
Took you off that wagon car, couldn't roll with that wave  
It's a shame, that these niggaz doin' Broadway plays  
Lookin' all shiny from that make-up, got that watch but not from Jacob  
Got that cake, can't wait to go back to Jamaica  
Ow Ow

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