

These My Streets

Max B

Deez my streets, deez my corners
Fuckin' with Max B nigga, you's a goner
Bullets in yo' ass like heat from the sauna
Jeeps run up on ya
Beef with them heats and them jeeps that'll scorn ya
Mom through, pop through
Dress up, black suit, tend to wear condom on ya
Your wife, your friends, your kids condom on ya
Don't fuck with the boy, I tried to warn ya

Where the fuck is my bread (Where it at nigga)
Mu'fucka, I'll bust yo' head (Bust ya shit)
Fill ya fuckin' ass up with lead
Heard through the grapevine, you working for the feds
(That's what I heard dog)
I'm 'bout to put Harlem on the map
Pop the trunk of the Jag and put your father in the back
We hoggin' in the back
You niggaz eat real good in the front row while niggaz starvin' in the back
We mobbin' in the back
Gun cocked, jewels off, robbin' in the back
Kill a white bitch while she joggin' in the back
Open up your mouth, come slob a nigga's sack, bitch
Max spit hard, the nigga rap
Sawed-off shotgun, revolve a nigga clap
All off hot one, dissolve a nigga fat
All off hot ones, resolve a nigga's ass
Yeah, talk to 'em nigga

I gets high and abusive
Got a brand-new hammer and I'm dyin' to use it
We kill a nigga softly, get a nigga off me
Slap his tray on the floor and spill a nigga coffee
I got faith in this man, but will he ever cross me
Will he ever get up to gone and try to off me
I ain't waiting on this nigga to do me
I'm a do him like Nino did to G-Money in the movie
One in his head on the roof
The god blow back and kick bread on the stoop
Infrared on your shoot
Little small dots be resemblin' the circus
Dissembling your surface
I don't know which emblem to purchase
I'm a household name, a good friend of the Burton's
And all my lil' niggaz is deices
Strap 'em up with C-4s and send 'em in the precinct

Niggaz saying Harlem ain't hot, don't get popped
Nigga our gun talk
Cop drops from cocaine rocks
Gun spark, Glock cocked, brought it from Bangkok
Turn your man into a Hulkamania tanktop (Damn)
I'm a fan on the low, I like dudes
Floss chain bigger like 60 ice cubes
I can't predict my future
But before I go back to the pen my bitch'll shoot ya
I don't mean to confuse ya

You got a good song, that don't mean you're the future (nope)
You got a good song, think you the bomb
Dogs out to fuse ya
Post up with the ball, back down and use ya
Post up with the.4, clap clowns, abuse 'em
Gat sounds amusing, smackdown, remove 'em
Nigga we'll lose ya (yeah)
Keep ya fresh, put your body with the brew in the cooler
Holla back, yes

Yeah, tried to warn you niggaz man
Now y'all gotta learn the hard way
Fuck it, 'bout to just take this shit all off
Y'all can't stop me nigga
Your Boss Don Biggaveli
You niggaz fall back
Gang Greene, Byrdgang bitch
Let's get this money
The game is all mines man
All mine