

We Sip Grand Cru

Max B

We gon' throw it out just to fuck up they single {snickers}
Coke Wave version
Owwwww
We sip Grand Cru, Owwwww
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Ow baby
I got these Byrdgang bitches, they can't stand me
Jimmy mad that Chrissy touched it in Miami
All my flows top of the line, I need a Grammy
After my shows, all the hoes throw me they panties
Keep a semi-auto, it be coming in handy
Hol' on, hol' on
Lemme switch and get on Biggavell's shit
Hit the switch, niggaz try to kill me
While I was dosin' off and falling asleep
See this nigga he crawling on his knees
We ordered the V's, and boycotted Ballin' on the T's
Now he be tryna get the loot, but don't nobody listen to his shit
Bigga, he got a bigger dick
Yessur, ridin' like an expert, can't nobody fuck with' him
It's funny, hear his new miss is in love with' him
Homo, sit it on your promo
Oh no, nigga here come the po-po
"Hit it slow-mo" is what she telling me, "lemme feel every inch"
Baby was very tense
"Bigga, all we need is a 5th of Cru, get us in the mood"
He comin', better tell his niggaz to move

We pop champagne like Obama won the campaign
Do the damn thang
Lil mama, do your lip gloss thing
Deepthroat, till you start chokang
Sneak-niggaz get put in a coffin
Me and Max like Deniro and Rostine
Flow like water, Poland Spring
Watch them Coke Wave niggaz do the damn thing
Hol', hol' up Pac
Lemme switch to my macaroni with the cheese
Let's rock
French Monatana and Biggavelli
Got a black ski mask and a black skelly
I'll get 'em buried in a cemetary
Just make sure there's money in my commisary
Dem Coke Wave niggaz, they run the city
And stop asking me about the nigga Jimmy
You see them fuck-niggaz lookin' real scary
Running around town tryna black-ball me
Hahaha, how you gon' try to black-ball me
Fuck-nigga, think I don't know 'bout you
Puttin' them cars to Joey I.E.
Asylum and all them niggaz
Tellin' them niggaz don't give us no money
How the niggaz ain't gon' give us no money and you selling 16000
I sell that three days when I drop nigga
Max sell that when he drop first week nigga
How the fuck you try to black-ball us

You can't black-ball us
Go check that new Don Diva
You top seller?
Nigga I'm the top seller in the muthafuckin' country nigga
And I got my London boys, they'll tell you
I'll sell 16000 over there, and this beat was wack
We still bodied it
Fuck y'all niggaz talkin' 'bout man
We run the city nigga
You ain't gon' give us them checks, we gon' take 'em
Fuck-ass niggaz
Owwwww