

What You Want From Me

Max B

Boss Don Biggavel'
Beanie Sigel, yeah

What you want from me (what you want from me)
Uh-uh-oh (uh-uh-oh)
Roll the blunt for me (roll the blunt for me)
Ya huh-uh-ohh (huh-uh-oh)
Hold me down, me down
Roll this, slut, for me (roll this, slut for me)
I'm tryna bone (I'm tryna bone)
Me down, me down
We sit comfortably (we sit comfortably)
{Max B, I'm feelin' wavy in this bitch}
Uh-uh-oww (uh-uh-oww)
{Broad Street Bully, Biggavel', let's get it}

If it cost to be the boss, I could flip the bill
Ball like Chris Paul and I don't push the pill
I just move the rock (move the rock) I'm a boss, bitch, rich or not
It's what you keep not what you cop
Ya niggaz talkin' what you used to do
What they used to have, how much coke that they used to grab
Man we doin' it, y'all done it, yeah y'all ran it, but we run it
Shit, if we don't got it {We don't want it}
We don't' chase paper, we catch it
Back and forth trips to the desert
I'm tryna hit my number twice then press it
This money long like cigarette boats
We 'bout to blow it like cigarette smoke
Nigga we eatin' (We eatin')
You niggaz wearin' fake jewelry {Cheatin'}
Man I'm a boss, I don't count paper I way it
And I don't place bets I lay it
And I don't kill niggaz I "Okay" it

Grand Cru by the case load, Mike N Ikes
Competition, I like dikes
Like to get tipsy, tricky crammed in
Niggaz you think hot, Bigga, he can't stand them, damn them
I can give a fuck what you niggaz think, I'm gettin' paid (paid)
Penthouse, givin' dick to maids (yeah)
Hit the spades, Black jack, 21, pitty-pat
See you with' your chain, better gimme that
Bitch, Mac book pros all over
Tact took stacks, shook pros all over
I got goons that'll flip and just give 'em the word
Ya know, while I sit in the Bird
Got the boy seeds as in Allah
My Haitian boy teeth way Malakiah, pussy was my alibi
Even though, I was in the cut makin' music
Ay, booty baby'll get ya paid
I can get ya laid off the pimp, simply, just kuz I'm the guy
Bitches got 'em like Mardi Gras, sit the potty high
I'm a shit on you bitch-made, switchblade
I'll cut you niggaz face, whachu want from me
(What you want)

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Any set get mashed on, y'all homo niggaz makin' fag corn
Who gave these niggaz platform?
Get the money, then the power, then respect
I don't step on niggaz toes, step on niggaz necks
Nigga check, gave life to the game, say thank you
We don't wanna play, niggaz want the whole table
Gave you niggaz Coke Wave, Quarantine, Cocaine Konvict
Grand Cru with the sour deez
Cough, have ya brains leakin' out (Prego sauce)
A nigga cross us, die on the cross
They want beef, what kinda sauce
I push 911, kinda Posh
Boss Don, Mac, Beans
Niggaz off the wall like a flat screen, what's happening
{Roll the blunt for me (roll the blunt for me)}
{Ya huh-uh-ohh (huh-uh-oh)}
{Hold me down, me down}

Shit don't stop
Max, Mac N Cheese, talk to 'em Mack

It's The Broad Street Bully, The Silver Surfa
Catch the wave, pull a stop on the 'caine, or I stretch the gauge
100 grand, rubber bands in the duffle
100-shot Mac, leather strap with the muzzle
Rip anything that I spit on
Fuck if it's my beef, any fuckin' set could get dipped on
Kill with the chips or, Max cut the checks and the shit's on
Duck-Hunt these birds till clips gone
(Damn B)

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