Battlefield

DJ Stone

[Max B:](And dem livin' in a danger zone) Max Biggavel' (in the battlefield)
Fench Montana Coke Wave
Let's sing to the people, yeah
[Chorus][Max B:]Throw ya hands up if yuh luv music
Lemme hear ya say "Whoo-woo-woo-ooooh"
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[Verse 1][Max B:]It's the Surfer Don, the Tre pound squirt and jerk the arm
And I don't care what shirt ya on
I could give a fuck what you did in '95 when you was biddin' in the can
When coke was 26 a gram
Now it's 12 years later, 42 dollars a pop
I keep the gear and pump cocked
Feed you 1 shot if you hungry, satisfy ya appetite
Heard ya baby-moms is a hermaphrodite, braggin' rights
Earned 'em, cuz I put ya whole team down with one clip
You sunk my fuckin' battleship, gravel pit

Left arm, chunky monkey, and it sparkle off the glare
He's havin' a fabulous year
Only dropped one compilation in '07, I played in the bing
He had no faith in his team
Couldn't get him fresh even if ya went to Neim & Mar
Keep the heater palmed, these niggaz be needin' a bar
Owww
[Chorus][Verse 2][French Montana:]You lame niggaz flop, keep playin' with the gwop
Catch you laying in a drop, your tomato gettin' popped
You be rollin', strollin', ride with them shottas
Watch us, bitch nigga no one can stop us
You was pumping gas, they was on ya ass
Tried to run but the whip crashed
Tough guys get duct-taped and butt-raped
And then wine like crushed grape
Homie in the battlefield, danger zone, get 'em killed, get 'em gone
You'll get the mail wit' ya head on the camera phone

Fuck nigga, kiss my rass, bitch boy
I switch toys and hit the gas, homie I'm a rude boy
Two toys, stash box, raasclaat
All white 6-5-0 with the ragtop
[Chorus]

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