

Battlefield

Pauline Taylor

[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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