

# Lil Durk, Mad Max (feat. Future)

Spin on the low, go drop a bag and get a nigga buried  
Lil' bro send shots out through your car, he think he Stephen Curry  
I done dropped an eight inside my soda, that mean my drink is dirty  
I'm gettin' more money in the streets than Ross, I got these chicken service  
And I brought the strippers to the studio, just give me service  
I'ma put my trust inside this toolie, ho go seven thirty  
Stay with my demons every day, these niggas good at murkin'  
Drop in a ticket the other day, they tryna play with Shmurk  
Can't be cool with niggas, I can't vouch for niggas, how they move  
You like Ruth Chris, have my shooter turn you to some food  
I'm in the 'Cat, I'm in the trenches, I'm with the demons, I'm in the zoo  
I'm bringin' out the rest, I'm the one buyin' the chain, cost a coupe  
I bought five hotel rooms to put my clothes up from the mall  
Niggas turn to rat calls and we crushin' 'em like a car  
My young bitch better take a charge, fuck another broad  
It ain't no R.I.C.O. case gon' stop another body from droppin'  
How many body niggas died? How many got?  
Mad Max (Max, Max), Mad Max (run up on nigga like)  
Mad Max (and get down like), Mad Max (on his ass)  
Mad Max (we kick up), Mad Max (man, what?)  
I got my stick out, leavin' the bitch out, tell bro ETA to my slot  
I could've been part of that R.I.C.O, I called Thugger, told 'em every nigga I shot  
Whenever it's war, you never see main names, you gotta get everybody he got  
Take off a ski mask, prayin' on the phone with the E Man to get close to Allah  
Failed my driver test, popped out in the middle of the street, ain't park the car  
Had to rob a nigga, I know he changed the bag and said it's zah  
Every nigga 'round me had died, I paid the bills off for their mama  
Grabbed the Cannon, grabbed the Uzi, spin that bitch like DJ Drama  
I don't be admittin' no crimes, sayin' my names on bars, that meant they dyin'  
I'm too trench, you could claim that body, I'm never admitting to slime  
I never blackball none of you bitch ass niggas, know rappers ain't doin' no crime  
I'm the voice, I got choice to let you live or get you slimed (man, what?)  
I spent a hundred at Western (let's go)  
On Pat I'ma get in my weapon (let's go)  
He can have that nigga, expensive (let's go)  
Big threat and I'm dyin' to get you (let's go)  
That swish shit bound to get you (grrah)  
Free Mac, we flyin' to get you (grrah)  
One nigga ain't die, he cripple (let's get it)  
You ain't know he's gon' get you, did you? (Let's get it)  
He ain't keep his pistol, pistol  
Harlem Shake when they hit you, hit you  
Mad Max (Max, Max), Mad Max (let's go)  
Mad Max (run up on 'em like), Mad Max (kill his ass like)  
Mad Max (hold 'em down like), Mad Max (keep a gun like)