

# Max B, Lemonade

Shoutout to the Wave God, Max B, Biggaveli  
Who better?  
Turnin' lemons to lemonade  
We gon' just do it like this  
You know what I mean?  
DJ Drama  
Shit

Big bank take lil' bank  
I take the nigga bitch, soon as a nigga blink  
But he don't even gotta turn his head, it's dead  
We get the bread, we wanted by the feds, EMT like action  
Wanted for conspiracy, murder and not taxes  
Melly in the caption, silly in the maxes  
Tell me where it's called, yeah  
Rest in peace to my brother grandpa, another boy  
Pop Smoke, why they have to go?  
You just on Instagram, they miss a lot of dope  
Gotta be aware of who you let in the crib  
The music get you for your triller, anybody killer  
Got these niggas that be buckin', anybody feel us  
See, it's Skete with the nigga, cuff and anybody hit her  
See, I made her put on her clothes, anybody get her  
Yeah, I get the litter and they get the picture

One little day, keep playin' with my stacks  
Tellin' all my niggas in the hood, I'm comin' back  
Tellin' all my niggas in the hood to just relax, I got this  
I put the hood on my back, yeah  
I let her ship on the keys while I drive  
I tell her to hit it, baby, I'm just tryna get by  
Ain't nowhere to go without (Yeah)  
Everywhere we go, they know it's us  
Say the name...

And you wonder where the style come from  
Free the God  
(Gangsta Grillz)