

Where Do I Go (BBQ Music)

Max B

You see it
In this game there is no competition
Where do I go?

I ride through Harlem on my kinky Expedition
Where do I go?

I see some chick I know that loves to give me head
Where do I go?

I got that Clicquot and a bottle of some Cru
Where do I go?

That's Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
Saturday I know one day you'll stay
Tell me which way did she go
She went that-a-way

That's Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Saturday I know
one day you'll stay
Tell me which way did she go
She went that-a-way

Take trips to Florida
Take my number and call me up
For all we are, we up, Gang Green
Niggas do anything
Stop their plane
Stop their dream
Never that
Cop big car, red or black
Nigga try to rape me
Nigga try to break me
Locked up for murder 2
Niggas try to take me
But a nigga bailed out
1.5
It's the biggest bail out
Never sell out nope
I do big things
Big chains
Ain't shit changed
Make shit rain
Cherry boys love me
I tip nice
I get right
Get a nice little O
Cuz I'm [?] Grand Cru
Vamoosh
Damn you
You don't really love me
All you do is want head
You don't even fuck me
You don't really want B
Max run Harlem like Bumpy

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Max got that liquid
Not that Gray Goose
Max don't sip it
Max wanna stick it
He horny
Do it to me more like doggy
Georgie
Porgie
Pudding pie
Kissed them young girls
And made them cry
I never wanna be like damn
So glad got rid of them
Me debuts gon' rise
They hate us
Riding like Big on the escalator
Time to address the haters
Niggas get left from respirators
On the jet
Gotta jet to Vegas
Our couple white friends got jets in flavors
Because my life is major
Max gotta get that paper

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