

# Mac Dre, Talk Big Shit

[Mac Dre]

Is it Sleep Dank?  
Cutthoat Committee  
Real shitty, nothing pretty  
Is it Sleep Dank?

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I'm in a tight seven tre  
Four fifty four, four door, mob shot Chevrolet  
Got four fifteen, Lanzars  
Hitting so damn hard that I'm setting off alarms  
Got a fat backwood, car tacked out  
Fat four four that'll blow a niggas back out  
Squatted real low, dank wood killing me  
AC chilling me, but yall ain't feeling me  
A Cutthoat pimp, tripping and flashing  
Dipping and dashing, I'm sick when I'm smashing  
M-A-C, Dre bitch  
Pay bitch if you really want to stay bitch

[Verse 2: Dubee]

I bring fire, retire (?) wannabe killas  
Can't fuck with, now who you be, I be that nigga  
Steady ready to snatch it ticket wicked with a fashion  
Tough as Tinactin, that bend tricks with a fastness  
Dipping and dashing, four door Chevy smashing  
Representing that raw shit, to your jaw shit  
We be flawless, putting paper over all this  
But yall just, niggas up in the way up on some garbage  
That jargon, that make a nigga empty every cartridge  
Walking target, make you park it where you start it  
I'm hocking a loogie, its Dubee, I'm telling you  
PSD, Sleep and Dre and this nigga bout revenue

[Chorus]

TALK BIG SHIT

Big shit talking niggas is off in the building

TALK BIG SHIT

Exo, cognac, privilege henneseey spilling, we living

TALK BIG SHIT

All on a hoe, yall ought to know

TALK BIG SHIT

At the mall or the store, your broad spending doe

[Verse 3: PSD]

See basically hoe, we hyper spaced out  
Play for the doe but stop hating me hoe  
Squat up on a one tre zero zero Honda model  
No helmet on riding one time  
Shining and glistening, hoes eyeing and listening  
Judge dying and sentencing, girls smile when they mentioning  
Two hundred dollars worth of smell (?) they slipping him  
Quarters zippers on my (?) if its twelve I'm hitting him  
Long or (?) green weed stall my lids and a Cutthoat is all I'm is  
Me and my niggas hollering what hoe, we all on a bitch  
Suck a dick if you cant fuck hoe, swallow the kids

[Verse 4: Sleep Dank]

Check the formats, lay suckas down like floor mats  
Those who approach get pulled like stagecoaches, we floor cats  
Turned up with no blood lets make it official  
These squares play the front,  
We in the back highly sparked off scud missiles  
Sip on fosters slowly, hoes drop they panties just to know me  
And show me, when the five hundred post, bitches kick it like shinobi  
Plenty fuck trophies; I rock a bitch like a rollie  
Give her two dubs nigga tell her bring me back 40  
Scum of the slum, call the bitch names  
Separate the busters from the thugs, floss it in there face

But would I paper chase, these niggas grab the nickel plate  
And X the faith, on any sorry bitch who want to play  
[Chorus]