

Yung Bleu, Talk Shit (feat. MGM Lett & C-Nile)

I got two Glock's just like I'm Iron Man
Come try your luck, I'ma up that stick just like a blind man
I'ma serve these chickens while they hot just like a frying pan
Ain't get no advance, turned that to a hundred bands
Walk in my show like, "Look who payin'"
Then got my cash and fucked them fans
He move too smart, can't trust no man
Let's have a baby, little bae
Damn, he gon' bust it out the window
And I got that chopper with the cartridge like I play Nintendo
I just took the Bentley, got it bulletproofed
Exterminator, you a rat, just know we had to get rid of you
Covered in diamonds, I hope I don't drown in all these Cubans

And I just need me a bitch
Who like to talk shit and like to take dick
And we gon' get rich
We gon' get this money, I can't play around
And I just need me a bitch
Who like to talk shit, who like to take dick
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Done mostly fell in love with the plug
I think I fell in love with the drugs
I did what I did and it was what it was
I'm the man up in my city
When I walk up in this bitch, they know what's up, yeah
I walked up in this bitch with like a dub
Gettin' love from all the bitches, all the broke niggas just mug
Knowin' if a nigga play, then I'm gon' lay him down
Please don't try me or my gang 'cause we don't play around
I know my niggas snuck the glizzys in at the club

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Uh, I want a bad, bougie, business-mindin' chick with a lil' hood in her
That'll kick that paper out soon as I stick this wood in her
Catch a case, she'll be right there with daddy bond money
I'm a bad boy combin' through this Sean money
Voice hard as concrete, words smooth as silk, though
Pushed a whole lot of weight, never got ripped, though
Hit her with this vitamin D, she drink the milk, though
Yeah, I done been robbed before, nigga got killed, though
Car ain't got no roof like it lost its voice
Like a mirror after a hot shower, I make 'em moist
By the time I'm finished beatin' up that puddy, that cat be parched
My pockets sittin' fat, yours flat, you ain't got no arch, nigga
In Roger Williams Projects, bein' broke is forbidden
The game greasy, nigga, I'm talkin' Church's Chicken
I'm street, so 'fore you cross me, look both ways
Nigga with the attitude, wrist full of O'Sheas

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