

Talk My Shit

Hustle Gang

Your crew ain't no killers, your hittas ain't hit shit
What's your body count nigga, y'all niggas don't live that shit
All these extended clips, sick dicks
Every nigga made my hit list, got scratched off like quick pick
You're not a gangsta, you're a crook
Put down a gun, get a book
You're just a diamond with some fire, that's why your shooting don't look
Smile soldier, no train
Then IKEA get hit
Sucker living in the rep, that's why your wig get split
They say they some shooters, I don't believe these niggas
They say they some hittas, well I don't need these hittas

Nah, I don't need these hittas, they gon' turned me into a killer
Tryna flush 'em like a shitter, fire comin' through your pillow
Bet I make a nigga quit, 150 in the stick
I'm just tryna get ya fixed, put this all up in ya mix
Anywhere I go I'm piped down, play with tha Truth and get wiped down
If I go to beef and I bite down, pull up on ya black out like it's lights do
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Ski mask and a driver, gun checkin' for a coast
Let them youngins go to work, they just here to get ya Why you playin' with
a boss, you ain't graduate the corner
Keep it movin' in a new whip, truck'll beat you to a coma
Get your bitch cause I was on her, head shot now she a domer
When I'm done I'm getting lost, sorry for you I'm a loner
I don't care bout 'em I finesse 'em, every diamond on me random
Gang flier then a jet, I just need a place to land' em

I got a stick, let it hit
I'm finna talk my shit
Run up on me get brrr
Hoes all in your fit
Run up on me get hit
Let me talk my shit
Bet I talk with the stick
I ain't tryna hear shit

Air it out to my man con, I'ma shoot y'all and some
When I pull up with a stick, we gon' hold you for ransom
My gun shaking, hold me
Like I got a nose bleed
Bukubookubukubookuboomboom
Like Pac nigga, you can't hold me
Tryna turn up on me, get shot in the mouth
We ain't playing bitch, not in the South
I kill ya outside, and not in the house
I got respect for your momma, but not your spouse
I tie that bitch up and rape her too
Bitch show me the bricks, the boy got an account
Twenty two in ya stomach, and bitch runnin' a leg
Keep squirming around and get one in the head
Boy I'm gon' out you, I don't nothing 'bout you
It's Hustle Gang, you don't care bout who?
Bout to pull quick, cause y'all ain't doin' shit
I load the machine gun up out you
Brrrr brr brr brr pa pa pa, ya feel me

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