

What They Talking About

67

Still hoppin' out four-doors, still hoppin' out ten toes, two waps

What they talkin' bout?

They ain't walkin' what they talkin', what they talkin' 'bout?
We get the dingers and the spinners and we rollin' out
We love the dotty but the automatic's comin' out
I'm rein' up when the ammunition's runnin' out
Need gelato but I'm smokin' lots of cookie now
I don't wanna smoke in weed, I ain't nowhere loud
Trident and undercovers wanna take me down (Fuck 'em)
But I'm workin' hard, the [?] make the city proud

Roll in then roll out
I remember that quando, hittin' cells all pronto
Never five, that's my guy
Luger lines, that's number 9s like Rondo
Steel pan, that's live drums not bongos
It's funny still
How niggas talkin' like backchat
Free a man like Snapchat
What the fuck do you feel like?
What you man really talkin' 'bout?
Pick it up and go walk around
Whip it up and then fork it out

Nuttin' ain't change just rap
Fuck with gangdem, bring them 40's out
What they talkin' 'bout?
How much time man had to step and bring then .40s out?
Dem boy just wet, dem boy just rap for clout
I got big bands in my account
Trap house still boomin', trap money account
All my bruddas gettin' money 'cause we on the paper route
Phone shh for the yea, bro got it, large amounts

Get the drop on the opps, then we're comin' 'round
Total wipeout if I bring the 'matic out
Guns money and drugs what I rap about
I really handle my beef, them niggas backin' out
I've told man already that 67's still bangin' out
Skengs in the ride, [?] knows we be hangin' out
I do this for the gang, why you do it for the fuckin' clout?
You ain't really 'bout what you rap, you're just a fuckin' clown

They ain't walkin' what they talkin', what they talkin' 'bout?
If you see me lurkin' with lurkers, I got my cooker 'round
Savin' up, I lost 50 pounds
Till I'm makin' like 50 thou
Stil got beef on the streets so new waps, I'll cop it now
All this money I'm spendin' off
Truss me, I done made it back
Peng tings wanna at me off and tease me with them dirty snaps
I lurk around with my drillers dem
Ding dongs to the flyest whips
Post Trappy, he's flyin' it
If I catch a case then I'm fightin' it

Six gang still slidin' through
Been on top six years straight, we're the reason you're strip ain't
Roll around with the PR in my DSQs
Anything that I done, M did it too
Eyerolls, contollin' Q
Pull up on them and burn that
Better hope you can firm that
Pressin' up his intestines
[?] points still burn, ahh
LD, that six god
You see the name, I done earned that
Trip down the Shalaqua, twist it up and then burn that

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