

Coffin Talk

Adam Calhoun

Oh no I ain't with the talkin
I ain't know you only talk the loudest
Really ain't about shit

All I got left in me is visions of my enemies
You got sentimental energy, my penitentiary tendencies
Goin probably be the end of me, I see a lot of minnie mes
Buggin like they centipedes, thinkin that they killin me
White trash, redneck, hillbilly cracker ass
Rappin ass rapper that'll beat your favorite rappers ass
And these are just the facts, ain't no rap cap
I done made a bag off of Snapchat
Tell me where your cash at
Bag back do that diesel truck like a scare pack
I might crash that, I ain't worried, I got Aflac
The cop car was matte black, a rockstar like Jack Black
Look I don't back track rack the mack back and blast that

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I ain't know you really ain't about shit
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So here's the challenge you can't manage anything I'm dealing with
I'm hittin numbers independent others need a deal to get
So deal with it or do something about it, I doubt it
I came to change the game, you just came to be the loudest
I came to make an impact, albums all in tact
Billboard top ten, I can say I did that
Hardest part is showing up, homie where you been at
Spit that click clack, hit you wit that brrrrrrrrrtttttttt
Realest in my lane, I'm just saying
Drop the fortune and the fame, say my name
(Just say my name)
Nah really say my name if you want to get it poppin
I've been looking for a reason so I can pull out this rocket
Whoa now slow down child you don't fit that profile
This ain't Facebook, why don't you stick to scripts you know 'bout
Sold a lot of shows out but I never sold out
Made my family so proud, I'm talking so proud

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