

Talk It

ASAP Ferg

All I ever wanted was a Clams Casino beat
To talk about oppression
That's repressin' my peeps
Ride around in that green hooptie
With my Uncle T
NWA blastin', we screamin' "fuck the police" (fuck 'em)
Cause they don't give two shits about me
I mean we when I say Ferguson they talk about me
Little brown, Mike Brown
Shot down in Missouri
They keep us in misery
And get a desk job when the coroner leave
They don't even take they badge, a racist act
Just take a president to make 'em black
Hope that we live in bliss
And take a nap to create with the same brush that paint the past
Cause it's still the same shit
We don't run it up for no help
Cause you know we bound to get hit

All I ever wanted was a Clams Casino beat
To talk about these hatin' motherfuckers
Talkin' 'bout me
All I ever wanted was a Clams Casino beat
To talk about these hatin' motherfuckers
Talkin' 'bout me

Let's talk about hate
Hate in the game
Be the same niggas that you made your friend
You give me a beat, they ain't play it then
Then you run around town like you made my name
Showed you nothin' but love
Somethin' strange deranged
Just wanted to see and make some change
What about old friends that claim I change
I ain't changed, I'm grown about my change

All I needed was a Clams Casino beat
To talk about these loyal fans
That be talkin' 'bout me
All I needed was a Clams Casino beat
To talk about these loyal fans
That be talkin' 'bout me

Let's talk about fans
Are they fake or real?
They happy when you make the deal
They build you up to make the kill
To break you down, and claim you ain't real
"Why you do songs with these pop icons
Oh he moved on, dreamed the pay-off
Fly state to state, two white girls in his arms
Mr. Hollywood don't like us no more"
Nah, that's a lie
I like any girl with eyes, cutie pies
Fat ass, sumo thighs

Any complexion, girl you could be mine
I love the fans who truly mine
Respect the come-up, the Fergie grind
Man art can be art sometimes
Might fuck around and do a song with Bruno Mars