

Talk About It

B-Lovee

Is it real now?
Two people become one
Is it real now? (Ahh, grrah, grrah)
Two people become-

Pop a thot, that's just how I get started
I been tweakin', I been feeling heartless
Spot an opp and start acting retarded
Shit get tact', put the dot on the target
And I'm not with the media shit
And that .44 be knocking, he slide through, we cheesin' his whip
I could never believe me a bitch
I could never be slippin', bitch, I keep the heat by the hip (And this beat
from Cash, not from YouTube)
Bro said he could see by the limp
I be fuckin' on hoes after hoes, they might think I'm a pimp
I just hope they don't think I'm a lick, Glocky'll hold like 2-3 in the clip
Spinnin' block after block tryna see if it's lit
Sendin' shot after shot, green beam won't miss
Niggas cappin', but let's talk about it
Like that ratchet, I can't walk without it

Do a hit, brodie walk up on feet
He got blitzed tryna walk up on me
2 knock's, 2 goons tryna hawk us a G
I'm too sturdy when I'm off the drink
Oh she thirsty? Get low when she drink
Brodie thirsty, he don't even think
Said he snatchin' my chain, okay, that's what he think
Nigga dumb, better ask what he drink
Finger numb, I click fast how he blink
Beat it up, got her ass on the sink
Ran it up, hunnid racks in the bank
Throwback, I tote the mac in the mink
And I don't do the talkin' too much
Bro told me chill, I was tossin' too much
I got knocked, I was totin' too much
Feeling like Diddy, he was always too clutch
On a drill, I get in and I'm out
Spin again, take a trip to his house
He turned rat, got to pickin' 'em out
All Dior, I be drippin' it out
He move wock then the stick comin' out
Bullets they hit him, blood drip through his mouth
Ask about it, I get active like with or without it
Ask about it, get to curvin' a bitch if she childish
Get to blowing the shit, tryna down him
Niggas envy and shit but I'm 'bout it, got him pouting
She elite, I'm in love with her mouth
Too elite how I blitz, I be huntin' him down
Shit a dream, now I'm runnin' the down
I come straight from the hood, I was young and runnin' 'em down

Pop a thot, that's just how I get started
I been tweakin', I been feeling heartless
Spot an opp and start acting retarded
Shit get tact', put the dot on the target

And I'm not with the media shit
And that .44 be knocking, he slide through, we cheesin' his whip
I could never believe me a bitch
I could never be slippin', bitch, I keep the heat by the hip (And this beat
from Cash, not from YouTube)
Bro said he could see by the limp
I be fuckin' on hoes after hoes, they might think I'm a pimp
I just hope they don't think I'm a lick, Glocky'll hold like 2-3 in the clip
Spinnin' block after block tryna see if it's lit
Sendin' shot after shot, green beam won't miss
Niggas cappin', but let's talk about it
Like that ratchet, I can't walk without it

Grrah, grrah, grrah-grrah
Ahh, grrah, grrah