

Drank Talk

Chris Travis

(What's up, Slim?)

Bitch, I'm from Memphis, you know we stay fly
Smoke in the air, so you know we stay high
Never been bitched, though we never been tried
Me and my brother forever gon' ride
When that shit happen, I couldn't let it slide
Get everybody, get took on a ride
I know it's a lot of shit been on my mind
Had to man up, put my pride to the side
We caught up dry that day, I can't decide
I tell your bitch that it's dinner at five
They been hatin' and watchin' me grind
Big ups to y'all, cause y'all made me, it's time
I never needed a nigga from mines
I'ma go take it with me every time
Know that the niggas with me gon' shine
We here together, it's yours, it's mines
I'm gon' take on this shit, it won't stop
These niggas be your friends, and the next day they your opp
See, I'ma take her business and go buy up a block
Ay, the shit I'm doin' now, I'm bout to take it up a notch
Ay, you know we standin' on it, pussy, we won't ever stop
Ay, you know these pussy niggas don't wanna see you at the top
Ay, I ain't never foldin' even with a bitch or not
Ay, run up on me, nigga, you gon' run into this dot
Ay, I'm from the city, pimpin' and killin' and robbin' these bitches
Fucked by the cops, we ain't stoppin', we glitchin'
But on the ARP, dippin' with [?]
I know some niggas that's wants see me missin'
Put a name on it, you keep on seein' diss
We ain't not gon' play with these niggas, they snitchin'
I been on my grind and been sweepin' the mess

I'm on this syrup, on this lean, on this drink talk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, on this drink talk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let the drink walk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let the drink talk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let me sleep walk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let me sleep talk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let me sleep walk
I'm on this syrup, on this lean, let the drink talk

I'm drinkin' only, I'm impatient
God, niggas in Georgia and Macon
Red and blue diamonds, boy, shout out my [?]
We didn't put no drop, cause a nigga can't taste
We runnin' your shit if we think it ain't fake
He say that he's smoke, but a nigga [?]
You the bitch, nigga fried, nigga, I'm talkin' baked
They stealin' the sauce when they know they didn't make
Had to go through this shit and man up in jet fakes
Glass eye on that ARP jet for my safe
Came up around pimps and drug dealers and tape
Boy, top million dollar deal, nigga, I'ma take it
Got shit I can't talk abut, I keep it safe
I keep this shit movin', I can't do no break

Momma under they breath and they said I wasn't make
Tryna be on my side, but at first they were hatin'