

Ion Wanna Talk

Foolio

(Zaytoven)

Ayy, I don't even really wanna talk
Huh, Bibby had died, like two weeks later, lil' buddy dumb ass got chalked (Grrah)
His mama, she all on the news screamin' and cryin', it's 6 Block fault (My fault)
Ha, belt to ass, ask the opps, we layin' down law (Ha)
Lock in the box, 23 my Glock
Nigga, get low, everybody gettin' shot
Trust no bitch, everybody be opps
Keep your mouth closed, everybody be cops
Keep your mouth closed, everybody be cops (Niggas tellin' out this bitch, man)
Huh, trust nobody, everybody be opps (I swear)
Nigga, was just in the county, shackled in pain
Was just eatin' lobster, they got me in chains
They say buddy was dissin' on me, got put on a tee, he died for fame
Niggas be groupies, they wanna be gang
Catch you a body and then you can hang
Shootin' up houses, boy, that shit so lame
Go catch you a hat and get you some aim (6)
Nigga, I'm smooth as a fish
Sendin' them shots, won't miss (Grrah, grrah)
Boy, you a bitch
He kept dissin' on Mitch
Now his ass made that list
Sent me a hit
I might send me a bitch
That nigga think with his dick (He sweet, nigga)
Ha, and we still post up on the 6
Ayy, we get it lit in the bity
They know we runnin' the city
Ayy, ayy, Glock 19 with a switchy
Told bro slap on a fifty (Ayy, ayy)
I might step in a suit, they know I'm standin' on business (Standin' on business)
We the ones doin' the killing, headshot gang for Bibby (Brrt, bah)
I could get creeper than creep
Make your ass use your feet (Skrrt, gone)
Pull up, hop out of the Jeep
Do a fuck nigga like Leeke (Ayy, come here)
Steph Curry, a thirty, a three
I'm shootin', not missin' a beat (Not missin' a beat)
Way in Miami with my heat
Like glue, it's stickin' to me (It's stickin' to me)
Foolio run with them shotters
We could go body for body
Killin' a hobby
Bruh be booted off molly
Niggas, they know how we rockin'
I put that on God
Boy, you can't fuck with my squad
Better off playin' your part
We crackin' cards
Five Star, BOA, my young nigga, he doin' fraud
She give me sex

Make a false move and get wet
Big 6, it's on my neck
Give me respect
Crackers be trippin', they say I'm playin' with fraudulent checks (Damn)
They say I'm playin' with fraudulent checks (I need all that, no cap)
6 (Ayy)
Remember was fightin' them cases
And we still droppin' them H's
These hoes basic
See it, I want it, I take it
Opps, they pray I don't make it

Fuck nigga (Pussy-ass nigga, nigga, get up with me, nigga, the big opp, top opp, nigga, fuck you talkin' 'bout?)
I can't die, nigga, Voodoo on my body
Big 6

Get hit with a K
Bro in your bushes with Dracs
Pussy boy, you can't escape
No runnin' away
Get hit all in your face
Nigga, you run, we chase
He did the race
Pussy, we drillin' for Strap, nigga, we killin' for Dre
Watch what you say
Chopper sound like 808s (Nigga, no cap)