

# 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 (Brirt, bah)  
I could get creeper than creep  
Make your ass use your feet (Skrirt, 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)