

Bag Talk

Fredo Bang

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there? Look like DJ Chose)
(Ooh, that's a Hardbody beat)

Yeah, I let that bag talk, I don't like the big mouth
I get you knocked off, especially we bringin' them straps out
Nigga, what the fuck you thought?
I'm havin' my way with this shit, niggas ain't cut like this, aye
I drop a bag, they blitz
Tell 'em, "Pull up, don't miss"
Nigga, what the fuck you thought?
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Nigga, what the fuck you thought?

All of my niggas on go, none of my niggas no ho
Leave a nigga brains on the porch
Leave a nigga red like Rudolph's nose, yeah
Ain't from the North, but I keep me a pole
Aim for his head, I might cut off his throat
Spinnin' your block tryna take me a soul
Tit for tat, you know how that go
Stand up or take you a seat, niggas ain't really in the streets
You know that we playin' for keeps
You niggas just good on your feet
We takin' off flesh, we 'bout it, you niggas be shootin' at houses
When I want you dead, can't settle
Heard he ain't die, gotta do a lil' better

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I drop a bag, they blitz
Tell 'em, "Pull up, don't miss" (Yeah)
Nigga, what the fuck you thought? (Huh?)
Nigga, what the fuck you thought? (Huh?)
Nigga, what the fuck you thought? (Fuck you thought?)
Nigga, what the fuck you thought? (Go)

Fuck your thoughts, nigga, I'm too heartless
Turn to a monster when I get started
Hit the gas on the Hellcat, it farted
Killin' the game, dearly departed
I'm rockin' Fendi, they mixed it with Fila
Get to the gyro, the cheese, the pita
I'm stickin' dick in a bad Mamacita
She with the opps, I'ma turn her like Tina (Big Speaker)
Birkin' her life, that's bag talk (Bag talk)
Jump in a rocket and blast off
I'm from the south, we don't fast talk
His head a coupon, take half off

I still got some cash in the last vault
I'm the lottery pick, like a scratch-off
You niggas is tweakin' on bath salts
I send Daniel-san to get you knocked off

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