

People Talk

Hi-Rez

Nowadays people talk but I just ain't hearing nothing
You say that you got connects but I guarantee you bluffing
You gotta believe in something you can't just sit on your ass
If you want something bad you gotta grind and get that cash
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Okay a beanie or a fitted, snapback with my city
I always aim for the fence and that's word to king Griffey
Life used to be shitty but now it's looking real positive
Imma be on my grind til I'm 90 like that Madonna bitch
Y'all gon' win me an oscar cutting records like doctors
In surgery boy I'm proper
Your girl's as wet as a lobster in water
When I'm up in it
Cars illegally tinted
I'm smoking blunts so I'm squinting
Mommy say that I'm pimping
She naked up in the kitchen
Flipping eggs with her ass out
I smoke when I wake up and right before I pass out
OMG laugh out loud
Who is this wannabe
People who talking shit
In reality ain't hot as me
Bitch I'm a prodigy
And still under 20
I'm rolling up sipping henney
These bad bitches are plenty
Hip-Hop to me is what Forrest Gump is to Jenny
And what George is to Lenny
Y'all turning green with your envy

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I got shitty shows and crazy ones
Productive days and Lazy ones
These sunny days and rainy ones
Sober days and hazy ones
Every day a new day
Never could predict it
I could go to school or skip it and get high at home and kick it
With some bitches
Nah just with my homies
Cause boy I miss my friends up on the road it could get lonely
Lend me your ears please I'll take all and any proceeds
You could see the tension as I exhale then smoke slowly
Why Y'all think you know me?

You don't know the half of it
You're used to my shirt cause you probably see the back of it
Try to keep up after it
Hope you don't run out of breath
Truth is you hate school
With students running out of desks
Homie keep your shit straight
Check your damn priorities
Music been a part of me
It's flowing through my arteries
Rap, pop and R&B
Little homie it ain't hard to see
I'll bring my people with me like Moses when he done part the seas

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