

Just Talking

Icewear Vezzo

(Enrgy made this one)

Mm, Baby K, left him hangin' out the whip like he a-, alright
Lift 'em all, nigga, ayy, ayy

Baby K, left him hangin' out the whip like he a thot bitch
Oh, you got Drac'? Let me test it, this a pop quiz
I can call the judge today, bitch, I'm locked in
Just got some pop in, I gotta keep it on my pop tens
I'm a chill nigga, but I hang with all the high heads
You only paid a hundred for that line, bro, your pop thin
I wasn't in a beef, but fuck it, let me hop in
I hit [?] in the Mini, but me and my aux's locked in

Yeah, count a million up alone, I ain't got friends
I pour an eight up in the twenty ounce, know that pop thin
Bitch, I was sellin' 'bows of kush when they caught [?]
Just throw a hundred thousand, I've been [?], that's a drop Benz

Ever since I linked with AUR, we been locked in
I did a Gucci jogger fit, it was enough to top tens
Caught an opp thinkin' with his dick, left him boxed in
Okay, we went [?] shoppin', he did not win
Chop puttin' niggas in the box, call it the undertaker
Ever since I hopped into the boof, I made a bunch of paper
Fuck a bitch, made her get on top, I'm finna undertake her
Bitch was kinda cute, but her pussy had an onion flavour

Kill your taker, [?] maker
You're the type to fuck the pussy, and get the money later
Pull all my money up in rappin', got the [?] later
In three months I got it all back, it was a bunch of paper
You know I got a bunch of haters
I ain't had to turn the room, she was turnt before I got her
Your money out the crib, bro, I can pull it out my pocket
Just snatched a nigga Chargers like I took it of the sack
I ain't arguin' with no ho, I ain't trippin', bitch, you got it

I'ma shoot you in your face if you reach up in my pocket
Ten 'bows in this crib, pick your 'za, I got options
Niggas actin' tough, what's a goon to a goblin?
Lil' bro keep his ski mask on, he a robber
John want two Ps, I'll be there in an hour
This is dirty-ass blick, it need a shower
Like I played on that one show, I got power
I know some young niggas gettin' money, Adam [?]

Switchy on that bitch, shoot a thousand 'bout an hour
Two million all in [?], gotta count it 'bout the thousands (Bitch)
Water on my wrist, my Rollie, it's a shower (Uh)
[?] is so shit with lil' bro, they off the powder (Yeah)
Yeah, bitch, all my ice hit (What up?)
Type of nigga hit the lean, and drink the pint littles (Oh)
A hundred shots back to back, ain't no fight in it (Ah)
Dog strong, I hit the tint 'til it's life [?] (Yeah)
Fuck this niggas talkin' 'bout? Don't know who they talkin' to
If he [?], then he dead, that's a boss move
Leave his dreads in his hands with a [?] shoe (Pow, pow)

Drop Benz scrapin' out the rims, I had to park the coupe
I was tryna hit 'em, but I was too far to shoot
You pussy called me lackin', but you ain't had no heart to shoot
Ayy, Vezzo, first stretcher is Quagen, watch how I work the deuce
Chop hit the middle of his van, watch how I park the coupe
A plug there wherever I go like an aux [?]
I don't top the opps crib, but on roof I'm doin' parkour
A bunch of rookie-ass niggas, I'm playin' the game on hardcore
My bitch Italian, I'm all in her pussy screamin', "Bonjour"