

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' 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"