

Walking

K-Trap

How you gonna talk bout bread?
And you ain't seen 10 of the bands? you frauds!
How you gonna talk bout shooting?

I live this this, While they talk it

How you gonna talk bout gang?
Like we ain't cause hell on dem mans block?
And how you gonna talk bout bars?

They're some dead working informants

How you gonna talk bout bread?
And you ain't seen 10 of the bands? you frauds!
How you gonna talk bout shooting?
And [?] now you ain't never crash no corn
How you gonna talk bout gang?
Like we ain't cause hell on dem mans block?
And how you gonna talk bout bars?
Like you ain't seen the corn dem boy got?
So how you wanna talk about beef?
Cause I was tryna link up the opps
Canon on me like machine
You was tryna link up ah thot (Ah Hooker)
And cuddle her under the sheets (Hooker)
The boys say the bad but they not
Cause they run anytime it's beef
(Running legs)

Everyone talking tough
But running off when mans walking up
I ain't tryna talk dat much
Just lurk around with da 40 tucked
Dem man joints don't bang
They walk around with some faulty stuff
Man talk shit on the net
Soon pepper man for that sorty stuff
Meanwhile serve 'salt' and 'pepper'
Young boy tryna do it bare-hands
Told him to sort some leathers (Don't be stupid!)
Got ah new link for the smoke
Dem yardman said he can sort suppressors
Or clip extendo
So man not have to walk with extras
Now ah man just fill it up all
Opp block tryna drill em' all up
Live corn hit ah boy in his chest
His lunch, watch it bring it all up
The man scratched off 1 or 2 times
I was shocked, cause he never do much
I had about 3 waps in the crib
Added 1 more, cause it's never too much
(Road. Life. No. Lies!)
[?], after too many
Told bro I'd rather trade dat pump, cuh' I'm too heavy
You ain't never 'Jumped Out Gang' on ah man
And the legs just do jelly

Walk in the yard, man 2 waps deep
Cuh' the mandem too ready
Mans too kweffy

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I'm walking
Dats 3-2 half I what walk with
But dats only if man caught with
I live this, while they talk it
They're some dead working informants
Their last attempt was appalling
We hazards with no warning
Deliver fry-ups in the morning
Or anytime
Man get dat all-day-special
With extra 'fries'
Serve 'chickens', 'halfed' and 'quartered'
No extra sides
Had 'silver-spoons' dat talking like they round dese' knives
I know they ain't bout this life
You need to level up
Tell my young g's do it proper
We ain't tryna level stuff
Ah thousand g's in the whip
Tryna get home, it's nuts
Got so much to say on tracks
Its mad cah' they ain't done much
These children, don't do drugs!
I juug with it
[?] when I showed him how to juug with it
When I'm roaming, I rock with it
I ain't tryna be [?] lock'n it (I don't need that)
Fill the gauge, 2 shells up what I got with it
Better mind you don't get shot with it

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