

Art Talk

Larry June

Valais, five-star Michelin type shit, you know what I mean?
Sweetheart, make sure my knife sharpened, you know what I mean?
Very peaceful, numbers
Al, what's happenin'? Yeah

Five-star trap spot (Damn), same regions, Marriott (Check)
Art talk (Yeah), Basquiat, never see me (Numbers), out of luck (Yeah)
Real estate (Check), private stock, ceramic brakes (Uh), black drop (Yeah)
Got it off the black top (Yeah), curtains when the mag pops

These the best memories, millionaire tendencies (Damn)
Lemon squeeze, Jay-Z clean, James Bond, new machine (Numbers)
Reservation, book for three, choppin' game, sippin' tea (Check)
Hunnid G's (Uh), new piece (Yeah), houses, offer Coca leaves (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Takin' walks and shit (Takin' walks and shit), birds jerkin' (Birds jerkin')
Juice sippin' (Juice sippin')
And bitch you know I'm goin' through numbers (Numbers)
Check it out, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
All next summer, we pullin' down on niggas
Aight, what's poppin' caramel? (Grr, do-do-do-do)
Yeah, that way, what else?

Them niggas that you told on, they just got released (Go home)
Blow so strong, the Pac-Man you feed
Snow cones in my masterpiece (Ayy), low pro rims factory
El Satchel Paige, what's the fuckin' verdict?
No more happy days, double cup on courage
Crabs in the barrel, he a fuckin' Hermit
Younges snatchin' chains, tell him tuck his turkish
'Fore we catch his friend, hang him up and rob him
Have him tag his friend, everyday they post 'em
Heavy plays in motion, 'cause that broke nigga shit
A rub off on you quicker than some lotion
Never get upset or caught up in the motion (Yeah)
Fuckin' bad bitches, from Detroit to Oakland
I tell all my hoes to CC with me (What else?)
You even cuttin' checks with cars and commotion
New thunderclouds off the Prada jacket
You obtained these niggas, they'd proud of Jackson
Goin' as a star, I'm a damn fashion
I'll be Saks-Fifthin', she be Donna Sacs-in'
Born ballin', that's a fun fact (Ayy)
I'll be all enthrallin' with the drum slappers, stuck in drug trafic
Told her daughter fiver, he a cornball, and you a crime snatcher
Hunnid strips in the four-door Hyundai
Can't promise you it ain't gon' be no more gunplay (Skirt)
Always knew that I rolled up one day (For real)
Fuck a bitch, I don't fuck on 1K
Al, June, it's only two after noon
I already seen more paper than the mailroom
Cache it, tighten it, you got everything
Comin' full circle under the pale moon, where we at with it?

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