

Talkin Bout Nun

Lil Gotit

(It's crazy bout a drug
You know it
Hood baby)

He ain't talkin' bout nothin', my shooters they here, all ready all that
He screamin' slatt, but he know he don't live like that
He still like designer, boy, you know you don't roll like that
Two different ways, niggas know I took my own wave
Everybody thuggin'
Everybody muggin'
Backwood, we smokin' that Russian
We some hardbodies, screamin' fuck it
They look like twelve we gon' double it
Drop the Xan' in the drank, it start bubblin'
Slime ave on the way
Slime ave don't play

Magnolia, I'm boolin' wit' Lotto
Stick clan, rollie do wit' auto
I'm a slimeball
Pull out guns, come in line, yeah
Who big as us? Nevermind 'em
And that's a fact
[?] the stick, he gon' lay 'em back
When we slidin' on the block we gon' hit him or jack
Expensive drugs, I copped a bar
Pop pills like ah
Margiela, cut tag off
Oh hell yeah, he barred out
One in the chamber
Two fifty block dangerous
Triple cock, coat hang him
He left that side, can't blame him
You a little bitty boy
I take all your joy
You ain't really makin' noise
I did not say that out of anger
I take all the checks to the banker
That Draco a bitch, she a singer
Hold that boy up for ransom
I brought out my jewelry, the dancers

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We lit like the baby
That powder, they make it

I can go big on big wit' the lettuce
I can turn this shit to Armageddon
When I signed told the nigga mail it
I been in the gang, nigga, not Belly
I like my cheese hard, nigga, not shredded
I'm not stuck on these hoes, I'ma go get it
That's a NASCAR
Bad bitch wit' no flaws
A lot of cash, dawg
Gon' get her out her drawers
Catch a flight, in the air
I'm headed to the north
All that tough talk
Bring your cash out
Ex-bitches lookin' sad now
Broke niggas lookin' mad now
All these racks they stand around
Bring the vibes to the loud house
Stack them racks in the hideout
Don't want no bitch wit' a loudmouth
This drip is on me, I'm stylin' out
I'm ridin' out

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