

# Bag Talk

Lil Loaded

Tommy Franco make it bang, though

I said whole lotta, whole lotta  
Whole lotta, whole lotta  
Whole lotta, whole lotta  
Whole lotta bag talk  
Bullshit walk and cash talk  
SRT burn the asphalt  
Whole lotta, whole lotta  
Whole lotta bag talk  
Bullshit walk and cash talk  
SRT burn the asphalt

SRT go vroom-vroom, hop out that scat  
That R.I.P got double D's, a hunnid shots on that  
Now watch how I go when I hit the gas  
Fuck the laws, I'ma lead 'em fast  
Ain't stoppin', two hundreds miles on the dash  
Ain't stoppin', two hundreds thousand in cash  
Who that is? Lost  
Them gone, won't fuck 'em at all  
She for you? Not at all  
Get the neck, I just want them jaws  
You trust 'em? Not at all  
Take a phone, tryna see who call  
It's a opp, knock 'em off  
Hit his head, watch the rest of 'em fall

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Now, we talking 'bout some money  
Big bag on me, all blues hundreds  
We ain't talking cash is nothing  
Blue faces Rolex got me stunned  
They say I'm crashing, nigga, fuck it  
Disrespect me, niggas coming  
This shit Cuban right here, flooded  
Catch a headshot if you touch it  
Knock his face off while he punched  
I ain't fighting, what the fuck?  
Swinging at me, dumb as fuck  
Catch a 410 out this judge  
Hit his head when he run up  
I'm the right one, he fucked up  
Big ol' Glock, it go fah, fah  
His shit get push back or knock off

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