

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
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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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