

I Don't Talk

Lil' O

Go to war, go to war
Bitch nigga, bitch nigga, go to war
Go to war (bitch nigga), go to war (bitch nigga)
Bitch nigga yeah, what-what, yeah

Nigga I ain't gon play, and talk to you
I'ma get the AK, and the chop for you
How you walk around bumping, when you glockless fool
Make niggaz gon play around, and try to box with you
I'ma box you up, put you in a casket
Cause niggaz get blasted, instead of they ass kicked
In the 7-1-Tre, this shit is drastic
Niggaz disappearing round this bitch, like magic
I outlasted boys, cause I out-blasted boys
Mashed on niggaz, whole crews got destroyed
Hopped out of Houpes, with my K making noise
To this day I got niggaz, running round paranoid
Saying Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, man he after me
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, gon blast on me
I didn't go nowhere, cause I owe Fat Rat some cheese
And if he catch me, Fat Rat gon make me a casualty

Nigga I don't talk, or do no discussing
I pick up that K, and start to head busting
Leave a nigga face down, red like a Russian
Then scratch off in the night for real, it ain't nothing

I got a AK-47, with bullets like cone heads
And when I let it loose, it eat niggaz like corn bread
You niggaz wanna fuck with me, well gon head
I turn white T's, and jeans to tone red
With my fifty shot AK, bitch nigga eater
Twitch blips, like a stick shift on a Feeter
Split like lips, when you hit with the heater
Chew like chick lips, like you bit by a beaver
Whoa, nigga it go down for real
When the slugs hit your chest, and spin you round like wheels
And fill your body with about, fifty pounds of steel
Here go some words of advice, sit down and chill
Cause playing round here, gonna get you done
They playing round bees, gonna get you stung
I'm a made nigga playa, I can get you hung
But I'd rather get the K, and let it rip your lungs

Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, boy I rip up blocks
When I make my K, hiccup shots
Are you a fool but I'm stupid I'm cupid, I hit your heart
Don't make a nigga come, get you marks cause I will
Make you niggaz hit the flo' and lie still
When I grab the K, and bust like Wild Bill
Y'all niggaz talk and play, I kill
I think y'all better leave me alone, like Ideal
Cause I ain't Mr. Friendly, or aww he's cute

I'm Mr. AK, Mr. Aim-Cock-And-Shoot
I'm Mr. Come-Through-In-A-Lexus, and pop the roof
On all you hating ass niggaz, that's off of Screw
Talking down on a playa, cause I got them figgas
And I ride around in a drop, knocking Jigga
And I stay on my note, like a opera singer
And y'all wanna hate on me, boy I'm not the nigga