

Lemme Talk

Mark Battles

I heard you doin' bad
I know you see me shinin'
And I bet it got you mad
They say I got the juice
That's some shit you never had
Hell yeah I shoot my shot
And bitch I never pass
I'ma flex on every ex
I'ma stunt in every month
Oh, you heard a baller now
So she wanna see me
I'm goin' for it all
You gon' never see a punt
They fakin' for some clout
You can never be with us
That's tragic
But I'm feelin' fantastic, uh
The world is my throne, ah
Just have to go grab it, huh
Your girl in my home, she
Threw her back like Patrick, yeah
That shit is like magic, huh
Niggas might not grasp it, but
Can't take my passion, no
I'm fight for mine, 'cause I'm puttin' on for my damn camp
And my bag and it got you mad 'cause I'ma bust yo ass like a tramp stamp
Stuntin' every month
Gonna flex on every ex
In my hood you gotta get a tat
Don't worry about the ref, let me talk my shit

Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch
I'ma buy this land, I'ma stack these bands, and do my dance, let me talk my shit
Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch
I'ma get these fans, I'ma fuck these hoes, I'ma take my chance, let me talk my shit

Remember life when I ain't have a dollar
Sleepless nights in a black Impala
Always had the hoes on my dick
I ain't have shit but a pack of condoms
Killed my boy, it was catastrophic
To the grave, we gon' never squash it
out of pocket
Was counted out, now we countin' profit
I came a long way from a happy meal (I did it)
No busted down Rolly, this a grassy field
That mean I keep it plain
Trust fucked up 'cause people change
Hope love defeats the pain
Live and learn, don't leave the same

Stuntin' every month (every month)
And flex on every ex (every ex)
I did my fuckin' best
Can't worry 'bout the rest

Let me talk my shit
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shit
Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch
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