

Talk My Shit

Merkules

I swear to God y'all make it to easy man
I heard a rumor that you miss me tho
I'm baaaaaack

Mawfucka we the kings out here
I swear lemme talk my shit (lemme talk my shit)
I'm the champ every finger got a ring aw yeah
Lemme talk my shit (lemme talk my shit)
Real talk we the real deal fuck how they feel
Bitch get off my dick (bitch get off my dick)
I don't cry over spilt milk but I still will kill I will not miss
Bitch get off my dick

Just put my earplugs in man they talkin' too much
Heard they mad that I got clout
I know they've watch what I've done
So they energy's mad weird cause they ain't poppin' enough
Tell them to drink the whole bottle they will not get a buzz
I'm so petty
This is my arrogance at its best, tell these rappers that I could pay for th
erapist if they stressed
Y'all are terrible I'd be too embarassed to say we friends
Fuck your income, I'd take then wear it around my neck
This is light work, listen dog there's levels to the shit
Like the nerd at the smoke pit
You'll probably never get a hit
You swervin' on a highway now, you better get a grip
'Cause if you don't, you'll get skrrrrt and fuckin' end up in a ditch
I am top five, the boss at the end of the game
Shots fired from hot iron if you mention my name
I'm not lyin' it's all silence when you step on the stage
I guess your fans got Alzheimers and forgot your name
That's fucked up

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The fuck is you thinking, I'm ready and willing
When I pull this trigger, ya head through the ceiling
If anyone feel that like they better than me
Then say it out loud and I bet you I'll kill 'em
I'm dangerous, don't play with us
I really don't think y'all brave enough
To come bang with us, I'm flaming 'em
Collecting these bodies and saving 'em
I'm putting these bullets through craniums
Pretty soon I'll be selling out stadiums
The dopest, the illest, the craziest
I've been doing this since Slim Shady did
Y'all don't really want no smoke with me
I might put 'em in a bag like groceries

If anybody thinking they as dope as me
I might put it to they chest like rosaries
I'm on fire
And I don't wanna hurt nobody but if I don't get my respect then I'ma Merk s
omebody (ooooo)
You know every verse go nutty fuck with me, sucka please
Leave your shirt all bloody
I got my all white mask on
It's phantom of the opera
I don't know what guilt is, I don't have that on my conscience
Had to kill the competition, I ain't have that many options
I don't have to use math to solve a problem

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