

Talkin \$hit

Mick Jenkins

Yahhhh

Ahaaa

FTMG

What'cha know about it?

Yahh

Trynna had a peace sign on the keys to the whip
Piece, pipe, pass, and keef on the spliff
Trynna keep the peace, tell yo' homies to relax cause it's homies in the Chi
with the piece on the hip
Put the message to yo' mind, get the keys to your heart
Then I stunt like a nigga puttin' keys on the strip
Like 12 in the trunk in the old day Wu
Ginger-Ale in my cup and some OJ too
Talk a '09 Chi with the Cocaine Coupe
And you already knew that the top J. Crew
Ya know I got love for the tri-state few
With the rubber bandannas so the socks stay viewed
Niggas don't gas, I ain't runnin' out of fuel
Shit gettin' hot and I ain't runnin out of cool
[?] on the wrist gettin' wet cause I'm draped and I'm dripped like I'm runni
ng out the pool
Gotta face of the piff and I'm running with the crew
Dollas in ya pocket if you ridin' with the Free
Call a couple niggas and we pile in the car with my knees to the seat like I
'm ridin' with police
Girl gettin' spoiled like a tub of cottage cheese
Ridin' through the streets like I'm reppin' Cottage Grove
Hop up out the drop
At the spot
And it's hot
Give a dap to the niggas and a nod to the hoes

So let me talk my shit, bruh
Let me talk my shit, fool
Let me talk my shit, cause
Let me talk my shit
Gone and talk it if you walk it, nigga
Whip it like you hawkin', nigga
Fresh to death and nothin' less
They just might have to chalk it, nigga

I'm with the free, try and get a ring
Sober hippy, blue dreams
Went to bed with them old plans, waking up with them new schemes
Young pharaoh, kiss the ring
5D, Hennessy, and chicken wings
Tried to drop some jewels on niggas, but dumb ass niggas ain't listening
Bitch ass nigga this the Christening
Pop the rose, sip the pink
Roll another one every time you blink
Drop another song every time you think
Niggas was dumb, but we still havin' fun [?] stuns calm down when I had the
sink
Brainstorm, let it rain
Out of my mind, I need a shrink

Nickname Burman and P-Rop
Rollin' up some of that mean pot
Running that shit 'till our knees lock
Holes on the pole like a ski shot
So it's no hope, no wishes
Free whole bars like soap dishes
Young nigga shine cause the gold with us
So fuck choosin' one, bring both bitches

So let me talk my shit, bruh
Let me talk my shit, fool
Let me talk my shit, cause
Let me talk my shit
Gone and talk it if you walk it, nigga
I don't even do this often, nigga
Y'all can bet, it's effortless, you best proceed with caution, nigga

I've been ridin' through the 'ville
Ignorin' the [?]
Dismissin' the niggas that's claiming they poppin' choppas
On my solo, dolo
Or maybe with this honey, dog, skin buttered up from the coco
Tell me what'chu know about a life where you grind all day
Like DeShawn white pipe dream might [?] way
And you get it in the dark, fool
Gotta get it how you live
Nigga gotta problem with a nigga that ain't got it, but he always talkin' sh
it
Funny how it get a nigga pissed

Money always fuck a nigga up
Funny how it get a nigga dissed
Honeys always look a nigga up
Soon as he get that check
They at yo' neck
Everybody wanna be down
Everybody wanna be 'round
Even them squares
Niggas out here pullin' up a chair
Honeys out here [?] with the stairs
Is it cause that other shit stale?
Is it all this fuckin' Ginger-Ale?
Is it all the thrift shit?
Is it that apparent with the piff [?]
Is it that we bring it in the mail?
Said you can't tell
Sure it ain't the fuckin' Ginger-Ale

Ahaaa

Are you hapy now?
You niggas got me talkin' shit

Well I'm gone and talk it cause I walk it, nigga
I don't even do this often, nigga
Y'all can bet, it's effortless, you best proceed with caution, nigga