# Talk About It

**Mozzy**

I was broke, was strugglin'
I recently lost a brother of mine, so
That's, that's where that came from
I was in seek of revenge

That's on my dead homie body
Ye ain't bodied nothin'
That's on my dead homie body
And my body suffer

They say the suckers with the shit
But I ain't seen shit
You could lost tomorrow
'Bout some shit that don't mean shit
Jumped up off the porch and told my mama
"I don't need shit"
I'ma bleed the pavement till I'm paid
What you need click?
Free my lil brother, Huzzy Marcus for the 36
A bully actin' fact that I be slappin' till machine click
Fuck a deuce pap, I'll blap you with 33 stick
You and all them faggots that you be with, this P shit
Hit Stick Murder Squad, we don't be on defence
My bullet throwin' offence, it's silly tryna off shit
My brother looked to differ when I sinked him in the coffin
Told him that I got him, I visit that nigga often
Bowkey, four nickel on my daily till I lost it
Keepin' hunnids, I just lost the location where I tossed it
Slumpin' after spunky, till he run it like a fosset
I pray it ain't no tape, just yellow tape with the 'Caution'
Flockin' with the shooter game, follow my banger posse
Google my goon body names, they all facin' homi's
We ain't atemmptin' to tempt this when we be yankin' wallies
I try curl a nigga up if he ain't straight with Mozzy
I ain't gotta tell the crew, 'cause I'm gangsta Mozzy
And disapprove of any motive if it ain't the Mozzy
Suckas gettin' dudded out like they ain't nobody
That's 'cause they ain't nobody 'cause they ain't got no bodies

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And my body suffer
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