

Talk My Shit

OMB Peezy

Let me talk my shit
Look at my neck, then look at my wrist
Just another nigga from the hood that got rich
With the shit, baby keep Chanel bag with the stick
Racks, fuck I can't even count it
I made it, got em thinking why the fuck they even doubted
I was brought up by my granny, knew I always had a talent
Used to ride for them hundreds, now we count by the thousand

Ooh, look at it, this money piling
I'm piling money, now I gotta wear it, ain't no more counting
Case over, I still ain't paid the rest of my bounty
Ugh, instead of moving up, they wanna down me
Whoever, fuck it, we sliding. You ready or not?
I'm finna light that ass up then head to the spot
Better hope a angel guard your head, cause that lead finna pop
Send some hot shit through your head, watch it spread down the block

Ready or not, if you sliding, we airing em out
If my closest brother told, no sparing him out
I remember I was down, I ain't have a lot
Feds tryna build a case, so it's fuck the cops
Copping any foreign off the lot now
I remember I was down bad, but I'm hot now
All these bitches they just want me for my guap now
A lot of opps now, so I gotta keep a chop now

My head heavy, just sipped four ounces of purple
Might fuck your daughter, I'm deep in that water like I'm a surfer
I ain't have a quarter, now I gotta charge her just for my service
Can I take your order? My love customers know what I'm serving
I'm not a barber, but I'll line you up for a little paper
Got a youngin in The Bay who'll bust your brain for a scraper
Just got a banger and that little hoe come equipped with a laser
Think you, getting away, I'm still on your trail like the Blazers

B.I.P. my brother, bitch it's 2-2 gang forever
Show up and that's my opp, we sliding on niggas together
They be talking all that hot shit on them socials 'til we catch em
Glock 17, I was checking niggas pressure
It's whatever, we ain't tripping, yeah we ready for it
I can't smoke that kush, it be having a nigga paranoid
[?] some shit you might get married for
Try to touch the chain on my neck, some shit you'll get buried for

How your dawg do some fuck shit and you ain't let him know it?
My little nigga itching for a kill and I'ma let him blow it
[?] do a lot for my dawg and she let us record
If I ain't in the 'yo, I'm at you fuck niggas neck when I'm bored

I might just run up a check when I'm bored
Girl I might just want the neck when I'm bored
Might slide through your hood with this Tec when I'm bored
Me and Peezy switching states, performing on tour

Me and T.O. in New York when you can't leave the state
You already told on yourself, too late to beat the case

Watch your food, cause when you look away they take your plate
Bitch you know I'm worth the wait, don't mind be being late

Me and Peezy from the mud but it's two different states
Turning down deals from labels if they ain't tryna pay
Where we from they never gave, so we had to take
I remember having no food, now we eating steak

Ooh, let me talk my shit
Stop looking at my neck and bitch get off my dick
Just another nigga from the mud who got rich
Gotta always keep a new Chanel bag with the stick, Peezy