

# Still Spice Talkin

Rio Da Yung OG

(Did this one)  
Damn  
Okay  
(Did this one)  
Okay  
(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)

Me and E talkin' big shit professionally  
Bitch, I'm somewhere gettin' money, don't question me  
Took the book off the Wock' pint, I need the recipe  
Yeah, I think this eight a lil' short, remeasure me  
Just dropped a lil' bitch, she called her bro, but he scared of me  
I always get the red cheap when me and granny meet  
I'll shoot this bitch from anywhere like I'm Danny Green  
She always give me top, she ain't never got no head from me  
I shop on one side of the set, I don't skywalk  
Just seen a opp strollin', now that nigga in the sky walkin'  
My bag probably short 'cause today, I been high ballin'  
Nigga ran his mouth and got shot, he died talkin'  
Gucci jeans and Louis Vuitton pants I don't buy Balmain  
Don't know what dawg drive, bro, just shoot at every white Charger  
We got the city hot from doin' all that spice talkin'  
Bitch, shut the fuck up when me, E, and Mike talkin'

Yeah, okay, it's my turn  
Niggas amateur at cookin' dope, he let the pot burn  
Pull up on your ass with the chop, the clip got a curve  
I heard you told that bitch that I was broke, boy, you got some nerves  
Rio dropped big 41, shit, mine's next  
New bitch bad as hell, she got fine sex  
My ex-bitch tried to double back, I declined that  
Today, I'm feelin bougie, ayy, boo, where the wine at?  
I be lyin' to my bitch face when I tell the truth  
I heard you out here tellin' on your mans, I'm scared of you  
Niggas can't bite what I be sayin', got an extra tooth  
Feds might come and pick us up for talkin' very loose  
Whole team doin' good, we worked our ass off  
Doc, I need an eight of red, I got a bad cough  
Chillin' in the trap with my fiend drinkin' Mad Dog  
Finesse a nigga bitch for the head and then stab off

Fucked up, gave a bitch my number, she won't stop callin'  
Fell out with my nigga, he had some drank, now I gotta call him  
Ain't got no dope, fiends keep callin', now I gotta stall 'em  
Told my bitch to go get some syrup, 'cause she won't stop coughin'  
Nigga play with me, he might as well go buy a coffin  
Shot a nigga house up, everybody in the house crawlin'  
But I'm the type to shoot a couple shots 'til I see 'em fallin'  
It's hard for me to record a whole verse when all sales keep callin'  
Almost didn't serve Ashley 'cause I don't see her often  
Tina said the dope straight drop, that it made her vomit  
Anybody bring up spice talk, they gotta pay us homage  
My white boy thought he bought some Vics but he got Naproxen