

Talkin Crazy

Rio Da Yung OG

(It's a Wayne beat)
What up Wayne
Ghetto Boy shit, nigga
You know what the fuck going on
Yeah, we sippin' real Hi-Tech
They thought, aight

This a 41 millimeter
Niggas petty, buying ones, pouring milliliters
I got a zip of dog stronger than some skillet cleaner
I ain't got time to box with you, I be killing people
Take a nigga life without asking, I be stealing people
I can fuck a bitch sister raw, bet she still a eat it
I got a old 'K longer than little people
This pint of red done turned brown on me, I'm still gon' drink it
You can't be saying Ghetto Boyz if you ain't write Peezy
I'm finna go on Livernois and serve these white people
By myself in a 550, I don't like people
Imma pop you if you try me, I just told you I don't fight people
If the pussy smell good, then I might eat it
Hurry up and grab this pint from me, bro I might drink it
Finna buy a 42 Dweller and let Mike keep it
Hit your block with a 'K with the scope, call it sightseeing
I don't think I'm from this planet, I'm an astronaut
I'll throw my whole career away, bro pass the Glock
If you seen me with Lou, I was probably grabbing Wock
Put a deuce in a 20 ounce Sprite and pour out half the pop
I was just posted on Fenton with a bag of rocks
Now I wake up in the morning bored, I might go grab a watch
I got an Arab who paid a high for these, you don't have to shop
You can still die nigga, I don't care how many straps you got
I just made a lot of money, then I got bored
And no, I'm not rich yet, but I'm not poor
Stop talking about you sliding in them suns, you did not score
Five niggas tried to jump on me, I shot four
Then I had to whip the other nigga ass
Eighty racks just on grass, you move another nigga bag
My side bitch called trying to fuck, her other nigga mad
Catch me on Greenfield at Golden Sun, hundred in the bag
Can't take the opps serious, them niggas dropped a hundred and I laughed
I ain't gonna lie, I take Percocets cause I be cummin' fast
You tryna spend ten thou' right now? I'm coming fast
If I see an opp out and I ain't strapped, Imma punch his ass
The pint of red was talking back to me, I drunk his ass
I'm still tryna fuck big booty Ari, with her ugly ass
Don't know what kinda car I might get in, but it's something fast
If I drop a hundred shots and they don't drop, then I'm coming back
You ran a hundred up off EDD, you better thank Trump
Bitch ain't take a shower 'fore we fuck, she a stank butt
I just had two pints of Juice, it got drank up
Me and Mike put the city on our back, y'all gotta thank us
Niggas mad, been rapping 10 years and ain't save up
Now it's 10 racks to get us on a track, I know they hate us

You know this shit talkin' shit ain't f-, aight
You know this shit t-, aight

You know this shit talkin' ain't free, they gotta pay up
Just pull up and count the money up, the work weighed up
200 racks off just rap, it took 8 months
200 Blacks, back to back, I got great lungs
The way that bitch suck dick, she got 8 tongues
Bitch keep the same panties on, she got 8 thongs
Dropped an EP and made 300 thousand off 8 songs
My bitch titties fake, lips fake, and she got fake funds
Was finna shoot, then I passed bro the rock, he did a layup
We just popped an opp up at 8 o'clock, fucked his day up
I don't drink, when I take Percocets, it help me stay up
I need this lil nigga popped up, I hit Lil Tay up
Would you believe me if I told you I was sippin' red?
Would you believe me if I told you all the shit I did?
Would you believe me if I told you I fucked her and ain't get the head?
Bitch sent a whole paragraph, I left the bitch on Read
Tryna sleep with 6 hoes tonight, I need a bigger bed
I'll have Lil E chase you down, he got little legs
Bitch left me on stuck, I had little dreads
Now my money long, hair long, I got bigger bands
Tryna carry 100K in dubs, I need bigger pants
Still tryna run a 10 up, you need bigger plans, nigga

Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga, you know what the fuck going on
Free the whole Ghetto, nigga