

## Talk My Shit Pt 4

Sha Gz

Like Don't- Don't Run  
Like, rundown gang, and we spot em, we flame em'  
Like, spot a opp, we gon' up, rearrange em  
Bi-Bitch, I'ma up, don't run, we gon' chase em'  
Like, get the drop onna opp, we gon' blaze em'  
Watch how he run, I'ma just flick em'  
Smoki-Smokin' Bobby and Dotty, I face em'  
Fu-Fuck Notti, tell DD go shape him  
And you really got lit off ya dead  
You got family, cause that was your brother  
Bend through they block, put his kid right up under  
Ho-Hol On wait, I gotta see thunder, like  
Shoot at his bitch and his mother  
Kick on his kid, cause he thought I won't run up  
Take a trip, we gon' get em', my bitch got the knocks  
Just to flock at the munnas

Fuck the opps, tryna flick? I'ma boom em'  
Smokin' Jake, I-I be snoozin'  
Fuck Nazzzy, ain't no pickin' and choosin'

Smokin' Notti and Dotty, I'm shootin'  
Off a 30. I start actin' stupid  
They know my bop, Mr. walk up and boom shit  
Spin through the-, I'ma hold it and shoot it

Li-Like don't run, we jus gon' flame em'  
Li-Like no gun, we jus gon' slay em'  
On my block, I'm like Jason with' Tator  
He-He start runnin' when we get to bangin'  
3 Gz deep, we not gon' chase em'  
Like, Fuck "Shh", them niggas shaped him  
Fu-Fuck West, he died and they laced him  
Fa-Fake yerkey's, why did he take em'?

Like, makin' the dot have a 30  
Like, hol on, wait  
Bet, who the fuck in that whip  
Now look, Like Like, Like  
Hol on, They Right there  
Like Grrah, don't

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