

Gun Talk

Skengdo x AM

Suns out, roof down, don't hesitate
Couple niggas dictate, I demonstrate
See a likkle sweet one, that's lemonade
Said she want the hot sauce, not peri made
We can take a trip like Ella Mai, show me how your mind works, baby I can elevate
And you can get a cheap sandy, bare bands
Now I'm SpongeBob, true I got square pants
I got all this weight on me, I been tryna go gym, just wait on me
Still dripping on your wife, don't hate on me
Caked up, now she got her face on me
I been dishing out work like an agency
Spend a day in my trap, there's vacancies
Been tryna cook food, do it patiently
This is my life, welcome to the bakery

What's all the gun talk? You eediat
Your sticks jam, they don't bang, so leave it
Juice gon' spill on floors like when I'm yaked
Talk them lies but us man don't do that
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Let me gear down tru' the whip, got triptonics
Hot wrist, so I had to put six on it
And they laugh cause they thought it was a dead change, like MTV, I put crib s on it
Ask TFL when I got the buss down, it's the NFL, girls running us down
Put a hole in one anytime I touch down
That's rounds
She ain't got the apple bottom jeans or the boots with the fur
That's a pair of 110s, tell her to move to the curb
From the little sick men doing rounds in the dirt
I don't wanna hear a word, not a noun or a verb
We've always been a pain, even if the car's fucked
That's a order with your name, even if the Star bucks
Always be the same, tell her get her rass up
How you getting starstruck? Tell a nigga park up

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You get barbecued if you do chat
Ghost man up or fry him with my bang
I won't take no chat, I haffi you know man
Feds asking questions, shit, I dunno know man
Stressful times when the block gets hot
Suns still a myth, I can't even go shop
Looking for a what? I swear they're looking for clues

I swear I've had enough of these nosey cops
I work everyday so I'm defo on job
Late night grind, jus' grinding with thots
True say, I can't spill any in one
More time if I did, that's a daughter or a son
What you know about tour and everyone's gone?
Herbs and drip, going round, it's all long
And when I say drip, I'm talking 'bout roc
And when I say roc, I'm talking 'bout Ciroc
Or any other bottle that we got going 'round
You can get buss up for your buss down
Tryna be funny, them man are some clowns
Cah every time I've see man, I run a man down
Run a man down, yeah, I run a man down
Shh got shh when shh got 'round
Your boy'll get lost and he'll never be found
So fix your face, don't give me no frown

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