

Grizzley Talk

Tee Grizzley

(Jose the Plug)

Ayy

Man, this street shit ain't no fun, niggas lost everybody (Everybody)
It ain't even fair no more, the rats be out here catchin' bodies (Crazy)
We ain't 'bout to throw no hands, you know niggas scared to fight (No)
Ain't no mercy for these niggas, bro, they ain't gon' spare our life, nigga
(Drop his ass)

I just had a son, I just had a cub (My baby)
What's even better is he by somebody that I love (My baby)
My real niggas, man, I love y'all like my blood brothers (On my mama)
Hate our name was even attached to certain motherfuckers (On my mama)
Opened up them doors for the D, who gon' say I'm lyin'?
If you goin' off, don't take this bag, this shit ain't worth dyin'
Whole brick of Billie Eilish, stretch it, I took out a nine
R.I.P. my niggas, love them boys like they still alive (R.I.P. my niggas)
MarMar did five, came home, brodie went right back
Shit made me sad, I just wanted bro to get the bag
State dropped the case (Damn), that mean we gotta fight the feds
Even if we down, we gon' make sure we hold up our heads (For sure that)
Seventy percent of my niggas gotta sleep on mats
We can't talk for more than fifteen minutes 'less they call me back
Gotta use they clothes as a pillow, what you know 'bout that?
Cold bitch, I only hit her once, but she came back-to-back (That's a fact)
Street took my pops, police gave me back my mama
Today, I see a little peace, it used to be just drama
My niggas went from gettin' suspended to gettin' indicted
'Cause they ended up shootin', but we started off just fightin' (Free 'em)
I been through them prisons, nigga, I been in them counties (I been in them counties)
I just did a feature, nigga, and pro'd a hundred thousand (Pro'd a hundred thousand)
Ain't gon' speak about these niggas, they some hoes like they mamas
Bitches used to ignore me, now they like, "Why we need a condom?" Ayy
Pull up to the store, I got a four, go get a pop
With my day-one nigga and the plug, told him send a box
I know he gon' tell me chill, all these feds gon' get us hot
You see all this jewelry, but what you better see is this Glock, bitch
Yeah, this a Louis joggin' suit, fuck is you talkin' to?
Fuck out the way when I'm walkin' through 'fore niggas ball on you
I remember when we all was through, I couldn't call on you
Don't know how to mix the song, but I can mix that doggy food (Bring the press)
Boy a real killer, he ain't no real nigga
I can't pay him for no body, he gon' tell the cops who sent him (He gon' tell)
Caught that pussy after dark, damn, I thought they was smart (Get on him)
Tried to throw it in reverse, boy, we threw his shit in park (Skrtrt)
In here stackin' money, and we been stackin' up on choppers
I could leave a million at my brother house and boy, I promise
He might take some pictures with it, but he ain't gon' steal a dollar
Leave a thousand at your brother's shit, he runnin' to Wakanda (He outta there)
Niggas rats, I ain't heard shit, I ain't seen shit
Street shit (Street shit), never mind, y'all be on police shit (Police shit)
Jumpin' on the plane with the bag, I be leery

But the loads still all clipped like size thirty-eight Amiris, ayy (Woo)
 Niggas on my dick, I see 'em all watchin' my InstaSnap (Look at 'em)
 Think you got the drop, send your nigga through and get him clapped (Send 'em)
 Buffs look like white on rice (Buffs look like white on rice)
 Rollie fitted, that bitch hit harder than Iron Mike (That bitch hit harder than Tyson)
 Yeah, boy, when you was gettin' your ass beat by your parents
 I was watchin' my parents baggin' up grams, dreamin' 'bout McLarens
 I was facin' thirty, kept quiet, ayy, can you do that? (Can you?)
 Bro called, send a bag, then I'm like, "You flew through that, nigga" (Damn)
 I'm richer than everybody that I went to school with, ayy (Everybody that I went to school with)
 Teachers included
 And I'm just like you, probably worse, I was on bullshit (I was on bullshit)
 Matter fact, scratch was, I'm still on bullshit (I'm still on bullshit)
 They ain't got love for us, gang, they would've showed it (Fuck 'em)
 Bitch, we be outside so much, niggas think we homeless (We out here)
 When I catch your mans, I'm goin' stupid (Dumb)
 Can't rap about the details 'cause I'm gon' really do it
 Bitch, that money long as train smoke (Bitch, that money long as train)
 Fuck just him, I want his gang smoke, ayy (Fuck just him, I want his gang)
 I got a new crib (New crib), but I call that bitch my old-school (My old-school)
 'Cause that bitch the same size as my old school (Cody High)
 I moved to Cali, they like, "Come back to the trenches"
 I got plugs out here, bro, pop out and fly back with them bitches (Come get 'em)
 Gang takin' niggas hoes, they like, "Come back with our bitches" (Come back)
 Don't even trip, they gon' be back, but in a minute, nigga (Calm down, nigga)
 Knew she was hurt when that bitch text me back like, "Do you" (What?)
 I made it even worse, I text her back like, "Who you?" (Who is this?)
 I ain't even fuck, she ate me like the orange pack of noodles
 Brodie came home from the joint and got to trendin' all on YouTube (The G.O. A.T.)
 Man, that street shit ain't what's up, niggas lost everybody (We lost everybody)
 It ain't even fair no more, the rats be catchin' bodies (Crazy)
 We ain't 'bout to throw no hands, niggas scared to fight
 Ain't no mercy for these niggas, bro, they ain't gon' spare our life, nigga (Bah)