

## Talkin' Bout

Tink

Where the fuck you been at?  
You ain't came to the crib in a minute  
Sitting on the block while I'm looking at the clock  
You ain't thought about me  
You done got so tied up with this street shit  
You can't even make time for a real bitch  
The one that hold your weight when you're working outta state  
How you gonna play me?

Look  
And I ain't even been up on the block  
I'm tryna make it happen, girl, look at all my knots  
And all the loud talking need to stop  
You know you gonna be with me at the top  
When them other bitches not  
I gotta get this cake so I moved state to state  
I ain't called, baby, ain't wanna rub it in your face  
Tell five minute background stay up in his place  
Just wait till I slide, he can to my face

Ain't nobody in the background  
Why you gotta be so petty?  
Heard you fucking on a bitch named Cheley  
Heard you was all in her spot, giving her what I got  
Man, I don't even think that you hear me  
When you was in the jam I was writing them letters  
Couldn't make bail, I was stackin that cheddar  
But you don't even care, all you wanna do is play  
All you really care about is what the guys gonna say

Why you gotta give 'em something to talk about?  
Everybody got opinions but it don't mean shit to me  
I set my own lane, can't no nigga get to me  
If I fuck myself up, it just wasn't meant to be  
And yeah, yeah, you ah hold ah nigga down  
But really that's the reason why I need you around  
We gonna argue and fight when a nigga leave town  
But every time I come home you know I'm a lay it down

This that shit that I be talking, talking about  
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Girl, I don't know what you talking about  
Calm down, why you talking loud?  
I put it all on the line when you're not around  
And you complaining about hoes in another town  
But you forgot all the Gucci, the Prada, Channel  
...Dolce and Gabbana, riding around foreign cars, Benihanas  
Them hoes in the street still can't get a dollar  
What's the problem?

Man, fuck that Gucci, just look how you do me  
You think that designer make up for this shit?  
I buy my own Prada, man, that's not the problem  
The problem is you too caught up with that bitch  
I need you to come home and give me that D  
I need you to not leave the crib when I'm asleep  
I need you to act like a man and stay true to the plan  
If you ready, I'm ready, come on

Look, all this yelling and saying who wrong  
Gone keep going on and on  
So turn off your phone and repeat your favorite song  
Just lay back and play along 'cause I'm tired of talking  
You the only damn thing besides my money on my mind this often  
So I'm a take my time and give you everything that I got on my mind  
Till my mind exhausted

Baby, when we laying down in this bed  
I'm sorry for the little things that I said  
And just like that we were back where we started  
Fuck the bullshit, matter fact, disregard it  
'Cause I got your mine and I swear that we fine  
Till I look through your phone, who this bitch on your line?

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