

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

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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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