

# Chit Chat

TM88

Pi'erre Balmain (Balmain)

All this chit chat, all this chit chat, huh

Yeah

Say it with your chest nigga

All this chit chat, all this chit chat, all this chit chat, huh (Ay)

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Okayyyy!

I might fuck once, I don't wanna call the bitch back

This ain't regular all this KK in a big bag

See my dawgs and all you see is fools with big racks

He at home, he tryna find out where his bitch at

All these niggas, you ain't practice you ain't balling with us

Put my all in, you be conscious with it

Make em' sick, I got em' nauseous

Cullinan wonder what it cost

I ain't just come up, I been putting work in lil nigga

Grindin' for mine that's for certain

Now I get 100 for verses, And fuck it my record is perfect

Don't listen to

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Whole clique fresh, look like Easter

I get cheese like its pizza

I'm getting bread look like pita

I'm with Yeezy, no Adidas

You rock Yeezy, I just seen him

I get richer with my Visa

Murakami stack 3 meters, niggas bitches, niggas divas

Beat the pussy up like Tina

I'll be Martin you'll be Gina

We gon' kick it like its FIFA

I like liquor, I like reefer

Let's get baked, like Anita

Smokin' paper, Wiz Khalifa

Stackin' paper, I'm a reader

Sick of these niggas, I got a fever

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