

Gun Talk

Tom MacDonald

Yeah

Uh, really really though, Mr. Mac

Really hoe

Y'know, it's like they think, they think I'm just some brokenhearted rapper

I tried to tell 'em

That I ain't ever been on some shit

Man, I been on two since you been on one, ya dig?

Don't make the gun talk, y'all don't wanna hear what it's saying

Bust off like ten shots, call that a conversation

Don't make the gun talk, y'all don't wanna hear it saying nothing

Brains everywhere, it go in one ear and out the other

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Bust off like ten shots, call that a conversation

Don't make the gun talk, y'all don't wanna hear it saying nothing

Brains everywhere, it go in one ear and out the other

It go in one ear and out the other

It go in one ear and out the other

It go in one ear and out the other

Milf on your gravestone 'cause you deader than a motherfucker

Bitch

They used to laugh when I would tell them my profession

Now all the bottles are getting passed in my direction

I got a lot of shit in store for them, I'll give them a selection

And they'll probably love it all so much they'll start up a collection

I'm fucking 'round with married hoes

Fake friends, I'll bury those

Priorities in order of getting more pussy is very low

I'm working so hard, they're selling it hard

I'm breaking their hearts, they're breaking in cars

I'm doing it differently than all of my peers

They're all rapping and this shit I do, it's called art

And they know that uh, I'm in my zone now, uh

Don't make me call your bluff, I got another phone now

I left my last one in Greece, on the beach with a bitch that my closest friends will probably never meet

That's on some other side of the shit

Some fall in love with a girl shit

Some make it home and have no house or cash, end of the world shit

But it made me strong and I made it

Couple dope boys at my table

Couple bad hoes on my phone

Couple compliments on my bracelet

They call me "Mr. Fucking Mac". I never asked them to

I barely even said hello, the last time we passing through

I hardly even ever show up at all my lunch dates

My whole life is Friday nights and Sundays, I don't give a fuck

I used to give a fuck, now I give a fuck less

Being empathetic's overrated, nothing but stress

Bitch, I'm on a roll, you rolling through a rough stretch

I can feel you backstabbers hating 'cause you thought I'd never make it, fair enough

'Cause I'm on something different, listen it's a pity that the blind don't share my vision

You are one of many, I am one in a billion

So you can keep your dream small little lemming, I don't give a fuck

They used to think I was a wigger with a dream
Now I'm the hottest motherfucker on the scene, your favorite rapper know it
My mom and dad have told me since I was kid, there wasn't anyone who rolled
their way I did and it's fucking true
Girls fall in love with you
And your friends lie but you see the truth
And your friends die but you make it through
Don't ask why you made it through
It ain't heartless, it's business
You know there's targets and triggers
You know there's victims and killers, don't be a witness hoe
And I know why they cannot fuck with me
'Cause they're April Fools, they're too weak for teen days
And they believe that they die for the truth
But they lie to stay alive and all the lies are the proof, hoe
I'm 'a keep fucking that bitch and all her friends if they are pretty
If her boyfriend getting mad then tell him he can come and get me
I'm 'a keep fucking that bitch as long as she drives me 'round the city
A cat has never got my tongue 'cause I am never eating pussy

So I'm 'a keep driving that whip with no license in the city
And if they don't like that shit they're gon' have to come and get me
I'm 'a keep driving that whip with no license in the city
And if they don't like that shit they're gon' have to come and get me
They fantasy 'bout it, don't write or record it
They talk about life that they don't really live, live
But all my friends about that life so much they should be dead
Yeah, objects in mirror may be closer than they appear
It might be your family, it might be your friend
It might be your foe, it might be your peer, it's awful
Sweat so hard to see all you people turning back when you down, down, down
Lord I need you now, to save me from the evil that surrounds me
You wouldn't know what to think if I told you all these things I did
Probably mess my image up, you know that this business tough
We barely out of school, selling zips outside the pool
Used to steal my moms Intrepid, and had no way of knowing what to do
What the business is
Yeah, the thing about it is which life you never lived
Yeah, the thing about it is which life you never lived
Life you never lived
So I'm 'a keep driving that whip with no license in the city
And they don't like that shit they're gon' have to come and get me
So keep driving that whip with no license in the city
And if they don't like that shit they're gon' have to come and get me
Yeah