

Stick Talk

Uncle Murda

Stick talk, shoot at your nigga feet like I wanna see you crip walk

Do it like OT Genasis so I'ma shoot your legs off
Shawty got a nigga dick hard, I told her my bed soft
All this money and jewelry and cars we got is pissin' the feds off
(oh you can tell they mad at us)

You can tell I'm gettin' to it, I'm walkin' just how the plug walk (lookin' like the black Tony Montana)

On the cellphone, you'll never hear my fuckin' plug talk (oh he don't do cellphones)

You can't run off on my plug, his shooters will let that stick talk (you heard that Plies?)

Or I'm walkin' with a limp 'cause I'm strapped, that's that stick walk (got that chopper on me)

If chopper fired, man down, police gotta go get chalk (they gotta outline him, you heard?)

He was poppin' too much shit, he should've just let that stick talk (hah, stupid)

Mask on, gloves on, my shooters is not gon' get caught (oh this ain't The First 48)

It's a warrant out for my arrest, last week I skipped court (for some wing shit, somethin' light)

Now I'm with the plug in LA havin' brick talk (papi)

He don't count my money when I give it to him 'cause never my shit ain't never been short (oh I don't do consignment)

He tried to go up on the prices like I don't know what that shit cost (oh we ain't doin' that)

Last week he lost some shit in the mail, he mad but it was his fault (when I send it, it get across)

Enough of that plug talk, take it back to that

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You could be me, shit behind me, no codeine, ayy
[?] tryna call me, we was trappin' 'til seven in the morning, hey

Take a picture, how I do that

[?] where the crew at

When I step up in the spot, they be like who that?

Plug walkin' in the spot, I got the boof pack, hey

Led the race, and I really whip bouquets

He can hate but he know what's on the way

Buckle down, and we runnin' from the jakes
I got Pablo on the phone, I found the plug
Then I'm runnin' up my dubs
Yeah them crips and the bloods, everybody show me love
Everybody know what's up
For the low we make it flood

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