

Talkin Bout Nothing

Big K.R.I.T.

Ever since I was a youngin
Up in my grandmamma house
Watchin "The Mack", reciting it back
Like boy what you talkin bout
Droppin a switch, hittin a lick
Tryna get rich off in this bitch
Droppin my top, I'm poppin my trunk
I'm whippin my wheel like I'm whippin my grits
These niggas ain't shit, these niggas ain't real
These niggas is frauds
Most of these niggas been coughing kush and loving all
on they broads
When I pull up, car slam a do', break a ho down
Run her throat till it so bad that ho ride
I say hold up, damn
KRIT that fucked up, I know it
They say hold up, damn
KRIT let's pour up, I four it
I, I, I, I'm feeling good, feeling great
How are you?
Show much space when I pop my tape
Can't feel my face, can you feel yours too?
I got this here, I got this here
Might have to chop that up
Her pussy wet, she spot the dick
Might have to mop that up
She say what's head, I'm tryna fuck
Might have to prop that up
Bout that dough, got that up
Don't act no shy, bitch slap it up

I need that (I need that)
I want that (I want that)
I'm bout that (I'm bout that)
What's happenin? (What's happenin?)
I seen that (I seen that)
I bought that (I bought that)
I own that (I own that)
I'm snappy (I'm snappy)

Ya'll niggas ain't talkin bout nothing
Not a thing, not a not a thing ho
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That I can't do, that you done done that I ain't did

Ain't nobody trippin on yo ho, ain't into that
Ain't nobody trippin on yo ho, I give er back
Cut er slack, let er go, cause she was in the VI
Ain't like I be askin for attention when I be
Got so much tip that I can't see
Ya'll stressin busses with they feet out
If you ain't suckin or fuckin
Well, you should keep up

Shoot the kind of bill, when they buss it gotta be by
She ain't gotta beg, if she lookin I can see
Right on that V, I drop yo tea top
Hater tend to levy
The bottles servin, poppin, Shawty look at all that we
got
Look at all that we on
Tell them blokes just be gone
Fuck wutchu been talkin bout, they catch up with my
feet
Don't make no love for these haters, ain't no love for
these fakes
What? There's a bone in the country, I ain't trippin on
a snake
I been fishin for these bitches
All I ever had was bait
If you think you got a problem with it, tell it to my
face

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