

# Talk My Shit

## Hustle Gang

Your crew ain't no killers, your hittas ain't hit shit  
What's your body count nigga, y'all niggas don't live that shit  
All these extended clips, sick dicks  
Every nigga made my hit list, got scratched off like quick pick  
You're not a gangsta, you're a crook  
Put down a gun, get a book  
You're just a diamond with some fire, that's why your shooting don't look  
Smile soldier, no train  
Then IKEA get hit  
Sucker living in the rep, that's why your wig get split  
They say they some shooters, I don't believe these niggas  
They say they some hittas, well I don't need these hittas

Nah, I don't need these hittas, they gon' turned me into a killer  
Tryna flush 'em like a shitter, fire comin' through your pillow  
Bet I make a nigga quit, 150 in the stick  
I'm just tryna get ya fixed, put this all up in ya mix  
Anywhere I go I'm piped down, play with tha Truth and get wiped down  
If I go to beef and I bite down, pull up on ya black out like it's lights do  
wn  
Ski mask and a driver, gun checkin' for a coast  
Let them youngins go to work, they just here to get ya Why you playin' with  
a boss, you ain't graduate the corner  
Keep it movin' in a new whip, truck'll beat you to a coma  
Get your bitch cause I was on her, head shot now she a domer  
When I'm done I'm getting lost, sorry for you I'm a loner  
I don't care bout 'em I finesse 'em, every diamond on me random  
Gang flier then a jet, I just need a place to land' em

I got a stick, let it hit  
I'm finna talk my shit  
Run up on me get brrr  
Hoes all in your fit  
Run up on me get hit  
Let me talk my shit  
Bet I talk with the stick  
I ain't tryna hear shit

Air it out to my man con, I'ma shoot y'all and some  
When I pull up with a stick, we gon' hold you for ransom  
My gun shaking, hold me  
Like I got a nose bleed  
Bukubookubukubookuboomboom  
Like Pac nigga, you can't hold me  
Tryna turn up on me, get shot in the mouth  
We ain't playing bitch, not in the South  
I kill ya outside, and not in the house  
I got respect for your momma, but not your spouse  
I tie that bitch up and rape her too  
Bitch show me the bricks, the boy got an account  
Twenty two in ya stomach, and bitch runnin' a leg  
Keep squirming around and get one in the head  
Boy I'm gon' out you, I don't nothing 'bout you  
It's Hustle Gang, you don't care bout who?  
Bout to pull quick, cause y'all ain't doin' shit  
I load the machine gun up out you  
Brrrr brr brr brr pa pa pa, ya feel me

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