''talking''

it was a hot summers night i was kickin it with gangsta.. fred out at hide park

rollin chasin paper.known we keep tha best of green so you know i'm

smokin, lotta niggaz out here clean so you know i'm scopin.i ain t wit that

scuffin shit, or wit being broken, waitin for a sucka to stick, yeah thats what

i was hopin.spotted me a nigga, candy paint a hundred spokin, sip pin on his

liquor wit that blowface on that cokin, bullets they will burn just like lava

that is molten, you victims will learn to resist'll get ya croak in.always kept a

thang and bandana never knowin, when i have ta git my mayne, pull em out and poke

em, all up in ya grill ya drops it off, cuz i have spoken, i know that your

sick, but lets not git ya momma mopein, snatched him out tha car hit tha gas dawg

it's hissin, he down came on down, but out his head a patch was missin.

90 days at the penna farm(that aint shit)3 bags and a firearm(t hat aint

shit) bogus tags and a bench warrant(that aint shit) police all a t $\operatorname{\mathsf{my}}$ mommas

home(that aint shit)

left tha car weeks behind cypress garden projects, east memphis where we make

the stang, and thats to far bet, nigga hit up fred for some rims , he said

whatcha like, sold em to our nigga bigga mayne out at mitchell h eights, made tha

quicky change then we went and bought a pound pound, straight ta gangstaz house

with no remorse we broke it down down, 20 dollar bags all in nor th memphis serve

em up, ridin wit these bogus tags, mayne we aint givin a fuck, map core on chelsea

ave seen tha sucka that we got, we done sold a bag to his patna now he lookin

hot, raisin up a pistol dawg and nigga started blastin, i return ed tha favor,

you know me no questions askin, donuts in tha lot tha niggaz pul led off we got

blocked in, i hopped out tha car seen tha police and threw thegl ock in..to the

garbage can, they did'nt see me but they caught a nigga wit the ${\tt m}$ three bags

gangsta fred wit his steel trigga,