

Talk About It

The Lox

Talk about it
You don't live it, you talk about it
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Niggas talking it but ain't living it
Read it and weep on him
His jewelry look cheap on him
Them goons gonna sleep on him
Late night they gone creep on him
Man, talk about it the hood
Talk about them guns, talk about them bitches, talk about it your ones
You don't live it, you just talk about it
Counting blood money in the telly
I'm hanging up, talking drug money on the celly
Nice whip, bigger houses, bitch ain't blind, she see a nigga outfit
Gansta mobsta, I'm in the outfit
Mafioso, Trey Ocho
Either pays up or sprays up the popo
Your gangsters local, mine is bi-costal, rather worldwide
I used to sling girl on my girl ride, hoping that the world die
Heart darker then Gotham
Raised by wolves, this rich nigga's a problem
Know about stardom, top down in Harlem
Rock the Apollo, rocked out the Garden
Milk white whip, I'm lactose intolerant
Yeah, I'm a ghost but I got goons and goblins, nigga
Read it and weep on him
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Man, talk about it the hood
Talk about them guns, talk about them bitches, talk about it your ones
You don't live it, you just talk about it
Talk about it, no, be about it
Inquiring minds wanna know if he about it
Nothing can really go down unless he allow it
Cause his arm in the hood is as strong as a kilo of powder
Next question is what it cook like, though?
And it sound good, but that ain't what it look like, though
Life's a bitch and I can't wait to book that hoe
I ain't no rapper, dog, I'm a crook that flow
Yo whip cost a half a mil, talk about it

When you see my shit parked, walk around it
You could just smell my weed and cough around it
Ain't no need trying to leave, you're all surrounded
You gonna learn the hell fire's real
When the king talk, you can't tell sire to chill
He'll have your body all in the ground with chalk around it
And that's something to talk about, so talk about it
Read it and weep on him
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Man, talk about it the hood
Talk about them guns, talk about them bitches, talk about it your ones
You don't live it, you just talk about it
Heavy verse, you tell me what you buying
Feel free to just stop lying
You ain't get a deal yet, stop trying
Why you going through her phone? Stop spying
Niggas talking it, it's unfortunate, you ain't popping nothing, nigga, put a cork in it
I bagged up kilos for real
I was in the street waving that steel
Fighting in the street, they cut my nigga Bill
When your homies die it take time to heal
I been hard as nail
I swam with the whale
I been had money, I just never had the sales
Couple million sold, probably went gold
The same chick you dating drink my whole load
Bow down to the great, nigga, I'm straight
But why you on camera if you really moving weight?
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