

Talk That Talk (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Project Pat)

Juicy J

[Intro]

Come and get some money accept a invitation
You just talk a lot of shit but shit don't impress me
Come and get some money accept a invitation
You just talk a lot of shit but shit don't impress me[Hook]
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[Verse 1: Juicy J]

I'm a mafia nigga I got white friends
Blacked out smoked out in that white Benz
Still go hard til the night ends
My niggas on the blocks like tight ends
You niggas ain't street never move along
Can't go to the club, Get followed home
Your niggas might change when they under pressure
When the feds come and get em answer every question
Its some niggas in yo clique that'll start hatin
When you flying up the charts makin top paper
And these thirsty ass bitches wanna have your baby
An these fuck niggas wanna try to assassinate ya
G. ass nigga yeah I bought my crown owner
Doe B the only nigga that can look down on me
Catch a nigga while he sleep
Whip him with the heater to his head
With the pistol then drag him out the bed
I have to keep in mind this rap game is like the trap
And keep your eyes on them niggas actin like they got your back
I know what I'm talkin' bout I'm speakin the truth
It is what it is[Hook]

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You just talk a lot of shit but shit don't impress me[verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]
Don't be running up on me talking that shit
Don't be round me not smoking no dope

Don't be round me not spending no cash
Dont be
Nigga don't be a hater
Don't think about it now just do it big
Really wanna do it big then jump in my whip
Nothin but real ones in my clique
They be dumpin' them clips, they be all on them trips
They be mobbin for chips, and we all got a zip
Got six joints already rolled
I done broke too many phones
I done fucked too many hoes
And we all got a zip
Got six joints already rolled
I done broke too many phones
I done fucked too many hoes
(your bitch said she wasn't gonna smoke no more)[Hook]
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You just talk a lot of shit but shit don't impress me[Verse 3: Project Pat]
187 maybe hell maybe heaven
Blowed off sawed off dirty mac 11
Bust one unforgiven fast life I be livin'
Young nigga pay attention know its life in prision
Masked up flagged up
Nigga had his back turned, chopper shot his back up
Get his ass clapped up
Strippers famous
Always got smoke comin' out the chamber
Lames be in the wrong place at the wrong time
Talkin' about bad about me young niggas fine
Say you gonna rob me young nigga heard him
Got love for pat, young nigga served him
Used to cop from a old head so he curbed him
Got flat turned rat he murked him
These niggas play games like a killer
Weak ass nigga be bitch ass nigga
Real nigga like pat get money
Say to hell with these bitches fuck honey
I'mma get bread I'mma stack change
Nigga get wrong I'mma blow his brain
Straight to kingdom come my nigga
Round here we ride foreign my nigga

Round here bodies be storin' my nigga[Hook]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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