

# No Talkin'

## Boyz N Da Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ay, I got a 45 magnum kitted  
And you will rarely see me grab my dick without grabbing it with it  
If you want, I can tag ya with it  
And you can tell ya fam 'cause I'll let ya whole family feel it Y'all punks, blood pump, fags and sissies  
Hoppin' in and out of bed with niggaz  
And turn around and say ya pimpin'  
Man ya trippin', ask ya women  
But she ain't heard, ya listenin' to the man and griffin I don't talk, I'm bout action really  
And I don't need a glass of Remy to cock back and blast the semi  
Man it's in me, I'm tellin' ya, thuggin' in my bone  
Get me wrong, I'ma put one off in ya dome nigga No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill  
Ya momma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill  
Ya momma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give I'm stuck in the gutta my nigga, life don't mean shit to me  
I'm broke and my daughter cryin', and I'm lyin' to the jury  
I see no hope in my future, abandoned by them folk killing me  
Boy I swear, since my granny died, I don't know what got into me I've been thinking of suicide, no Nyquil to go  
to sleep  
No dough just to wake me up and be forcing myself to eat  
Most my niggaz don't live right, my life throwed from the get go  
Folk better try to get their mind right, plus my nine bout to let go We in the middle of the limelight, I'm bout to  
ride to the liquor store  
We on the pills or that good weed, talk and I'll wind that trigga boom  
I might ride through the hot spot, police chillin' in they plain clothes  
I might pull up in the hot bar, no talks back that in them lame hoes No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we  
shootin' to kill  
Ya momma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill

Ya mamma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
 Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
 Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give Yo, posted up in cul-de-sacs, with plastic gats and fifty packs  
 Niggaz they pull drastic acts, twenty stacks will get ya whacked  
 I touch ya with that steel, cut ya off like daffodils  
 Hit ya with the button, leave ya drowsy like some Benadryl Casting gears been in the field, Ola bear share many  
 tears  
 Saw her baby boy get killed, sho baby boy hella trill  
 Keep it G for all to see, but all don't keep it G like me  
 All don't see shit how I see, couldn't be in the spots I be Everybody know Big Dukey known to act a fucking  
 donkey  
 Keep a chump dumped off in the trunk, that's why it's smelling funky  
 MTV, don't try to 'Punk' me, leave that cracker head lumpy  
 Fuckin' hoes and bustin' fo's so long, they call me Humpty Dumpty No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we  
 shootin' to kill  
 Ya mamma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
 Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
 Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill  
 Ya mamma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
 Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
 Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give Ay, close ya eyes, let me take ya there  
 Got a prison sentence tucked off in my underwear  
 62 grams nigga, servin' straight deuces  
 Young nigga riding Magnum, squattin' dub deuces Mind on my money, money on my mind  
 Snitch call me up, exit's on the line  
 For the love of these exotic cars  
 We'll risk it all, even time behind bars My reality is yo nightmare  
 And this is my life, it's no nightmare  
 I ain't slept in two weeks, shit I'm paranoid  
 They snatched my patna up, the alphabet board No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill  
 Ya mamma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
 Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
 Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give No talkin', no fussin', no flossin', we shootin' to kill  
 Ya mamma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children  
 Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the buildin'  
 Ya want it, it's nothin', whatever, we got it to give

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>