Let's Talk About (feat. Drag-On)

Eve

[Eve] (Drag-on) Ugh (Come on, uh) Uh-huh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh) Uh-uh-uh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh) Yo, yo (uh, uh)[Eve] Let's talk about who I am Blond bee, find me in the hood with my peoples Love y'all, hate the rest of y'all that I can see through Above that, I can't feel nothin' unless it's lethal Testin' your moves, never that, make no position fetal, uh[Drag-on] I want to talk about Dog nigga, L-O-X, Eve, and me Now that's the hottest thing in the streets Are beats is Swizz Cheesed up with holes in the shit Like a log rolled thick And ain't nothin' sweet but Drag-Eve tracks Honey Roasted Burn until its been around the hour, fuck that [Eve] Yo let's talk about Platinum plaques, hangin' on my wall See me decorated, she's the one Heard 'em say it, see me celebrate I pop shit when it's necessary, not for nothin' I use clips for them big beefs See me bustin', plow![Drag-on] I want to talk about bitches I fucked I'm a dog so I can't stand no bitch that hounds I far from a clown If I'm not knocking her down, Drag's probably not around So I'm not one to claim by either one of you dames If y'all catch Drag with a mane, trust me She got my last name Here's the hook, uh[Drag-on] Now Drag gon' show y'all niggas how we lock this shit [Eve] Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we drop these hits [Drag-on]

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) On (E)

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[Drag-on]
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Now Drag gon show y'all niggas how we lock this shit [Eve]

Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we drop these hits [Drag-on]

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris

Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)[Eve]

Let's talk about little dick niggas

Always talkin' bout what you got

Rather be finger-popped

Dick probably the size of a bough stuffed with rocks

Fuck the cop nigga, go shoot pool, pussy plot

You make me cum, I might flood the block, wet on my socks[Drag-on]

I want to talk about guns niggas don't bust

Y'all need to see me if y'all want to see shells pop out

Make you say watch out, when I got my glock out

Niggas clock out, cause I run up in your watch house

Snatch up all your rocks out

Then throw your box out

Ya motherfuckers better watch out[Eve]

Yo, let's talk about fake ass bitches

Lying to yourself, you ain't ready for the world mama

Beggin' every second hungry, life drama

Get your own stacks

Why you think these Niggas pussy hungry

Cause you actin' triflin'

Layin' up, takin' his money, uh[Drag-on]

I want to talk about live or die

Fuck you and I

Niggas will fry like stripped bacon

I leave them shakin'

Keep 'em sizzlin'

Fuckin' with them you might win

But they only got six shots with a barrel that spin

And us our clip is spinning

And hittin' all their men[Eve]

I want to talk about ryde or die

My dogs control confrontation

In any situation

Five niggas on your team

Five niggas you replacing

Five niggas used to gleam

Five niggas left with nathan

But their game that we took

And now they back to chase it[Drag-on]

I want to talk about biting ass niggas

Let me see y'all niggas catch the flow

Go red-vest with the four-four blow

Ya Niggas gonna hit the ground for sure

Nigga let me know if you want more

If he catch you with a pound to choke, you know

Nigga never die slow, till his eyes close

Then jump on the highway, I go

Man fuck the po-po, them niggas is moving slow mo, come on

Here's the hook, uh[Drag-on]

Now Drag gon' show y'all niggas how we lock this shit

[Eve]

Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we drop these hits [Drag-on] (Eve)

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit [Eve]

Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we drop these hits [Drag-on] (Eve)

Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)

Songwriters

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