Walk It, Talk It

Yung Wun

Oh yeah
All in formationWe gon' walk wit it
(Hey)
We gon' talk wit it
(Ooh)
Got me screamin' out
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that againWe gon' walk wit it
(Hey)
We gon' talk wit it
(Ooh)
Got me screamin' out
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that againThis face expression of a baller
Shot calla, gettin' down for miles of travelin' through these walls
Leavin' the green ova bitches, shady tells a 50 licks
It's sad I had to leave 'em in critical conditionsUp in that hoodlum wall club pourin' liquor on niggaz
It's green fellish for life there, they go hit the lights
Back do it in park, as I bounced up out that cash po'
Call up Joe, where he at? He at tha airportDuckin' an' runnin' from these po pos they outta control
30 cops chasin' a nigga from the ghetto
Got away clean, [unverified]
Tired as hell, I put that suit case downWe gon' walk wit it
(Hey)
We gon' talk wit it
(Ooh)
Got me screamin' out
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again6 o clock in tha mourin' stretchin' and yawnin' as the sun rise
Poorin' out liquor fo all my soldiers that died
In these ghetto days, bussin' bottles and shoot the bitches
It's them ghetto ways, them ghetto ways
(Hey)My 1st mission of the day, wit a swisha fired up
They say ya back in the trap again shorty so what
Where the weed at? Believe that, I need that, so [unverified] niggaz
On the south side get slackIs it my last day, I don't knoe, but if I go
Put a blunt in my casket shorty let mah soul smoke
So on 3, PPG fast street for cannonville
On the souf side where hard heads ride we keep it realWe gon' walk wit it

(Hey)
We gon' talk wit it
(Ooh)
Got me screamin' out
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that againI'm tryin' to cop the new bently thang
I already got the fansies off the lot wit tha Cuban Frames
4 4's on top I move them thangs
ya car slippin' in tha hood ya mite loose ya brain[Unverified]
Like a black bird, that's rite, high up on the curve
David Atten on mah face like CFA, GIA but call 'em Dedra Allison
Bay banks and billoms high flys and hideawaysIn Dresden stay and play
I got tha Nelly claw on the seize and do'
Ya neva saw a Yung
Nigga do this shit befo'We gon' walk wit it
(Hey)
We gon' talk wit it
(Ooh)
Got me screamin' out
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that again
Yung bunch, y'all don't say that againLet 'em kno, every hood roun
The world this how we doin' this here
Yung Wun, knoe what I'm sayin'
Bringin' it to ya on the realUncut strait street, all hood
America, we have a problem
4 real it's goin' downDo it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, hit that mutha
Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, hit that mutha
Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, hit that mutha
Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, hit that muthaEast Side what, West Side what
Down South motha fuka, where tha mouf motha fucka
East side, West Side, North Side, South Side
Mississippi in dis thang rite
ATL man, St. Louis man, magnolia, bounce bak, get that what

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