

# Walk It, Talk It (feat. David Banner)

Yung Wun

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh yeah  
All in formation 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 again 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 again This 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 conditions Up 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 airport Duckin' 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 down 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 again 6 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, 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>