

# Walk It, Talk It

## Yung Wun

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 slack  
Is 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 real  
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  
I'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 hideaways  
In 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 again  
Let '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 real  
Uncut strait street, all hood  
America, we have a problem  
4 real it's goin' down  
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 mutha  
Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, hit that mutha

East 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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