

Talk About It

Chinx Drugz

In that red flame clug it up the lane
Gripping all green, bitch, I'm in the game.
(Nigga talk about it)
Fuck 'em all, I ain't jacking what they say
Looking both ways, watching for them lanes
(Nigga talk about it)
Feeling good, money straight, purp on deck,
Nigga talk about it, nigga talk about it, nigga talk about it. Eight racks, throw it up, more drink, call me up.
Rolls Royce, roll it up, cold boys, you know what's up
Nigga fly in a ball eagle, hands stay filthy,
But I tell 'em white people that it's all equal.
Picture we game, 'cause we all sit.
All that fuck shit has only got legit
So a pine box, curtains close night shots
And leaved out, you do the same, watch out and do it again.
All green out, watch out and do a change.
You ain't swaying in the rain, nigga use your mind
Try to get the whole thing, nigga use your brain.
People high cut this nigga off, I didn't took the lane.
Maserati, Kawasaki, roll it over,
Cold boys got the city in a smash, sell fifty, all cash
If they ain't talking math you're the ones that blow paths. In that red flame clug it up the lane
Gripping all green, bitch, I'm in the game.
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Fuck 'em all, I ain't jacking what they say
Looking both ways, watching for them lanes
(Nigga talk about it)
Feeling good, money straight, purp on deck,
Nigga talk about it, nigga talk about it, nigga talk about it, nigga talk about it.
Talking about that glass house, talking about that goals
Talking about success got these niggas by the probe.
You ain't talking about a thing, yeah, I pull the strings
Like a five lanes slighten all of those flavors.
Got a fifty k lit, couple inches on his lip,
Bet this time is super skinny, slight with you bet he.
Niggas out there they get theirs clocks fixed
While they jagging ass all these niggas do a shot lift.
Talking about city on my back, nigga, that's a fact
Had a low run, had a weasel on the back.

Different colored jems got me looking like the imms
Way all away up like I'm lifting up the gym.
Niggas do the same shit these hoes do,
Hurry up and die, fuck, nigga, I didn't told you.
Few years I've been shaking in the game
Fuck what you're talking, 'cause our conversation ain't the same. In that red flame clug it up the lane
Gripping all green, bitch, I'm in the game.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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