

Walk It, Talk It

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

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