

Yung Wun "Walk It, Talk It"

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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
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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

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6 o'clock in the mornin' 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

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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 the 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'

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(Ooh)
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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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