

Big Pokey

"Who Dat Talkin Down"

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(Big Steve-R.I.P)

Who dat mad, who dat talkin down
Mad cause them ballers from the South showin pop
surround
Me and my partners recline, we put it down
Roll, ball, but not out of control, sit swolle
A hustler out that Boss Ness Click
Crestmont to King, Grandpappy be the lick
See these haters kinda fear and they knowin
Big ol diamond rings keep the whole damn stage
glowin
And I keep pourin, eighth of drank in the soda
I'm the mothership floater and precise rhyme quoter
And it's over, cause me and that Poke, we done told ya
Mobbin just like a soldier in a big ol Range Rover
Hum-V even wanted me, Big Steve
Track records gon show I'm a run the industry
With a trick up my sleeve, blow the best of weed
And a million dollar stack is what the fuck a nigga need

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(Big Steve)

Eleven in the mornin, I jumped up in my foreign
Popped up, cocked up, and my trunk was yawnin
Showin high in my ride, wide body finesser
Grippin grain down Gessner bout to bust a compressor
Tvs, VCs, that's the way it go down
Screens fallin, big ballin sittin low to the ground
See we floss like true, keep the weed and juice
Paul Chevy sittin heavy in a two-door coupe

Mash four, top to roll, Bun B, with a long haired freak
Marquises in the piece, turn the heat up
Cause niggas be jacked, they some cheaters
Take the form of block bleeders
Drippin paint off the feeder streets
Sweepers in Tex, big Benz and the Lex
Five pointers in my ear, fifteen on my neck
Big face on the check, Navigators and Rovers
Twenty inches to the floor, with my V-12 motor

Now, who dat mad, who dat talkin down
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(Big E)
Who dat be, talkin down from my blind side
Crystal grain when I slide in my big ol G ride
Naked hide gots to be shown by Big E
Haters worried bout a G, but they still can't see me
And Paul and P, bout to swoop in the coupe
We for real about the loot, watch the glock nine shoot
In the hoop, tinted up mafia style
Loose lips sank ships, so won't you close em a while
Ghetto child from the Southside be wreckin
Put my time in the kitchen, now them boys respectin
Still jettin off in that silver bullet
Capers I'm a pull and keep you niggas gal lookim
It's on I be cookin pie, rest is shook and
Had to plot and plan, now the money's been tookin
Givin the industry a raw naked ass whoopin
Can't see us baby, cause all the shows we be bookin

(repeat chorus in background)
That's for all you ho-ass niggas out there talkin down
on real muthafuckin
playas...We rollin muthafuckin Range Rovers,
Coupes...Silver Bullets,
bitch...On Twenties...Wide bodies...You hoes better stop
trippin...Roll wit
us, or get your muthafuckin ass rolled over...Chevis
Entertainment for
life...You know who we talkin to, Bitch

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