

## **Dru Down "Talkin' Shit"**

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What's up motherfuckers  
I'm talkin major shit motherfuckin day, you feel

I'm coming strait from the Oakland streets  
I got let u niggaz know when the end meets  
So here we go come and take a ride with me  
In the streets of the motherfuckin fifties

First of all let me take you for a five-minute ride  
Come back for, one nigga just died  
And I don't even trip of for shit  
That it takes for a motherfuckin lick  
Be strong, stand tall, a hold your grounds up, be a  
mack like Dru Down  
A nigga who stands on his tiptoes  
And I love short hair fine hoes  
Nappy hairs don't remind me  
Cause I'm blind just like Run DMC  
C and H don't you like this shit a funky rap to another  
funky hit  
Niggaz wanna know about me  
The capitalized serial killa a double D  
Well nigga back up take fifty feet  
Unless you want your teeth layin on the concrete  
Cause am not playin no games  
Never did never will now what's up mayn  
You wan test some skills  
Well let's test your skills on the real  
Uh, nigga you ain't shit  
A punk kissing ass and lickin on some dick  
And I knew by the way you move  
You were switching the hips and perking them lips  
You was a fagot ass bitch  
But don't trip cause a nigga like me just talkin shit

You feel that I'm talkin major shit bitch  
Ha one two one two here I go with the flow  
Now what you got say about me talkin shit  
I aint never been to legit to quit  
Cause a nigga like me is on the go  
Always being real true to the hoe  
Never turn to the white man just a black man

To some brothers now you understand  
Cause a nigga aint trippin no more of the white folks  
I just got to get my money on  
And this is out for you ballas  
Shit, popo stay off the dick  
Cause you motherfuckers keep on jackin  
I'm gonna get feed up, something gonna happen  
I may run and get tha AK take nine  
I dammed near forget to creep to the 4 five  
But a nigga aint loose I get juice when it comes to me  
wearing toe boots  
In case I got to throw AK to the shit  
And then I get crossed to check  
I don't play no I don't fuck around  
21 years in the Eastside Oak town  
I bet you couldn't hang like I did  
Being a mack pimp player at age ten  
But science I was young and talk a little bit  
I listend up and when I spoke I talked major shit

A well a brother like me feel bionic  
Every time I'm puffin on a joint of the cronic  
Yeah, I wear five nine dickies  
I'm sayin fuck 8 ball I drink Mickies  
So peep this here I go  
I say whats up to my folks from the five O mail row  
And back cross two  
I aint forgot about my partners form the five 2, foo  
And we can keep it on the strive  
I throw a peace sign, for six five and six nine  
And I'm gona keep it on a go  
I wants some bounce lets go to seven nine eight O  
And yeah am talkin big shit  
Roll up the window come with me to the land and hit  
nine six  
And ride, and say whats up to my folks  
But for me to say names that's brother off  
And so we steady getting high buffin Marvin Gaywe  
And science we ridin throug the streets hit nine eight  
End even I'm down the street around the block  
I can't forget about my folks from Plymouth Rock  
well I'm finished I'm quit through talkin shit,  
Don't forget  
Dru Down keeps guns and clips and clips and clips

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