

Every Mother's Son "Talk Big Shit"

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[Mac Dre]

Is it Sleep Dank?
Cutthoat Committee
Real shitty, nothing pretty
Is it Sleep Dank?

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I'm in a tight seven tre
Four fifty four, four door, mob shot Chevrolet
Got four fifteen, Lanzars
Hitting so damn hard that I'm setting off alarms
Got a fat backwood, car tacked out
Fat four four that'll blow a niggas back out
Squatted real low, dank wood killing me
AC chilling me, but yall ain't feeling me
A Cutthoat pimp, tripping and flashing
Dipping and dashing, I'm sick when I'm smashing
M-A-C, Dre bitch
Pay bitch if you really want to stay bitch

[Verse 2: Dubee]

I bring fire, retire (?) wannabe killas
Can't fuck with, now who you be, I be that nigga
Steady ready to snatch it ticket wicked with a fashion
Tough as Tinactin, that bend tricks with a fastness
Dipping and dashing, four door Chevy smashing
Representing that raw shit, to your jaw shit
We be flawless, putting paper over all this
But yall just, niggas up in the way up on some garbage
That jargon, that make a nigga empty every cartridge
Walking target, make you park it where you start it
I'm hocking a loogie, its Dubee, I'm telling you
PSD, Sleep and Dre and this nigga bout revenue

[Chorus]

TALK BIG SHIT
Big shit talking niggas is off in the building
TALK BIG SHIT
Exo, cognac, privilege hennesey spilling, we living
TALK BIG SHIT

All on a hoe, yall ought to know
TALK BIG SHIT
At the mall or the store, your broad spending doe

[Verse 3: PSD]

See basically hoe, we hyper spaced out
Play for the doe but stop hating me hoe
Squat up on a one tre zero zero Honda model
No helmet on riding one time
Shining and glistening, hoes eyeing and listening
Judge dying and sentencing, girls smile when they
mentioning
Two hundred dollars worth of smell (?) they slipping
him
Quarters zippers on my (?) if its twelve I'm hitting him
Long or (?) green weed stall my lids and a Cutthoat is
all I'm is
Me and my niggas hollering what hoe, we all on a bitch
Suck a dick if you cant fuck hoe, swallow the kids

[Verse 4: Sleep Dank]

Check the formats, lay suckas down like floor mats
Those who approach get pulled like stagecoaches, we
floor cats
Turned up with no blood lets make it official
These squares play the front,
We in the back highly sparked off scud missiles
Sip on fosters slowly, hoes drop they panties just to
know me
And show me, when the five hundred post, bitches kick
it like shinobi
Plenty fuck trophies; I rock a bitch like a rollie
Give her two dubs nigga tell her bring me back 40
Scum of the slum, call the bitch names
Separate the busters from the thugs, floss it in there
face
But would I paper chase, these niggas grab the nickel
plate
And X the faith, on any sorry bitch who want to play

[Chorus]

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