

## Little Feat

### "Talk is Cheap"

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[Tommy Wright III talking]

The number one hated, the most wanted  
The all want us, the FBI, DEA, the CIA, ATF  
What the fuck do y'all want?  
(All you do is run your Goddamn mouth)  
You don't know what you gettin' in  
(..Boy you ain't finna do a Goddamn thing..)  
What the fuck wrong wid you boy?  
(..Goddamnit if you gon' bring it, bring it on...)  
My nigga T-Roc what's up?, Destineal, whoopin' on  
niggas

[Verse 1: Tommy Wright III]

Everything I say I'ma do it for real  
Me and Lil Sko finna go for the kill  
Niggas talk shit when I let go hit the floor  
Make a hoe drop like dominoes I'ma go  
Out the patio cause the po-pos at the door  
Gotta lay low, I'm the man wid the say-so  
Feds want mo' ah the underground pro  
Still servin' junkies scalin' up the hootie hoe pajerio  
Feel me hoe, I'm the one that's all in ya shit  
You the one I'm tellin' all my niggas go an' get  
Cryin' like a bitch when the thirty R six  
Boutta spit sick shit just like Blair Witch  
Wanted me to let the nigga look at my car  
Don't wanna get killed better burn some rubber  
Already took six two sent dead brothers  
I wasn't raised by my mom I raised my mother  
Fuck talkin' boy and back it up just like ass  
You peep up on ah, meet up on ah, creep up on ah  
Sneak up on ah, peep up on ah, leap up on ah, beat up  
on ah  
And heat up on him lookin' like I am wid long hair and a  
mask  
I'ma mash everytime they make one dime  
I'ma blast soon if they fuck wid mine  
Fuck squashin take caution when you talk about  
Memphis  
It's Tommy time and who the fuck told you different  
Nigga y'all ain't the shit y'all just the piss

That come up out my dick wid Canadian Mist  
Betta have a tone goin' on wid this  
What I make and what my way of sight gives is hits  
Witness, better send a letter to the CIA  
This is gonna get a bitch sprayed  
Talk is cheap just like the river runs deep  
Talk is cheap like every hoe is a freak beep

Chorus: C-9 & [Tommy III]

Talk is cheap, we creepin' so thick  
We blastin' on haters wid nothin' but anna  
[Body bags, body casts]  
You niggas gonna die tryna fuck wid my stamina  
(4x)

[Verse 2: Lil Sko]

I'm sick ah this he say she say shit  
I'm pointin' some fingers I'm callin' some names  
Haters be talkin' mo' shit than a project bitch  
I ain't in this game for the motherfuckin' fame  
I'm steppin' on toes puttin' niggas in chokeholds  
So keep that ass away, like no dough  
Frontin' like you ain't no hoe  
It'll be mo' niggas comin' wid razor fours  
Even if you packin' yo heat  
I betta not catch ya slippin' in the streets, nigga What!  
On the realer my nigga, if it never get bigger  
You still my nigga, you still my nigga  
Now how many motherfuckin' niggas wanna roll wid  
Sko,  
Pimp hoes wid Sko, sell blow wid Sko, do shows wid Sko  
Just the way that this Dirty South shit supposed to go  
Lil Sko wid the pro nigga you ain't know?  
Well now ya know, if you a friend or foe  
If you a lady or hoe, if you rich or poor  
You really need to recognize ya being Memphisized  
I'm stickin' and shootin', in between ya eyes  
I'm puttin' me wood, in between ya hoe thighs  
Why ya actin' surprised when ya really need to realise  
That I'll leave a nigga paralyzed,  
Sko and Tommy III nigga we down for whatever  
Better get ya shit together nigga gangs is terror  
And come up with a plan, that's fortune for clever  
Dis Street Smart write ya seed an' aunt a letter

[Tommy Wright]

Everytime we dis a nigga what we do we shut 'em down  
Everytime we run into them motherfuckaz not a sound  
Niggas like to talk about shit that they don't know about  
In yo face and not behind you when we bust you in yo  
mouth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: C-9 & Boss Bytch]

Y'all niggas ain't no killas y'all scared of us  
When it's time to handle business y'all scared to bust  
Scared to ride, runnin' off to much at the mouth  
Tell some lies, claimin' you ain't scared to die  
Make up ya mind, sony ass, phony ass bitch  
Phony ass trick, flodgin' ass corny ass snitch  
Talkin' that shit, is gonna cost ya wig to get split  
Mark ass bitch ya never get me caught in that click  
Friends or foes, what ya claim to be I don't know  
Talkin' you bold you all up in my grill like golds  
I oppose, watch the snubnose reload  
Bloody ya clothes, give action like a killa suppose  
Come wig and jump and keep on stumblin' keep it  
comin'  
Leave ya numb and keep it crunk and chief a junt  
And catch a murder charge or somethin'  
Pull up at a river grab a body bag dump him  
Adrenaline, rushin' through my lil ass pumper

[Boss Bytch]

How many motherfuckin' niggas wanna go to the med,  
wid two in the head?  
Bleed bloody red from a bitch wid a bigger glock, and  
a bigger pop  
Naw it won't stop, until ya body drop cause, ya mouth  
be hot  
You be talkin' the shit, but don't be walkin' the shit  
You be singin' the shit, but don't be bringin' the shit  
bitch  
What's up better run for ya trunk, too late, caught ya by  
the gate  
Mind gone, ass gone, all that shit will be blown away  
No love from me to you, fuck you  
I hang wid the Sinista Thugs showin' no love  
Lookin' for a nigga wid a mean mug  
It'll be his ass I'ma push and shove bitch

[Chorus]

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