

Louise Goffin

"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 through 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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