

Mac Dre "Talk Big Shit"

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(feat. Sleep Dank)

[Mac Dre]

Is it Sleep Dank?
Cutthroat 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 Cutthroat 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 Cutthroat 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

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