

## **K-Rino f/ Z-Ro**

### **"Talkin' Loud"**

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[K-Rino]

I ain't no gangsta, but on the mic I make boys bail  
They run up in my set tripping, I check 'em like  
voicemail  
Records dropping no promotion, but they manage to  
sell  
My folks want 'em worse, than boys want naked  
pictures in jail  
I leave you swoll up in a corner, with a ice bag on ya  
You so brand new, you still got the price tag on ya  
You wanna be me, the flow murdering three deep  
sprayer  
It'll never work, like putting a 8 track in a c.d. player  
I don't bar these Hollywood cats, it's all about me  
You can't see me, like a blocked number on a caller I.D.  
You got a entourage, trust me you could still get  
smacked  
On songs bragging bout pistols, that your homeboys  
pack  
I'm frustrated and I'm broke, but I'm keeping the faith  
I wrote my own name on a list, of the people I hate  
And I don't rehabilitate devils, I kill 'em escape  
I ain't gon waste my time, trying to make a snake fall  
straight

[Hook]

You must not know, who I am mayn  
(I can see it, when I look in your eyes)  
Talking loud, but you ain't saying a damn thang  
(up in the neighborhood, telling them lies)  
When I'm through, you gon remember my damn name  
(when I heard the shit, I wasn't surprised)  
In my hood, we get it popping like champagne  
(You fools, bout to make my temperature rise yeah)

[Z-Ro]

So many niggaz wolf about they boxing game, but then  
get knocked out  
And be the first one back to the car, before the gunman  
could squeeze some shots out  
Why they always mean mugging, looking like they gon

bring some drama  
Hoping the shit hit the fan they run to mama, and the  
tears smear they eye liner  
With they cute ass, but not me I'm quick to knock  
niggaz out and shoot fast  
Garunteed to knock out socks when I handle the rock,  
and give a nigga hoop flash  
And if you ain't one deep, fuck around and put hands  
on your whole group ass  
Then see how many weak rhymes, your ass can get  
bruised up and toothless  
I'll do this to a nigga, I'll do this to a bitch  
Long as it's done on pen and paper, to help the person  
that's saying he get rich  
But in real life I caught cases, for stitching boys faces  
up real right  
And I never earned a dollar for it, but they locked Z-Ro  
up real tight  
I don't pull my pistol out, unless I'ma empty that bitch  
If you don't wanna get hate sent back to ya, nigga don't  
send me that shit  
And if I say I'm coming to get ya, you might as well go  
on and pack up  
This is permanent punishment, everytime they act up

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

Rolling through the hood, with my young homie Z-Ro  
The K-I-N-G, of the G-H-E double T-O  
Showing animosity, at every faker we know  
Boys who run they suckers, get shot like a free throw

[Z-Ro]

South Park Coalition, and the Screwed Up Click  
Serving bar is like the law, so lace your shoes up bitch  
But won't be no evading arrest, this arrest is for the  
cardiac  
Nigga these grown man guns by X-Box, y'all still  
fucking with Atari gats

[K-Rino]

They steady popping in, like prostitute panties you drop  
again  
I know lot's of men gossiping, so much they need  
oxygen  
What we do to cappers man, the laws can't even equal  
We'll be on your ass, harder than the child support  
people

[Z-Ro]

And in case you fellas forgot, it's H-Town for life  
Taking over the rap game, disrespect us we'll lay down  
your line  
Depending on where you is on the hit list, you can lay  
down tonight  
So make arrangements for this vacation, and enjoy the  
flight

[Hook - 2x]

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