

## Various Artists "Talkin' All That"

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Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We're renegades, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We're renegades, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Hit me up, man

Bitch I'm from the [Incomprehensible], yo' hood ain't  
no realer  
You the pussy ass nigga livin' next to the killer  
I'm the killer that moved out of the block  
And head back to the hood, when I'm movin' my rock

You can find me on a dark road, dark clothes  
Yay' in the console and God knows I make grip off blow  
Shit, I could get rich off blows  
My nation affiliation, pitch forks I've chose

What the fuck you gon' do? We bang back hammers  
I'm a six point star in a gray bandana  
I'd die for this, nigga, you rhyme for this  
Pussy, I ride for this and did time for this

That's why I'm convinced you fear that I'm convicted  
Until elevens in soaps and some gangsta shit, man  
Guess who gorillas leave tats in fragments?  
Two shots through your cabbage and gas from Ca\$h

Pussy niggaz always talkin' that shit  
What you flaggin', who you bangin' with? I don't give a  
fuck  
You can live in the hood and shit  
But remember who you bangin' with, I don't give a fuck

Pussy niggaz talkin' all that shit  
What you flaggin' in your bangin' whip? I don't give a  
fuck  
You can live in the hood and shit  
But remember who you bangin' with 'cause I don't give  
a fuck

Tip our levels and scarce piece, a meal beast  
We'll creep one deep, slump seat, dump heat  
Niggaz scream, "Fuck me, he lucky"

when I blast it  
I left respect enough for an open casket

Way to go Ca\$h his, boost up my ego  
Let loose, out sunroof with my Eagle  
Folk of the century, rollin' with peoples  
The Omen, the sequel, the more they will see you

Close kin, Molotov close to no skin  
His momma pretends that she doesn't know him  
I'm the reason, for the whole 'Say No' slogan  
Doped in folk and loc'ed if provokin'

Got a brand new thing with the scope in  
Leave your family with the wake for hostin'  
I'll collect enough snow to my hands the Aspens  
I'm the realest nigga 'round here, ask for Ca\$h his, folk

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Loadin' the cup folk, loadin' it up tote  
Hang fire up, I choke from the gun smoke  
That's on the boss, man, my Nina Ross came  
Place gangbangangers into a coffin

This is renegades, Rick not really paid  
Gave Ca\$h pistols, now they milli sprayed  
Full bricks of raw, nigga, that's really weight  
While my work is foldin', now that's really cake

Give it right back to 'em, watch it regenerate  
I'm a degenerate black bandit, livin' ape  
Niggaz dig in they pockets like DJ's dig in crates  
If you cuttin' my profits, you gon' in to dish some cake

Heckler & Koch and glass and vodka  
I'm the independent kingpin, cocaine Koch  
Fo' thief blow weed, plus sold O.C.  
Niggaz never son me, I was born O.G. fo'

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Aiyyo, Alchemist  
Let's play 'em some of that new Stat Quo shit, man

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