

# Talkin Bout Nothing

Big K.R.I.T.

Ever since I was a youngin  
Up in my grandmamma house  
Watchin "The Mack", reciting it back  
Like boy what you talkin bout  
Droppin a switch, hittin a lick  
Tryna get rich off in this bitch  
Droppin my top, I'm poppin my trunk  
I'm whippin my wheel like I'm whippin my grits  
These niggas ain't shit, these niggas ain't real  
These niggas is frauds  
Most of these niggas been coughing kush and loving all  
on they broads  
When I pull up, car slam a do', break a ho down  
Run her throat till it so bad that ho ride  
I say hold up, damn  
KRIT that fucked up, I know it  
They say hold up, damn  
KRIT let's pour up, I four it  
I, I, I, I'm feeling good, feeling great  
How are you?  
Show much space when I pop my tape  
Can't feel my face, can you feel yours too?  
I got this here, I got this here  
Might have to chop that up  
Her pussy wet, she spot the dick  
Might have to mop that up  
She say what's head, I'm tryna fuck  
Might have to prop that up  
Bout that dough, got that up  
Don't act no shy, bitch slap it up

I need that (I need that)  
I want that (I want that)  
I'm bout that (I'm bout that)  
What's happenin? (What's happenin?)  
I seen that (I seen that)  
I bought that (I bought that)  
I own that (I own that)  
I'm snappy (I'm snappy)

Ya'll niggas ain't talkin bout nothing  
Not a thing, not a not a thing ho  
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Not a thing, not a not a thing ho  
Ya'll niggas ain't talkin bout nothing  
Not a thing, not a not a thing ho  
Ya'll niggas ain't talkin bout nothing  
That I can't do, that you done done that I ain't did

Ain't nobody trippin on yo ho, ain't into that  
Ain't nobody trippin on yo ho, I give er back  
Cut er slack, let er go, cause she was in the VI  
Ain't like I be askin for attention when I be  
Got so much tip that I can't see  
Ya'll stressin busses with they feet out  
If you ain't suckin or fuckin  
Well, you should keep up

Shoot the kind of bill, when they buss it gotta be by  
She ain't gotta beg, if she lookin I can see  
Right on that V, I drop yo tea top  
Hater tend to levy  
The bottles servin, poppin, Shawty look at all that we  
got  
Look at all that we on  
Tell them blokes just be gone  
Fuck wutchu been talkin bout, they catch up with my  
feet  
Don't make no love for these haters, ain't no love for  
these fakes  
What? There's a bone in the country, I ain't trippin on  
a snake  
I been fishin for these bitches  
All I ever had was bait  
If you think you got a problem with it, tell it to my  
face

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