

## Let's Talk About

Eve

Ugh (Come on, uh)  
Uh-huh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh)  
Uh-uh-uh-uh (Flame on, uh, come on, uh)  
Yo, yo (uh, uh)

Let's talk about who I am  
Blond bee, find me in the hood with my peoples  
Love y'all, hate the rest of y'all that I can see through  
Above that, I can't feel nothin' unless it's lethal  
Testin' your moves, never that, make your position fetal, uh

I wanna talk about Dog nigga, L-O-X, Eve, and me  
Now that's the hottest thing in the streets  
Our beats is Swizz  
Cheesed up with holes in the shit  
Double R roll thick  
And ain't nothin' sweet but Drag-Eve tracks  
Honey Roasted  
Burn it 'til its been around now how the fuck that sound

Yo let's talk about  
Platinum plaques, hangin' on my wall  
See me decorated, she's the one  
Heard 'em say it, see me celebrate it  
I pop shit when it's necessary, not for nothin'  
I use clips for them big beefs  
See me bustin', plow!

I wanna talk about bitches I fucked  
I'm a dog so I can't stand no bitch that hounds  
I far from a clown  
If I'm not knocking them down, Drag's probably not around  
So I'm not one to claim by either one of you dames  
If y'all catch Drag with a mane, trust me  
She got my last name  
Here's the hook, uh

Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit  
Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits  
(Eve)  
Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris  
Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)  
Now Drag-on will show ya niggas how we lock this shit  
Now Eve gonna show y'all niggas how we rock these hits  
(Eve)  
Now we gonna show y'all niggas how we pop this Cris  
Drag (E) dash (V) on (E)

Let's talk about little dick niggas  
Always talkin' bout what you got  
Rather be finger-popped  
Dick probably the size of a bough stuffed with rocks  
Fuck the cop nigga, go shoot pool, pussy plot  
You make me cum, I might flood the block, wet on my socks

I wanna talk about guns niggas don't bust  
Y'all need to see me if y'all wanna see shells pop out

I make niggas say watch out, when I got my glock out  
Niggaz clock out, cause I run up in your watch house  
Snatch up all your rocks out  
Then throw your box out  
Ya motherfuckers better watch out

Yo, let's talk about fake ass bitches  
Lying on yourself, you ain't ready for the world mama  
Beggin' every second money hungry, life drama  
Get your own stacks  
Why you think these niggaz pussy hungry  
Cause you actin' triflin'  
Layin' up, takin' his money, uh

I wanna talk about live or die  
Fucking with I  
Niggas will fry like stripped bacon  
I leave them shakin'  
Keep 'em sizzlin'  
Fuckin' with them you might win  
But they only got six shots with a barrel that spin  
And us our clip is spinning  
And hittin' all their men

I wanna talk about ryde or die  
My dogs control confrontation  
In any situation  
Five niggas on your team  
Five niggas you replacing  
Five niggas used to gleam  
Five niggas left with nathan  
But their game that we took  
And now they back to chase it

I wanna talk about biting ass niggas  
Let me see y'all niggas catch the flow  
Go red-vest with the four-four blow  
Ya niggaz gonna hit the ground for sure  
Nigga let me know if you want more  
If he catch you with a pound to choke, you know  
Nigga never die slow, till his eyes close  
Then jump on the highway, I go  
Man fuck the po-po, them niggas is moving slow mo, come on  
Here's the hook, uh

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