

# I Don't Talk

Lil' O

[talking]

Go to war, go to war  
Bitch nigga, bitch nigga, go to war  
Go to war (bitch nigga), go to war (bitch nigga)  
Bitch nigga yeah, what-what, yeah

[Lil' O]

Nigga I ain't gon play, and talk to you  
I'ma get the AK, and the chop for you  
How you walk around bumping, when you glockless fool  
Make niggaz gon play around, and try to box with you  
I'ma box you up, put you in a casket  
Cause niggaz get blasted, instead of they ass kicked  
In the 7-1-Tre, this shit is drastic  
Niggaz disappearing round this bitch, like magic  
I outlasted boys, cause I out-blasted boys  
Mashed on niggaz, whole crews got destroyed  
Hopped out of Houpes, with my K making noise  
To this day I got niggaz, running round paranoid  
Saying Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, man he after me  
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, gon blast on me  
I didn't go nowhere, cause I owe Fat Rat some cheese  
And if he catch me, Fat Rat gon make me a casualty

[Hook x2]

Nigga I don't talk, or do no discussing  
I pick up that K, and start to head busting  
Leave a nigga face down, red like a Russian  
Then scratch off in the night for real, it ain't nothing

[Lil' O]

I got a AK-47, with bullets like cone heads  
And when I let it loose, it eat niggaz like corn bread  
You niggaz wanna fuck with me, well gon head  
I turn white T's, and jeans to tone red  
With my fifty shot AK, bitch nigga eater  
Twitch blips, like a stick shift on a Feeter  
Split like lips, when you hit with the heater  
Chew like chick lips, like you bit by a beaver  
Whoa, nigga it go down for real  
When the slugs hit your chest, and spin you round like wheels  
And fill your body with about, fifty pounds of steel  
Here go some words of advice, sit down and chill  
Cause playing round here, gonna get you done  
They playing round bees, gonna get you stung  
I'm a made nigga playa, I can get you hung  
But I'd rather get the K, and let it rip your lungs

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O]

Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, boy I rip up blocks  
When I make my K, hiccup shots  
Are you a fool but I'm stupid I'm cupid, I hit your heart  
Don't make a nigga come, get you marks cause I will  
Make you niggaz hit the flo' and lie still  
When I grab the K, and bust like Wild Bill

Y'all niggaz talk and play, I kill  
I think y'all better leave me alone, like Ideal  
Cause I ain't Mr. Friendly, or aww he's cute  
I'm Mr. AK, Mr. Aim-Cock-And-Shoot  
I'm Mr. Come-Through-In-A-Lexus, and pop the roof  
On all you hating ass niggaz, that's off of Screw  
Talking down on a playa, cause I got them figgas  
And I ride around in a drop, knocking Jigga  
And I stay on my note, like a opera singer  
And y'all wanna hate on me, boy I'm not the nigga

[Hook x2]