

Knife Talk - Drake Feat. Project Pat, 21 Savage Lyrics

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"Knife Talk"

I gotta feed the streets, my pistol gon' bleed the streets
Ski mask on my face, sometimes you gotta cheat
To stay ahead in this bitch-a (gang), drank syrup like it's liquor
Street life'll have you catchin' up to God quicker (yeah, gang)
Sticker, AK-40 to your liver
Let the chopper bang on you like a Blood or a Crippler (gang)
Flipper, so much bread, I'm a gymnast
Made so much money off of dummies, off of dummies (yeah, gang)

I'm mister body catcher, Slaughter Gang soul snatcher
Ain't no regular F-150, this a fuckin' Raptor
No capper, street nigga, not a rapper
Chopper hit him and he turned into a booty clapper
Smith & Wesson, I'm 4L Gang reppin'
We done baptized more niggas than a damn reverend (yeah)

Kappa Alpha, me and my gang, we do all the steppin'
Who you checkin'? This FN shoot East to West End (gang)

Yeah

I heard Papi outside

And he got the double-R droppy outside

Checked the weather and it's gettin' real oppy outside

I'ma drop this shit and have these pussies droppin' like some motherfuckin'
flies

Type of nigga that can't look me in the eyes

I despise

When I see you, better put that fuckin' pride to the side

Many times, plenty times, I survived

Beef is live, spoiler alert, this nigga dies

Keep blickies, and you know the weed sticky

My finger itchy, the Glock like to leave hickeys

Your shooters iffy, a street punk could never diss me

I come straight up out the 6, and we don't spare sissies

I fuck with her, and fuck with her, and her

I hit up err and tell him do the err, for sure

Voodoo curse, it got him while I flew to Turks

Know the dogs had to hit them where we knew it hurts

Gang shit, that's all I'm on (yeah)

Gang shit, that's all I'm on

Nigga, gang shit, that's all I'm on

Gang shit, that's all I'm on

Nigga, gang shit, that's all I'm on

Gang shit, that's all I'm on

Nigga, gang shit, that's all I'm on

Gang shit, that's all I'm on

Let it bang, bang, let it bang, bang

'Til his brains hang and his mama sang

And the pastor sang and them bullets sang

And them choppers sang and the choir sang

I'm on everything

Jacob charged me four-fifty for a tennis chain

US Open, had it on us at the tennis game

Tell the coach don't take me out, I like to finish games

And my pen insane, and my men insane

There's like eighty of us now, that's the scary thing

Shit they doin' on that other side embarrassing

We in Paris with it, hundred carats with it
All this shit is for my son, 'cause he's inheritin' it

Gang (yeah)

(Metro)

Gang shit, that's all I'm on
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Gang shit, that's all I'm on, yeah

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