

No Talkin!

Sad Frosty

[Intro]

(Astro on the beat) Yeah (Hey, Frosty)

What? Bitch!

Uh, aye

Brr!

[Chorus]

They know that Frosty don't do talking,?bitch,?you can get?to walking

I made a quarter million,?now that lil' bitch, she be stalking

Choppa miss me with?that?quick,?pullin' Zimmy from?them sticks

I'ma beat?it down and bust up back, lil' bitch say I'm the shit

[Verse 1]

Just catch a check for a hundred, but I still eat ramen noodles

I'm a big dog, lil' bitch, you a poodle

I don't do no drive-by, I'mma slide up on a scooter

If you got, shot wasn't me, them toilet boys that be my shooters

Do yo' dance on that pole, man, we got bands on this hoe

Talking reckless on the net, get popped like Xans in this hoe

All these dumb hoes, they be trippin', we got plans around this hoe

I ain't layin' up with her man, she got ran through at my show

What the point of having money if your friends ain't got a plate

Make sure all my homie eat, not just a lobster and a steak
When advised, you play them cards, just bought the crib right by the lake
Said he had the Frosty bank, [?]

[Chorus]

They know that Frosty don't do talking, bitch, you can get to walking
I made a quarter million, now that lil' bitch, she be stalking
Choppa miss me with that quick, pullin' Zimmy from them sticks
I'ma beat it down and bust up back, lil' bitch say I'm the shit

[Verse 2]

Pussy boy be with that fuck shit
I get cash like everyday, I spend them rack on dumb shit
If he ain't even got a least a hundred, that boy on some bum shit
I drop right out of high school, started repping how I'm dumb rich
Then see frosty out in public be like, what the word, oh
Forces on my feet, they got me feeling like Herbo
Catch me up in Houston with the rockets, sitting front road
VS hang around my neck, bitch thought it was a go pro
Talk it, we got fans in this bitch
Tell that girl if she gon' slide, then bring her friends to the shit
These hoes be all in my DMs, you can ran through her quick
Two and three from the locker room, like extendo I don't miss

[Chorus]

They know that Frosty don't do talking, bitch, you can get to walking

I made a quarter million, now that lil' bitch, she be stalking

Choppa miss me with that quick, pullin' Zimmy from them sticks

I'ma beat it down and bust up back, lil' bitch say I'm the shit

[Outro]

Pussy, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>