

# Talk To Me

David Banner

Now if these boys want war, talk to me now Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch  
The cracker smacker, the heat packer, the car-jacker  
The if you don't come off ya shit, then click-clack and blaka-blaka  
The bitch smacker, the cash, the dough  
The confetti get bustin', to feel in your head  
Your blood, drip in a mug  
Poppin' the slugs  
Me I just don't give a high fuck  
'Bout none of yall, or ball  
Flip, give him a call  
On the celly, then it's on  
War until your gone  
Til' you die, decease  
Fuck it bitch ain't no peace  
Ain't no makin' up  
Bustin this 9 motherfucker  
Until it's breakin' up  
I told yall bitches that I'm clickin'  
I'm flippin these twankies  
Buckin' at ? like I'm spankin'  
Like the way I fucked yo babymama nigga you should thanked me  
What it is, handle yo biz, I'm all off in yo crib  
With your miss, the father of yo kids, is right HERE!!!

-Yeah, Uh, Yeah, Uh, Uh  
Don't get your nose-broke (Nose Broke!)  
Don't get your eye split (Eye Split!)  
I hate you scary ass rappers that be talkin' shit  
You, fuck around and make me pull that tech and leave you wet boy  
Three hours later I'm at the club in my vette boy  
I get respect boy, I'll break your neck boy  
They love my style from the east to the west boy  
I keep a pistol for haters  
We put them spinners on gators  
Fuck all the braggin' and boastin'  
I'll leave you gaggin' and chokin'  
You think I'm jokin, I'm not  
I'll go to war for my niggaz  
Unless I die, I'll testify I'd go to court for my niggaz  
I'm from the land of the trill  
Where perpetrators get killed  
Around my way my nigga  
That's how we live

-(Uh, YEAH!, Uh, Uh)  
(Yeah you talk it but you don't mean it)  
You got pussy bitch, and I seen it  
And I smell it and inhale all the dro' that niggaz a hoe  
(Don't ask me to hit my weed, don't ask me to hit my drank)  
(We the best collaboration nigga fuck what you thank)  
Like fiend on a tape, WHOMP WHOMP MUTHAFUCKA!!  
And yo momma smoke crack, cuz she's a cheap dick sucka  
(We got peanut-butter on 'lacs, from Texas to the Jack)  
(And we keep heaters and milli-meters) Cuz we don't like the way yall act  
And it's ha-ha-ha-ha-haaa, I'm knowin' where you are  
I'm cockin' back my pistol, and I'm bustin' at ya car

Get buck motherfucker, Get buck (Bitch, Yeah!)  
Get buck motherfucker, Get buck, give a fuck (Bitch, Yeah!)  
(Lay It Down) Southside (Lay It Down) Bitch  
(Lay It Down) [Repeated until song fades]