Real Talk

R. Kelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Do I know your friend who? At a club?
Who was there? Girl, I wouldn't
Wait a minute, calm down, I was at a club with who?
Get tha fuck, man, you know what?Girl, I'm not about to sit up here and argue with you
About who's to blame or call no names, real talk
See girl, only thing I'm tryin' to establish with you is not
Who's right or who's wrong
But what's right and what's wrong, real talkJust because your friend say
She saw me at a club with some other bitches
Sittin' in VIP, smokin' and drinkin'
And kickin' it, tell me, girlDid she say there were other guys there?
Did she say there were other guys there?
Were there other guys there? Well, tell me thisHow the fuck she knew I was with them other girls then
When the whole club packed?
Wait a minute, let me finish what I've got to sayI've been with you five years
And you listenin' to your motherfuckin' girlfriends
I don't know why you fuck with them old jealous
No man havin' ass hoes anyway, real talkAlway accusin' me of some old bullshit
When I'm just tryin' to have a good time
Robert, you did this, Kells, I heard you did that
Don't you think I got enough bullshit on my mind, real talkHold, hold up
Didn't I just give you money to go get your hair
Toes and nails done the other day, hmm?
Yeah, your ass was smilin' then, real talkGave who some damn money?
I ain't gave nobody no damn money, girl, is you tweakin'?
You see what your problem is
You're always runnin' off at the mouth
Tellin' your girls your motherfuckin' businessWhen they don't eat with us, they don't sleep with us
Besides, what they eat don't make us shit, real talk
You called my momma's house and what?
Girl, my momma ain't gotta screen no calls for me, real talk
And watch your mouth, fuck me? Girl, fuck you!I don't give a fuck about what you're talkin' about

I'm sick of this bullshit, I'm comin' home
And gettin' my shit and gettin' the fuck up outta Dodge
You ain't gotta worry about me no moreAnd the next time your ass get horny
Go fuck one of your funky ass friends
Hell yeah, you probably already doin' that shit anyway
You gonna burn what?
Bitch, I wish you would burn my motherfuckin' clothesWith your triflin' ass, Milton, you bogus girl, Milton
Start your car, warm it up and get ready to take me home
This bitch done lost her motherfuckin' mind

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