

# Talk Back

## Kembe X

You know the Hippies keepin' me hot  
I dont even gotta talk about itDis that talk back  
Dis that let it out  
Dis that sleepin on the floor cause he got the couch  
Dis that let em have it  
Dis that fuck em all (fuck em)  
Dis that run it up  
Bitch I'm comin' up  
Into your mind  
It's your prize  
And go guide your soul  
Twistin' the ganj  
Windows high  
Until I get old  
Imma talk back  
Overdosin' on that crystal ball  
Check the method I don't do no stretchin', I blow through it all  
Fuck a lot, and sleep a lot how I cope with it all  
Footprints all over my bed, I dream I can walk it off  
This mo' like a hit and run, grand slam bitch my city jumpin' over fences I'm a fucking go the distance, I'm so  
fuck that shit yo talkin I dick all over yo sentence, pig, when you finna blow yo lid just remember  
Ok, ok, ok, I'm 19 with a passport and freedom  
Rappin' like suspicious packages gon blow me up (boom)  
My guess is they don't know a lil flex when they see one (they see one)  
I'm a 94 these niggas 80's some (weak weak)  
I've been poppin' pills since I was 12, locked up in my mind  
Straight up I blame yall for real, hope I got my doctor pockets filled  
No prescription bars to place on top yo tongue and swallow ill  
I play my own Dr. Phil, I might have to stop yo deal  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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