

Keep Talkin (featuring Skip & Redd Eyezz)

Juvenile

[Chorus: x2]

Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (pow!)
Smack the taste right up out of your mouth (pow!)
"I wa', I wa'" That's what I'm talkin' about (pow!)
Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (pow!) Since I hit the TV now I'm a hot topic
But that don't mean Skipper won't pop it
Ain't that that dude with the H2 and the nice wallet?
And I got four words, stay off my dick
You wanna make it to where Skip ain't got shit
So you could ride around town and spread your gossip
Make up stories like "U.T.P. done dropped Skip"
"Juve' used the man, paid him and then got rich"
C'mon stop it, you're makin' it up
Damn, how much hate is enough, boy you faker than fuck
"I just saw Skip blazin' it up
With a dime piece, smilin', gettin' head in the truck
Look, right now he headed for us" (Look!)
"You lyin' motherfucker, dude he right behind 'em, you a busta"
Cause that's your old lady he with
Them hoes is for everybody, stop savin' a bitch [Chorus: x2] Open my eyes when the sun rise, blazin'
First nigga on the strip, even if my block's hotter than Cajun
I cop them Haitian, Jamaicans, Cubans and Yanks
Program with every race, now I cuts my own steak
Known to take G trips to a town like Wimbledon
Get a bust' down spot and be servin' like Wimbledon
Black John McEnroe, my rap flows are clapped (uh-hu)
Supposed to be hot as Tabasco, look at them assholes now
Homie, when I'm seen there's a crowd
With head bustas off the streets talkin' loud, ready to wild
Get respect for a few things
Deranged, the chopper spit
And the first off the block to cop a new Range
Life is fast, I get cash and write about it
At night it ain't safe in the South, we bout it bout it
Doubt it and get bodied 'cause the shotty will lift,
Your big muscleman bodyguard off his shit [Chorus: x2] Who lil' daddy with the fitted cap turned back?
Know some of these niggas got respect, he tryin' to earn that
Hopefully one of these niggas with yayo will see that
And put him in the right position he tryin' to be at

They talkin' in the wind but they no better than the play though
They could make a carton or a t-shirt in a day though
I ain't tryin' to flex my power bitch but I got say so
And I could make a million; American, yen or peso
They say I got a attitude, that's not the issue at all
Don't get involved when I'm doin' what I have to do
I'm subtle now but I could turn into an animal
Blow it out of proportion and I ain't understandin' you
Not in it for the short, I want the long term
Fuck the government, I'm a take care of my own children
You gon' have to zip your lip up, before a nigga flip up
I don't think they understandin' me, holler at 'em Skipper[Chorus: x5]

Songwriters

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