Talk To Me

David Banner

Now if these boys want war, talk to me now
Now if these boys want war, talk to me now
Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
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Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
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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 y'all, 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 y'all bitches that I'm clickin'
I'm flippin' these swankies
Buckin' at a like I'm spankin'
Like the way I fucked yo baby mama 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!
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Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
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 vetted 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
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(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-miters
'Cuz we don't like the way y'all act
And it's ha-ha-ha-ha-haa, I'm knowin' where you are
I'm cockin' back my pistol, and I'm bustin' at ya car
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Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
Lay it down motherfucker, lay it down you bitch
Get buck motherfucker, get buck
(Bitch, yeah!)
Get buck motherfucker, get buck, give a fuck
(Bitch, yeah!)
(Lay it down)
South side bitch
(Lay it down)
(Lay it down)
(Lay it down)
(Lay it down)
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