

# Talk To Me

## Run the Jewels

We return from the depths of the badland  
With a gun and a knife in our waistband  
Went to war with the Devil and Shaytan  
He wore a bad toupee and a spray tan  
So high now, hoping that I land  
On a Thai stick, moving through Thailand  
On the radio, heard a plane hijack  
Government be in debt while they cook crack  
I move in a world of conspiracies  
Obey no rules, I'm doing me  
Smoke kush, transport to the airport  
Customs found a joint in my passport  
Pull cash and I gave him what he asked for  
Goddammit, it's a motherfucking miracle  
Small bribe, made it back into America  
Hit Uber and maneuvered out the area  
Rhyme animal, pitbull terrier  
Rap terrorist, terrorize, tear it up  
Brought gas and the matches to flare it up  
Militant Michael might go psycho  
On any ally or rival  
Born Black, that's dead on arrival  
My job is to fight for survival

In spite of these AllLivesMatter-ass white folk This is spiritual warfare that you have been dealing with.

This is not a fight that you have been dealing with flesh and blood

But this is a fight against principalities and evil doers and unclean spirits

(RTJ3 motherfuckers) Brave men didn't die face down in the Vietnam muck so I could not style on you

I didn't walk uphill both ways to the booth and back to not wild on you

You think baby Jesus killed Hitler just so I'd whisper?

When you're safe and sound and these crooks tap your phone and now have a file on you?

What, me worry? Nah, buddy, I've lost before, so what?

You don't get it, I'm dirt, motherfucker, I can't be crushed

Fuckers, open the books up and stop bullshitting the kid

My dick got a Michelin star, I'm on par with the best ever took the gig

I'm a super cat, from don dada to dusk, don't bother to touch

I got firm clutch on the grip and the bucks

I might ghost ride a tank, take a ride to the bank

I'm the son of Rick Rubin rushing full-thrust

Don't flash weak shit to the Shark Tank judge

Talk real good 'cause I'm smart and stuff  
We a good crew to fuck with, better to love I told y'all suckers, I told y'all suckers.  
I told y'all on RTJ1, then I told ya again on RTJ2, and you still ain't believe me.  
So here we go, RTJ3

Songwriters

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