

## Arabesque

### "Why Y'all Still Talkin Down"

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(Answering Machine Message)

man that niggas a hoe man  
this ol south ass nigga  
you think you throwed  
you aint throwed boy  
better take that weak shit on boy  
this shit aint for kids boy  
leave it to the grown men son  
hoe ass nigga, weak ass nigga, dick in the booty ass  
nigga man, get that weak shit out of here man  
niggas don't play games around here boy  
fuck get took out in this game son  
better stay on the bench where its safe boy  
don't fuck around wit these real hawgs{\*BEAM\*}

(Chorus: Big Moe)

Why Y'all Still Talkin Down  
(they still bumpin that trash)  
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down  
(gonna catch one in the mask)  
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down  
(we on points percise)  
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down  
(uh Do that Northside for life)

(Big Pokey)

Niggas know me cause I hawg the track  
low vouges on Escalade's I bought me that  
and everywhere I go I hall a gat  
a platinum plus'll slash all of that  
you know me I'm a balla black  
I'm a ball till I fall have a ball attack  
if I played for southern I'd hawg the swat  
and I'm still a D dealer I hawg all the crack  
squash the chat I'm a C-E-O  
ask wodie for real ya'll ask C he know  
peep my steelo I'm off the chain  
4 days out the week I'm flossin grain  
4 month's did shows sasa (?)  
got me a house built (that's awesome mayn)  
knocked off the studio house of pain

and I fly first class first off the plane

(Chorus)

(Chris Ward)

I'm Chris Ward I'm off the stone Boulevard  
I stay danked out and dranked out full of noise  
if a hater got plex I'll pull his cards  
unplug ya lights and send you to the Lord  
cause I heard threw the hate line you wanna take mine  
well pick a number nigga wait in line  
go threw jackas like these break em down  
for I married the streets I went on dates wit crime  
and I don't make club songs I make thug songs  
spitt verses and make niggas put they mugs on  
you suckas can catch me in Guess jeans and Nugs on  
sellin on the same corner that you sell ya drugs on  
Chris Ward is on the block and the street is mine  
and you don't wanna get caught up when I sweep the  
dime  
I might sweep it early I might sweep at nine  
and I don't care if you sleep wit ya heaters  
because I creep with mine

(Chorus)

(Big E)

When you talk behind my back you feel you lack  
in 2000 Big E the real pitt on the track  
chitter chatter it don't matter me myself woman flatter  
if you talk down you'll fuckin get ya brain splatter  
but we talkin street sweeps and glocks  
some thugged out niggas that bring heat to blocks  
we some swisha sweet smokers boys rich as Oprah  
we in the club smokin okra back of the strip like(?)  
party with gardies smoke trees like jet skies  
major playas who make goals like Gretsky  
why ya'll mad talkin like ya'll turned fed  
I know ya'll the type of faker who likes bread  
from the dead end section Houston, Texas  
get a new car every year don't need a (??)  
I'm a C-E-O they wanna see me flow  
Northside screwed up makin music go slow

(Chorus)

(talking till end)

