

Shonda Martin

"Keep Talkin"

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[Intro]

Yeah...

Detroit, Motherfucka..

DJ Green Lantern

D-12, We ain't goin' nowhere..

We still smokin' crack, nigga..

Let 'em know {*laughs*}

[Chorus - Eminem]

Bitch, keep talkin, keep on poppin off

Flip them jaws because, we ain't stoppin

We ain't got to prove shit to y'all

So all y'all can lick the balls and keep walkin

Keep on poppin that shit you poppin

Cause we ain't stoppin cause, you ain't stoppin us

We ain't got to prove shit to y'all

So all y'all can lick the balls and keep walkin! {*gun shots*}

[Verse 1 - Kuniva]

(Em: Come on!) Yo, the derelict's back, I'm blazin niggaz

While they up in the Sheraton, 'laxed, I even sold my therapist crack

You niggaz is bitches, straight up, I'm bearin the facts
I love pussy with all my heart, but I married a gat {*gun cocks*}

And nigga, I'm top pedigree, so don't play with me
I'll blow your tattoos all over your baby seat {*gun shots*}

Kids and all get hit, peers and all

The Mosberg'll take your back, liver, ribs and all {*gun shot*}

Kuniva's a street talker, heatsparker to beefstarter
Packin guns when I'm sleepwalkin (Em: Bitch, keep talkin)

Throw a firebomb down your chimney {*explosion*}
While you're eating at Wendy's, I'm in your bushes
cockin a semi {*gun cocks*}

Knife with the hands, never bow down to another man
I was poppin guns while you was still poppin some

rubber bands

Smother your clan, sever your hand and your legs
And mail your brother your heart, and send your
mother your head

[Swift]

I'm the only one, you bitch, that touch ya, type of
brother

That'll fuck your mother, wit a fishnet rubber
{*scream*}

A belligerent and rowdy motherfucka

That'll dump your body, and still fly away to Maui on
Atella

When it comes to beefin, it ain't no explainin

I change your language with a stainless

I'm contained wit an anguish to leave you famous

I'm a deranged pit, I left an AK to paint your face with
{*gun shots*}

Niggaz don't say shit, fuck your hype man

If there's a bystander standin by, I'm firin' at cha {*gun
cocks*}

Cause I can, you get squashed like pop cans
{*crunch*}

I'll be shooting 7Up in your mouth, man

I'm about to sell your mama bud, and lace it

So when she fire it up she coughin blood, I love to see
'em wasted

I'm made to behave in this case

You try to be brave in a rage your legs will be replaced

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Bizarre]

(Em: Bizzy, come on!) I ain't here to talk about Benzino,
or Ja Rule

I'm here to talk about Lil' Ray Ray, and what I'ma do

Sorry, I ain't gonna mention you, you'll probably sue

Next week, this shit'll be out on DJ Clue (exclusive!)

The first time I had sex, a dirty mattress

No condom, my grandmother bent over backwards
(Ugh!)

Bizarre been fuckin raw all summer

Let's make a trade - my wife for your brother {*gun
shot*}

Psych! I'm not bisexual

I'm an intellectual transexual with one testicle (One nut)

And I ain't sayin shit cause it rhyme

I got colon cancer - I'm dyin

[Proof]

Yay-i-yay!

Rest in peace Jam Master Jay
2-Pac, and Notorious B.I.G., c'mon

I'm widely the best, God in the flesh
Blow your heart out of your chest
And your chest out of your vest {*gun shots*}
Leave your body a mess, streets bloody as hell
Study my 12, I cut him he fell
A druggie on bail, nutty as well
With search light, bud he revealed, dead or in jail
They're headed for hell
Together with bells and blonde guy, get your lungs
hard
Leave you full of holes like Spongebob {*gun shots*}
We can take this from your front door to your CEO
office
Got the key to your coffin (Em: So bitch keep talkin!)
Leavin your office, we takin over
Or get Chyna White, mixed with baking soda
Ya hear me...GET CRACK!

[Eminem]
Fuckin' crackheads!
And this is just mixtape shit, you fuckin' morons!
This ain't brains over brawn
This is bullies over fuckin pussies!
{*laughs*} Come on!

[Chorus]

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