

Chamillionaire f/ David Banner

"Talking That Talk"

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Ay!, Houston, Texas (Houston, Texas)
Chamillionaire, The Mixtape Messiah
Haha, I feel like niggaz need to show some respect off
in here mayne
Tell 'em the name (tell 'em the name) - Chamillitary
mayne

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]
I hear ya talkin' that talk, I heard you was talkin' bout
me
Soon as I ask who you talkin' too, you reply wit' nah it's
not me
No bite for all of that barkin', cow-mad that y'all ain't
got me
They ain't keepin' it real like they talkin', pussy niggaz
is all that I see

[Chamillionaire]
You could be hungry, ugly, chubby, homeless, crippled
and blind
And still be better off than niggaz talkin lip to a nine
I hit that track wit' David Banner, talk that lip to me now
Pussy niggaz like to hide, pop up on 'em suprise!
Tired of lettin' niggaz ride gave 'em too many times
I'm sick of tryin', sick 'em huh, flippin' and flyin'
Now they got me yellin' out WHAT! like a skit from Jon
Chamillitary ain't gon' ride, y'all need to quit ya lying
Cuz ya know that ya falsifying niggaz know they can't
stop the giant
It just shows that'll stop the crying, move over this spot
is mine
Take over it's about the time, I'ma put all these boys in
line
Couldn't walk a inch in my shoes but you know can drop
and tie em'

[Chorus]

[David Banner]
If it jumps off, it jumps off - let the front of the pumps
off

sumthin' that'll knock ya fuckin' lump off
Think I'm bama, think I'm country well I'am bitch
And I got bullets I can share and I ain't selfish
Dirty boy I got just what you need
Them slugs that'll fly through trees and knock off
knees
Knock off kids, knock off peers -
Got beats that'll knock by ?, wrong-buck get ya throat
cut
Catch a buck 5th, watch yo chest lift
Dope rhymes, cuz the small lines take a sniff
Bitch I'm tryna make ya nose bleed
Like Russians bustin' the shit out Apollo creed
I'ma ride!

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]
Respect the messiah, ay where the hell is ya manners
man?
Knock ya off of ya henges like you got hit wit a batter-
ram
You'll be stupid for challengin', knock ya outta ya
skeleton
You'll be down on the floor like a Lil' Flippa or Banner
fan
The hustle man, I hustle a grand, that dude in Atlant' it
Then what I do wit it? Flip it, kinda like that dude that he
mad at
I'm talkin' stops when I rocket, it's sendin' you out the
planet
You'll be just timber-in-a-lake like that dude feelin'
Janet
That could get you shot at damaged, I bet that you cry
or panic
That could get you cut, beat the hell up, then goodbye
or vanish
Put ya feet on the concrete, I hope that you got 'em
planted
Now stand-flat, so I can blaah!, make you loose all your
balance
Koopah

[Chorus]

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