

Ben Jelen

"Talkin Loud"

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[Caz talking]

Uh yea, check this out here
Dedicated to busters, marks, tricks
Mickey ass niggas, whatever you may be
(Fake ass) Keep it real
{*beat starts*}
Uh, uh
Yea see we tryin to stay real up in these streets
You know what I'm sayin
Niggas talkin 'bout things they drivin
On streets they can't even park it on
You know what I'm sayin
And they talkin 'bout things they wearin
That they can't even spell, you know what I'm sayin
Baby if you can't afford it, don't speak on it
If you don't live it, don't beat it

[Bad Azz]

Look, never ever take your wives off the street
Cuz niggas'll catch you slippin and pull out they heat
Everybody rappin ain't talkin 'bout nothin
Watch us rush to the front and hush 'em the fuck up
We don't give a shit, suck up, dick, when we come thru
I thought you knew, this Double L cool D rainin like
terror
Wake up everyday and see my face in the mirror
Make me wanna mash more, I ain't trippin
Get my cash so, that's what the fuck a nigga blast fo'
You need to stop, all of that poppin on my crew
Cuz nigga the evil that men do
I'll have a nigga twisted in the mix with this
I'm with my nigga Scoob ridin low tryin to get my chips
I told you motherfuckers from the jump to the finish
We gone do this, so end this, like a menace

[Chorus - Bad Azz] 2x

Why y'all be talkin loud
But don't know what the fuck your talkin about
Just got down write me some cuts
Sample, of a song that's tight
Don't never let me see you touch a mic

[Caz]

I guess I gotta speak up on it, how I'm not feelin the
game

Simple and plain, these motherfuckers should be
ashamed

On how they flippin the bird, nigga absurd

The niggas I ball with ain't never even heard of

You livin thru your raps, well busta I done traveled the
maps

Now I'm hustlin for claps, don't make me turn back

You little non-bangin nigga you don't know me like that

To do it too low, cuz you know, I'll stop your whole show

Keep that shit up out your fo', we gone be alright

Go and hire a real hood, and make them motherfuckin
pockets tight

Aight? Don't speak up on it if you don't be up on it

You ain't from my hood, so I know you don't see up on
it

Sittin patient, waitin, a nigga get his turn though

Learned my buisness, Big Caz be my witness

Lyrical fitness, like four hundred to the chin

I could call out some names, but where would I begin

[Chorus 2x]

[]

Who breaks who off, who body is soft

My controlness becomes a loss, bosses, ah no boss

So test the stress, good luck, I hope you make it

I'm sittin on the corner side of the street screamin

"Buck get naked"

The key is to gather this whole chatterness

Not trippin off the ghettoness, I live in the scandalous

It's cool, cuz I live high to wild and rouze huh

Been over to many times, bitch you should lose so we
could choose

Women of the world, please don't envy me

Rather hold to your struggles, your pain, and
mistreating

Walkin around here braggin about what you doin out
here

While these niggas got your life in they hand, pimpin
you

[Chorus til fade]

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