

## **R. Kelly "Real Talk"**

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Do I know your friend who? At a club?  
Who was there? Girl, I wouldn't  
Wait a minute, calm down, I was at a club with who?  
Get tha fuck, man, you know what?

Girl, I'm not about to sit up here and argue with you  
About who's to blame or call no names, real talk  
See girl, only thing I'm tryin' to establish with you is not  
Who's right or who's wrong  
But what's right and what's wrong, real talk

Just because your friend say  
She saw me at a club with some other bitches  
Sittin' in VIP, smokin' and drinkin'  
And kickin' it, tell me, girl

Did she say there were other guys there?  
Did she say there were other guys there?  
Were there other guys there? Well, tell me this

How the fuck she knew I was with them other girls then  
When the whole club packed?  
Wait a minute, let me finish what I've got to say

I've been with you five years  
And you listenin' to your motherfuckin' girlfriends  
I don't know why you fuck with them old jealous  
No man havin' ass hoes anyway, real talk

Always accusin' me of some old bullshit  
When I'm just tryin' to have a good time  
Robert, you did this, Kells, I heard you did that  
Don't you think I got enough bullshit on my mind, real  
talk

Hold, hold up  
Didn't I just give you money to go get your hair  
Toes and nails done the other day, hmm?  
Yeah, your ass was smilin' then, real talk

Gave who some damn money?  
I ain't gave nobody no damn money, girl, is you

tweakin'?  
You see what your problem is  
You're always runnin' off at the mouth  
Tellin' your girls your motherfuckin' business

When they don't eat with us, they don't sleep with us  
Besides, what they eat don't make us shit, real talk  
You called my momma's house and what?  
Girl, my momma ain't gotta screen no calls for me, real talk  
And watch your mouth, fuck me? Girl, fuck you!

I don't give a fuck about what you're talkin' about  
I'm sick of this bullshit, I'm comin' home  
And gettin' my shit and gettin' the fuck up outta Dodge  
You ain't gotta worry about me no more

And the next time your ass get horny  
Go fuck one of your funky ass friends  
Hell yeah, you probably already doin' that shit anyway  
You gonna burn what?  
Bitch, I wish you would burn my motherfuckin' clothes

With your triflin' ass, Milton, you bogus girl, Milton  
Start your car, warm it up and get ready to take me  
home  
This bitch done lost her motherfuckin' mind

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