

## Death In June

### "Let's Talk About It"

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[Intro]

I'm gettin' in the groove now, so I'm like, givin it my own shit now

Alright, Could the drummer have some, y'all?

Could the drummer have some more?

Said the drummer ain't had none, in a long time

Come on, drummer!

\*Beat Drops\*

[Jermaine Dupri (Pharrell Williams)]

Uh huh, oh

Damn baby, shit

How you get all that in them jeans?

Nevermind that, you hear this?

Its that Star Trak

Clipse, (get down!) So So Def

[Verse 1 - Terrar of Clipse, (Pharrell Williams)]

Question, ask any nigga

Rap or a hustler, who rocks is bigger? (The rapper!)

Naw, dog, go figure, with the V12, I make that straight killa

I flood the block, I hug the glock

I have a whole neighborhood that seen a thug to stop (Stop!)

Cause I show 'em what Waco see, then hit the district then visit to Jac-o-b

I like my diamonds colored, watch it smothered (me too)

Show off at the place of jewels, let the white man love it (hahaha)

I'm too much, got bitches out for me

Bring 'em home, give 'em they choice of balcony

She said "We can have more fun", I said "How can we?"

Then she brought her girl in and ate her out for me, wow (Wow!)

All night sexin', just think, this all came from one question

[Chorus - Jermaine Dupri]

You got a big ass bell? Lemme see you jingle it baby  
You got a big ass bell? Lemme see you jingle it baby

Wanna talk about cars? Lets talk about it  
Wanna talk about houses? Lets talk about it  
Wanna talk about jeweles? Lets talk about it  
Wanna talk about money? Then talk without it  
Wanna talk about chicks? Lets talk about it  
Wanna talk about hits? Lets talk about it  
Wanna talk about cris? Lets talk about it  
But when you talk about cash, talk without it

[Verse 2 - Jermaine Dupri] (First two lines overlap the last two lines of the chorus)

Uh huh, oh  
Yo, yo

Now as the game rotates, and my chrome gets bigger,  
More and more girls wanna fuck this nigga  
Its hard for a chick not to stick around  
When I come through town, layin my dick down  
They can tell a true playa by the clothes that I wear  
Game that I spit, and the length of my hair  
The more I come, the more I cum, get it?  
What you see now, I been done did it  
Every girl around, I been done hit it  
Cars been kited, since I was sixteen  
And yes, I'm still spendin' that Kris Kross creme  
Big boy moves, big boy shine, big boy watch tell big  
boy time (look out)  
Everybody know I got the recipe, so you know ya'll  
niggas can't can't with me  
Matter of fact, I don't even gotta say no more, OH

[Chorus - Jermaine Dupri]

[Hook - Pharrell Williams (Jermaine Dupri)]

Na na, (Oh) na na na na na na (Come on girl)  
Na na na na na na (Oh) Na na na na na na (Come on  
girl)  
Na na na na na na (oh) Na na na na na na (Come on  
girl)  
Na na na na na na (oh, I want you to move your waist  
for the whistle)  
Na na na na na na (Come on girl)

[Verse 3 - Malice of Clipse]

It ain't too many things that exceed my reach  
Speedboat, glass floor, let you see underneath  
But nevermind that though, I'm just showing off

As I do in the Porshe show with the top lost  
I ain't change the game hash, you know the name as,  
Malice in my wrist, like shattered stain glass  
I generate them Franklin's and Grant's  
Each ear look like a halogen lamp  
I'm high beamin, at the same time leanin',  
In the butter soft seat that keep a street thug scheming'  
'for we compare paper, get your weight up  
I need more points than that, don't you play with me,  
Jacob  
You see me on my back, you see me live  
I'm every color of the spectrum, like ROY G. BIV  
Look dog, get a load of how daddy ball  
Wanna talk about cash? Well I done said it all

[Chorus - Jermaine Dupri]

[Hook - Pharrell Williams (Jermaine Dupri)] (w/ minor variation)

[Chorus - Jermaine Dupri]

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