

Tops Box

"People Gonna Talk"

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Please, don't cry, my baby
Can't nobody ever come between us
No
We've got something, something special
Yeah
Neighbors on our street are talking about our thing,
messaging
Messing with our business
Pay no attention, baby; hold your little head up high,
now

People are going to talk, people are going to hate us
People are going to talk. O-o-o-oh...
People will be people, and I'll tell you people, they've
just got to talk

O-o-o, don't worry, baby, it's going to be all right

Can't nobody ever bring us down, now
We got it baby, we've got the real "real thing"
The way you walk, I'll tell you, it sure is nice. It makes
them nervous
Just to watch you walk, baby
Keep on strutting, honey; hold your little head up high,
now

People are going to talk, people are going to stare
People are going to balk, and o-o-o-oh...
People will be people, and I'll tell you, people, they've
just got to talk

Don't you let them get you down, now
Don't you worry about a dog-gone thing
People are just naturally going to talk, about a girl
who's got it
Got everything
And baby, baby,
Baby, you've got it

People are going to talk, people are going to frown
People are going to walk and o-o-o, put us down

People will be people, and I'll tell you, people, they've
just got to talk.

(instrumental)

So let them talk! Huh!
People are just naturally going to talk,
But we've got to keep on tryingÂ...
But we've got to keep on tryingÂ...
We've got to keep on trying, hey, hey, yeah
It's so hard to live in this dog-gone city
It's a city without pity
But we've got to keep on trying
We've got to keep on trying
So let them talk

(instrumental)

(repeat & fade):
Talking about a girl who's got itÂ...

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