

Twista

"Talk To Me"

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"Talk To Me"

[Chorus X2]

Talk to me

Thats the only way I can find out whats going on

Now how and the fuck am I supposed to Know whats
goin on

You nowin the truth but you steady just be holdin on

You harboring feelings but you don't be tellin me

When you be see'n me would it be better if we was
hollin on the phone

They tellin me you got a problem, if its a cancer

Baby the twista got tha cure that can solve it I got the
answer

Too many guys, too many guns

Plenty muscle when I hustle

You think a nigga was takin enhancers

We need to holla and get it resolved like gentelmen

Because if we don't I got those the turn niggas
feminine

I'ma pursue when I pop it to'em they're goin to be
choppin and screwin as if I swallowed a bottle of
benalyn

I'ma just goin to end up and dumpin if we just don't
holla bout somethin

Because you just might makin a plot to come murder
me

Oh, your word to be, open heart surgery

Yeah you got a white t but I'ma be turnin motherfucka
burgundy

I think there's a better way that we can handle this

So sit down and talk at the table, we got to be adamant

Takin a ride, and choppin it up in the phantom

As two niggas breakin it down like an analyst off the
with cannabis

He say, she say

A nigga was steady be hearin the bogus remarks

Thought I was goin to have to go get it when it get dark

We talked about it, shit squashed

[Chorus]

Now how will I ever be knowin about when struggles
arrive
If you don't be open enough to let me see inside
Right on the surface of things you thinkin that he's still
alive
But since he's been incarcerated his spirit has died
He's sittin off up in the county while he goin be fightin a
case
I'm seein the pain cause I'm lookin him right in his face
Never got caught off for pushin a bird
Now he goin be lookin and 30 for murder
Even though he ain't on the tape
Soon as he got locked up I had to visit him early
The truth was the homies and none of those niggas
was worthy
He gave me my game and told me how bitches'll burn
me
Damn, I want to kill of the district attorney
The loser aka the prosecuter was a steady accuser
Of my boy as bein around as the number one shooter
They sayin that the evidence is a rueger, a steady
pursuer
What it do and make you disappear like the bermuda
triangle
Why dangle a weapon in front of the court that I know
he won't use
Now you in deep shit
Now I just gotta go pay off my lawyer's retainer
Homie gonna have a better defense
And I know that you ain't really feel like talkin about it
You want your freedom and just to put it past you
This is the only way that we can fight'em, dawg
So me and my lawyer goin sit down and ask you

[Chorus]

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