

Relient K

"Talkin' Trash"

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[Timbaland]

Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, what
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, say what, here we go
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go
Do you want it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go
Do you like it? Uh, uh, uh, what, here we go
Do you want it? Part two, part two

[Bassey]

Why you always askin' me why I talk like that?
What, you think you betta, nigga, cuz your pockets are fat?
Excuse me? But wasn't I the one that you meant?
You talkin' trash to these niggas about to dent up they whip
You know me and I don't think I have to explain
You that same crotty nigga that fucked that bitch in my Range
It was the same, life, it was talked up a good game
Between that money and that pussy that she claim to fame

[Timbaland]

Look at you, talkin'-tellin' all the bullcrap lies
It was you who made me put my hands on your thighs
Never ever was the one that humped that girl on your Rover
You forgot your baby cousin humped that girl on your Rover
It's Timbaland, baby, I don't get down like that
Don't try to explain, get yo ass to the back
Never ever disrepsect the man that put you on his team
Now baby dove, get the keys to your Beem'

1 [Timbaland]

Why you talkin' big trash to me?

[Bassy]

Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy

[Timbaland]

Why you tryin' to make me mad, ba-be
[Bassy]
Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy

[Timbaland]
Why you talkin' big trash to me?
[Bassey]
Cuz you always playin' games, Timothy
[Timbaland]
Why you tryin' to make me mad, ba-be
[Bassey]
Because you always playin' games with Bassy

[Bassey]
I done met many players that act like you
Think because they spend some money that I'm ready
to screw
Instead of talkin' 'Hit me up around the 1st and the 5th'
Cuz you rot in a crumbed out six, you think I'm whipped
Got numerous niggas that be rottin' my shit
And the last thing I need is a nigga for kicks
I stay dibbed and forever spend the louchie on Gucci
Fuck the money and diamonds cuz nigga, I'm still
shinin'

[Timbaland]
Look at you, girl, talkin' trash
Talkin' trash, actin' grown, show your ass
Don't try to get on my track and clown
You my queen, my mistress, my Jackie Brown
Why you tryin' to start trouble in my can?
Now hot and angry and I'm getting amped
Keep on givin' me the cold shoulder
Now I got to get the keys to the Roller
You gone

Repeat 1

[Bassey]
It was all for the paper, that's right, all for the love
Only wanted most what ghetto girls dream of
I need the Hummers and the yachts, Don P on the rocks
Cardierre wrist wear with the shivel on top
Then you lace me, now you hate me, now you tryin' to
replace me
Had a woman when you dated me, I guess I was crazy
(know you was crazy)
Tried to play me but your game's a little lazy
Cuz I hooked up and got with your man, nigga
scrammed

[Timbaland]

Girl, what you know about Cardi and wrist wear?

When you don't even wear Vic's Underwear

Think before you start talkin' shit

Remember, I'm the man with the diamonds and whips

I ain't tryin' to beg, but a legend like those speedos

I ain't gon get mad if you hump one of my people

I keep tellin' you this is me you talkin' to

Talkin' trash won't get you nowhere, baby boo

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

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