

## Juggaknots

### "Jivetalk"

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Blasi blah blah blasi blah blah blasi blah [X6]

[Chorus]

J to the I to the V to the E to the

T to the A to the L to the K (with "blase blah's" in background)

[X4]

So what you sayin, kid, you but you

Sprayin niggas means saliva messy slobberin

(I know you got soul!)

From my Timmies

When you test me clobberin these niggas easy

See I hunger for ya talkin shit, you please me when you say ya shit is butter

Poor excuse for the use of noise

Slaughterin there'll be no truce

Ya boys'd break ya jaw if they ya peoples

To stop ya yap from playin Doc Kevorkian

I'll lock ya talk see then commence the mercy killin cause ya mental's dead

Ya verse be still intensely showin you gots love for the game

Maybe if you playin tennis cause you mista menace

Wicked, crazy hard

To listen to without my finger flyin to the fast forward  
button

Cause ya feeble ass flowin nothin new

Nothin new and cuttin through we be the Juggaknots

If you know the deal then you gots to keep it real... far  
away

Secluded from my vision on the hush

and any effort towards rebuttal leads to crushin feeble  
niggas with the jivetalk

[Chorus X4]

Ayo I heard you comin out

The closet deposit ya masculinity

Ya guts, the hair on ya chest, ya scrawny nuts

Nigga run ya manhood

I takes ya average dropping bombs joker

Till the family jewels will be locked in ya mom's choker

Leavin niggas jelled but I never thought the KY

And when you say, "I gots ya back," you tryin to hit the  
hay

I never knew the static could be so traumatic so I cut  
em slack

And everybody singin "Who's the Mack" and "Tryin to  
be a Player"

Bridge yaself and rascal

Getting crazy ass

Whip ins I gets hostile when a brotha know he fly

But to me reminiscent of Jeff Goldblum, fallin apart

Breakin as the Brewin's in ya soul, dooms are given

And driven by the stress

Thoughts are deep

Throat in my throat but the Juggaknots'll never fail to  
peep

Ya style's corny just a horny slob

Talkin bout you gettin laid off

and then you best to get a fuckin job but not the jive talk

[Chorus X4]

Well then there're times I can't front ya style's milk

Curdlin close to cottage cheese

With ya verbal and ya boast of knowledge

Please, kid, I know ya style's def

Cause you couldn't possibly be hearin loud and clear  
and mean the shit you sayin

Quit ya playin cause ya thought is nothing

Only around the edges you be rough

And in comparison I'm only catchin L's when I puff em

From the strictly raw (Jog into hooker style)

Ya joints hot (And I'm bettin your condition took a while  
after clinic visits)

During which the master cynic blizzards

As a rain storm and flushin out those cockier than  
Jordan, for the swing and miss

0 for 4, no rapport, bringin pissed feelings to the  
enemy

So nigga buy serenity

(My style's dope)

Fiendish

Paranoid, can't cope, squeamish

Knowin that the Juggaknots stalkin, jivetalkin

If y'all still ain't understandin me, let's get on down

In ya case, on ya hand and knee, defeated

[Chorus X5, end with "blase blah's"]

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