

## **Bata Ilic**

### **"Talkin Loud"**

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[Caz talking]

Uh yea, check this out here  
Dedicated to busters, marks, tricks  
Mickey ass niggas, whatever you may be  
(Fake ass) Keep it real  
{\*beat starts\*}  
Uh, uh  
Yea see we tryin to stay real up in these streets  
You know what I'm sayin  
Niggas talkin 'bout things they drivin  
On streets they can't even park it on  
You know what I'm sayin  
And they talkin 'bout things they wearin  
That they can't even spell, you know what I'm sayin  
Baby if you can't afford it, don't speak on it  
If you don't live it, don't beat it

[Bad Azz]

Look, never ever take your wives off the street  
Cuz niggas'll catch you slippin and pull out they heat  
Everybody rappin ain't talkin 'bout nothin  
Watch us rush to the front and hush 'em the fuck up  
We don't give a shit, suck up, dick, when we come thru  
I thought you knew, this Double L cool D rainin like  
terror  
Wake up everyday and see my face in the mirror  
Make me wanna mash more, I ain't trippin  
Get my cash so, that's what the fuck a nigga blast fo'  
You need to stop, all of that poppin on my crew  
Cuz nigga the evil that men do  
I'll have a nigga twisted in the mix with this  
I'm with my nigga Scoob ridin low tryin to get my chips  
I told you motherfuckers from the jump to the finish  
We gone do this, so end this, like a menace

[Chorus - Bad Azz] 2x

Why y'all be talkin loud  
But don't know what the fuck your talkin about  
Just got down write me some cuts  
Sample, of a song that's tight  
Don't never let me see you touch a mic

[Caz]

I guess I gotta speak up on it, how I'm not feelin the game

Simple and plain, these motherfuckers should be ashamed

On how they flippin the bird, nigga absurd

The niggas I ball with ain't never even heard of

You livin thru your raps, well busta I done traveled the maps

Now I'm hustlin for claps, don't make me turn back

You little non-bangin nigga you don't know me like that

To do it too low, cuz you know, I'll stop your whole show

Keep that shit up out your fo', we gone be alright

Go and hire a real hood, and make them motherfuckin pockets tight

Aight? Don't speak up on it if you don't be up on it

You ain't from my hood, so I know you don't see up on it

Sittin patient, waitin, a nigga get his turn though

Learned my buisness, Big Caz be my witness

Lyrical fitness, like four hundred to the chin

I could call out some names, but where would I begin

[Chorus 2x]

[]

Who breaks who off, who body is soft

My controlness becomes a loss, bosses, ah no boss

So test the stress, good luck, I hope you make it

I'm sittin on the corner side of the street screamin

"Buck get naked"

The key is to gather this whole chatterness

Not trippin off the ghettoness, I live in the scandalous

It's cool, cuz I live high to wild and rouze huh

Been over to many times, bitch you should lose so we could choose

Women of the world, please don't envy me

Rather hold to your struggles, your pain, and mistreating

Walkin around here braggin about what you doin out here

While these niggas got your life in they hand, pimpin you

[Chorus til fade]

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