

Busta Rhymes F/ Flipmode Squad, Def Squad

"Street Talkin'"

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Chorus: Slick Rick

Don't try to claim things I haven't earned honest, man
Slick Rick and OutKast is on this jam
What kid? Diamond on the 2-2 grand
Trying to help raise all youth to man
Slick the Ruler Rick his space to slam
Help clean up this land
The reputation of this man
Withhold and withstand

Verse One: Slick Rick

OutKast and Slick, the answer is in it
Hon you need to get your ass on the dancefloor this
minute
We bruise stuff, knock you out shoes, socks
Show your ass, move your fuck out, we're mad smooove
snots
La-Di-Da-Di, mmmmm we like to party
Don't make me get money and platinumize my body
with bright stuff, known to earn a dyke's love
Blind folks be like, "Somebody turn the lights off"
Immense rep, poppin out a muffin
Make famous artists that's dead hop out a coffin
At the real estate, behavin type choosy
Want a palace with the shit beige and light blue please
Got the kid like "watch your melon"
Since I came out of jail, it's like the planet gone
bananas
Lack of strength a badder fella had
Lady lookin at me all stink, I had to tell her that

Chorus

Verse Two: Big Boi

Uhh, I went from _Player's Ball_ to bulldoggin
From bulldoggin to bowhoggin
Now bowhoggin and pimpwalkin
That strictly fresh and street talkin

And we all last like that there
Ruin them all up like cat hair
We never fall off like hat wear
We some of the dopest MC's out there
Now eat that, OutKast and Ricky D, bitch can you beat
that?
Remember the time I laid them down to Teenage Love
now see that
Just to sport a rhyme and break in new patterns like
hymens
Shuckin and jivin was never the style
I'm gon' keep on beatin this line
Spittin that King Shit, you cling shit
A tailor and a seamstress
New gators for you haters and the penis for all you
beatches
Like an addiction cause I need it, hip-hop is that I be
that
Like a junkie showin your monkey, cause I sho' nuff like
to beat it
Might just eat it just to skeet it, fold you up like you was
pleated
Like some slacks and, relaxin, be strollin like some cats
then
I got a, baby daughter, and I feed her with this rappin
Not trappin, b-boy, but rappin, huh

Chorus

Verse Three: Slick Rick

Seems everybody's open off the grammar
The white fox pink velvet suit, white cabana
Listen baby girl, genius Rick ta..
dreamboat wish, you shoulda been clicked picture
(Check her out) I don't know what you're tryin to figure
out
Down South, barbecue ribs fly out a nigga mouth
And touchin me The Chosen, for such a will opposin
Me and Big Boi tryin to give our children clothing
Smokin love - do we provide dope enough?
Even people UNBORN KID wide open off
the enginin I'm sendin in
Even make construction workers start actin kind of
feminine
(Hi!!) 10%'ll blast this hit from me and Big Boi
who represent the OutKast click
A jealous cat, lack of strength a badder fella had
Lady lookin at me all stink, had to tell her that

Chorus

Slick Rick and OutKast is on this jam..
Tryin to help raise all youth to man..
Slick the Ruler Rick his space to slam..
The reputation of this man..

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