

Destinys Child Featuring Wyclef Jean "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
Gettin 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
Throatin my quotin 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 jivetalk

[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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