

DJ Drama f/ Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, Young Buck "Talk Bout Me"

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[Young Buck]

Yeah, you know what it is
Aiyyo, it's a hater in this muh'fucker tonight
Point his ass out, G-Unit South

A dirty nigga with a whole lot of ice on
We serve niggaz mommas just to keep our lights on
Fuck credit, I ain't fuckin wit y'all
When I was locked up, niggaz wouldn't answer my calls
I pick my glock up, broke down a damn eightball
And hit the block up, yeah we sell grams and all
But here the haters come, I done went and bought me
a Chevy
I got drive out tags on twenty-fo's already
Let me circle back around, let my window down
Ay where that nigga now? I don't even hear a sound
You know they hate you when ya rich, and love when
you're broke
Fleas turn into ticks and the bitches get ya smoked
I'ma +Gangsta Grill+ on 'em, pop a pill on 'em
I see a lil' murder went and got the deal on 'em
So go on say my name, shit, I don't blame ya
Just know that that bitch that you whip ain't no angel
nigga

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I just flip more bricks when they talk about me
I just buy more whips when they talk about me
I just stack my chips when they talk about me
Think about it, what would you haters do without me?
I just fuck niggaz hoes when they talk about me
I just roll up the 'dro when they talk about me
We go to war, that's fo' sho' when they talk about me
Think about it, what would you haters do without me?

[Lloyd Banks]

Uhh, the hood's not feelin you, I'm in a \$100,000
vehicle
Schemin through, makin 'em stare, that's what the
earrings do
I'm never compared to you, I'm willin and prepared to

do
anything I gotta do; man I'll shit on a lot of you
Park in front the W and let the doors lift
I could smell a hater, damn near get what the dog will
sniff
I been here before bitch, fitted low, long fifth
Nothin but chronic and chrome, that full grown piff
Niggaz know Banks is real, candy paint DeVille
Iced out +Gangsta Grill+, hit the gas, shank the wheel
If you pay attention I could show you how to make a mil'
With the pen, with a pill, I'm walkin 'round with the steel
Chill, before you get your ass tossed up
Beat up and choked, 'til information is coughed up
I'm ridin with the four tucked, bullet-proof war truck
Them G-Unit niggaz don't give a fuck, ask Buck

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Tony Yayo]

Damn it feels good to see people up on it
Used to be broke now I floss and I flaunt it
Don't ever buy your album, word to mother
Not even a bootleg with the blurry cover
Burn rubber in the Benz we glarin, chain glarin
Things starin, I'm hot so stop comparin
Yo it's T-O-N-Y, cook like a chemist
The six be the color of spinach
On a boardwalk to Venice, stashbox holdin the tec
So I could cook a nigga brain like Hannibal Lec'
I got the money, the power and a big set of balls
Niggaz slow your roll, I'll put your face on the wall
I get birds for dirt cheap, I get that dough
And put pieces on your strip the size of your big toe
I'm out in A-T-L, smokin granddaddy
On the rubberband tires on the brand new Caddy,
YEAH!

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Young Buck]

Yeah, GANGSTA GRIZZILLS!
You know what it is nigga, aiyyo
Holla when you see some real niggaz, YEAH!
DJ Drama, Cannon, trend setters
Do ya thang mayne, G-UNIT!!
{*fades out*}

