

## DJ Polo

### "Jive Talk"

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A letter to you suckers, each and every one of you duck  
mothafuckers,  
your girl puckers her lips so I stuck her.  
You're gellin' me, yo, so what the hell you tellin' me?  
Now I'm-a show you fuckin' with me is a felony.  
I'm crushin. Tell you suckers to start hushin'.  
Shush, no discussion, cuz I'm-a start rushin'.  
The payback, and I attack the pack that's wack.  
The black mack: brown like a Cracker Jack.  
Slick and quick. I got pick a bic to stick,  
to kick some shit, chicks I dick with.  
The One. Give up the fun with the gun, my son.  
I don't run, I kick mothafuckers done.  
It don't matter, I make niggas scatter,  
teeth start to chatter, your head I'm-a splatter.  
Arraigned. Breakin' to maintain and watchin' my name  
bring you pain.  
I'm standin' on your blood stain.  
Hard to hold. I'm bold, I roll real cold.  
Too much soul, dick made of gold.  
I rolled niggas to hell; you tried to swell but fell.  
Now get well or die like a dry cell.  
A rap villain. Chillin' and i don't give a fuck about a  
killin'  
cuz I'm still in effect when you're illin'.  
A terrorist. I terrorize like an assassin.  
Yes, I'm trespassin', your ass I'm harassin', huh.  
Talk is cheap. I'm keepin' ya six feet deep, so don't  
sleep  
when I creep, you'll leap like athletes.  
Slammin'. Examine what I'm jammin'.  
Hey, I don't play -- I burn like a gamma ray.  
Labeled prey, played to pave the way. Mothafuckers  
are scared straight...

[Interlude for shout outs, leading to a freestyle-like  
verse]

Check this out...

The creature feature, searcher, preacher, teacher,  
taught to rough the cap to rap to ya and reach ya.

Musical master, mind reacts as a brain that has the

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