

Dr. Dre F/ Knoc-turn'al, Hittman

"Loud Talkers"

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But they ain't knowin' no

What you talkin' bout, you fumblin' game out your mouth

Better put some stick on your grip and get on a paper route

Cause cream ain't to be fucked with, and that's the truth this gamology

Better soak it up and be a hundred proof

Cause you can't be the shit, slangin' woof tickets

You better buy you some, stick with it cause game is unlimited

Flippin' shit rippin' shit

Young Ren is so versatile, you heard my style is buck wild

But in the meanwhile, motherfuckers in my city want to do what I do

But they P-H me behind my back, why don't you do that, raps are through

Talkin' loud is sayin' nothin', your ass is bluffin'

Just cause everyone is ?, rappin' don't mean that you gonna be slumpin'

I only fuck with the infederal, individuals gettin' pulled
Them player hater searches are makin' Young Ren a criminal

Really though, you don't know shit, I put that on my dick
Fuck a bitch and a snitch, It's all about my grip

Surrender to my will, submit to my game

My daddy just like you want it, broke down like dank

Doja sticky who's with me, yo you ain't no

That this the mackaholic straight lacin' you hoes

Day to day I'm forced to deal with this bullshit

Motherfuckers runnin' around with a hole in they lip

Just a talkin' loud but ain't sayin' a damn

Then when I come around smilin' in my face like we pals

Nigga.. fuck you, suck my dick, I gives a damn, that's how I am

And if you want lets trip, with this some serious, curious
Niggas get fucked, I grap my dick, cock, then bust a

nut

Dear Lord forgive me but my future's lookin' dirty and plain

I don't see shit but the motherfuckin' paper I make
My daughter's older and now she talkin' to me
And she makin' more sense than these punks on the street

Daddy get paid is what she say, so I do it that way
Be about my paper fuck I hate to win if I play
This game ain't no joke, how can I be broke
When I on the streets 24-7 and mo'

I wamp stack in ? by spittin' it real, movin' the crowd
Niggas say they do, but don't do, they just talk loud

Why you loud talkin' when you should be stackin' mayo
Recognize this hustle not erdayo

Your game is frail, smash you like play dough
Say hoe, have you ever met Mr. fo'- fo'
Cause your mouth is runnin', and it's time for gunnin'
Your brain is numbin', off them hot slugs that are hummin'

Suckas loud mouth, fakin' all the funk
Loud mouth mre for a cent, and I'm tearin' shit up
No mercy, you heard me, bitches ain't shit
I don't play, go the wrong way, I'm flippin' yo' script
I'm from Stockton, Cali, E-D-C, so killa Young Ren, the D-O-G

With the mackaholic, spittin' game
Never loud talk in the mouth for money, pushin' your fame

You got a big mouth like Jimmy Heart, but you don't got
Nuts to back it up, I slap you, and you won't give a fuck
Where do we go from here, that be, I got me towed down

It's a new brand year
Everybody love my flow now, all you hoes goin' wild
Wanna fuck with the kid AKA Omen Child, I'm terrible
Oh no I thought you knew, don't be surprised
I fucked with the foundation nation true
Who's to blame, when your brain dead stuck in a ditch
Inside out with your mouth full of dick
So take caution, when you see me slide through the crowd
With my evil grin, I mack a bitch while you get loud

Yeah

Motherfuckers bout be runnin' faster than Luis and shit
You know what I'm talkin' about
Shit
Talkin' loud but sayin' nothin'

I ain't sayin' shit
I don't know
Motherfuckers just so lame in the game
Better just recognize
Trick ass bitch better listen
Soaks ya like a sponge
Do shit my way
And get hung, biyatch
Hoes get hung
Motherfuckers wanna know
Doja sticky
Clickin' when it's finished
And mackaholic and we out

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