

## The Explosion

### "Talk My Shit"

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[Intro:]

Can I talk my shit again? Can I talk my shit again?  
Can I talk my shit again? Lemme talk my shit again

[Verse 1: XV]

Quote, unquote, over dope, crack with a dose of coke  
Show my roots bare so yeah, they should know I float  
Coming to America with dreams in an overcoat  
Diving in queens like a king trying to sow his own  
Sexual chocolate, give me the mic and I'm gonna make  
it off it

Then I just drop it, ahem clear my throat of that bull  
But when it come to shit my nigga, I still talk it  
Yeah, still walking in star war forces, still eat beats  
nigga, all four

Courses

Still stay swerving like I'm in Kentucky Derby  
The way I be pushing out all twelve horses  
Still winning while they all yell forfeit  
Still killing rappers, leaving all hell corpses  
Still with my crew in the silent two fortress, splitting up  
money like  
Divorces

[Hook:]

So can I talk my shit again while I get it in?  
And they sit around, acting like I didn't win  
Hope they made room for my crew to get it in  
And I'm a be cool in this throne I'm sitting in  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
Can I talk my shit again? Can I talk my shit again?  
Can I talk my shit again? Lemme talk my shit again

[Verse 2: XV]

This is pound sign Vizzy Zone, please tell my city I'm  
give and go  
So you can probably expect mini clones, XXL didn't  
expect XV to excel

So before I enrolled, I was expelled, don't worry though  
I'm fine, that shit don't eclipse me, it ain't blocking my  
shine  
'Cause with my rhymes, I be on the cover of home and  
garden  
And still be the coldest artist, I'm cold regardless  
Flow is heartless, I know where I'm going like a homing  
target  
They know he flawless when he came in the city with  
Chiddy Bang  
And busy in any lane and they know when the Vizzy  
bang  
Crazy how shit's changed in nine months  
Steve Jobs couldn't feel the bitches that I touch  
Please God, give your boy a hand when his times' up  
Until then, I'm a keep tearing these rhymes up

[Hook 2:]

So can I talk my shit again while I get it in?  
And they sit around, acting like I didn't win  
Hope they made room for my crew to get it in  
And I'm a be cool in this throne I'm sitting in  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
So can I talk my shit again while I get it in?  
And they sit around, acting like I didn't win  
Hope they made room for my crew to get it in  
And I'm a be cool in this throne I'm sitting in  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
Talk my shit, talk my shit, please excuse me while I talk  
my shit  
Can I talk my shit again?

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