

## Lyrics by Slaughter

### "Jive Talk"

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[Haas G]

Just to get a girl, is how it all got started  
Compulsive in the area of lies cause one  
Beings being adored by all, not the right call  
>From the outside, you know, the death or the blow  
I got a million in the bank and it's all mine  
A third of it invested in salt mines  
Material wealth may be the least in a girl's eyes  
Searching for a man with charisma  
(Praising for the less complex \*baby\*)  
Dig it, you're bound to get dissed by the sister  
Go with the intention of a pure heart, follow me now  
When I say this way you must walk with your own jive  
talk

[Kool Kim]

\*sings\* Ain't nobody bad like me -- Ain't that the way it  
all started, G?  
You said "Men call me He-man, some call me Super"  
Robocop and stop the Super Trooper  
I'm cock diesel, I can bench more than you ever heard,  
word?  
Now in this time I just sit and write my rhymes  
You want mine by many tales of petty crime  
Prison fights the way you claim you earned your props  
Nuff fights in alleyways and stolen many cops  
But it doesn't stop, so I just sit and write my rhymes  
The Island is small, so your fame is in no time  
(But woops, here comes a crazy from the other side of  
town)  
He heard you had a name, now he's been asking  
around  
He figured he'd get some clout and take you out  
He got the clout, a one punch knock out  
Still I sit, my rhymes I write, you lost your rep, you lost  
your fight, aiight  
To me it's a miracle you're still alive and  
Get the head kid, and stop jiving

[Haas G]

I'm in a video (Sure) I'm in a video (Word!)

Flip to BET and you can see me boogie  
Cause it's the jive talk from a kid named Fred  
Not to the whole crew, Fred is really really dead  
So indulge in my treats for the day to motivate ya  
Positively just to move you in the right way  
No more lies, no more deciet  
Now isn't this a granddaddy fully loaded sweet  
Treat from the UMC posse, listen and learn  
It takes one to start a fire and you'll burn

[Kool Kim]

So if I'm albe, I avoid the fables  
Shiftless shenanigans and I the type con stable  
And my label keep me flowing faster  
Single truth spoken from the sanctified master  
Preachers, reverends, ministers, pastors  
Small-time con men make big-time disasters  
And aye aye aye boy, I'm tired of your lying  
Me-oh-my-oh, and still you keep on trying  
There's nothing true about this song, so I'm asking you  
to quit  
Life's legit, the puzzle pieces fit  
So sit in piece, I'm tight with rhymes that's written more  
to write  
It's alright, you excite when I'm okay  
I never gave my way to the games that truth can play  
So what I'm saying or what I mean to say  
Is that the rivers run deep and wash your jive talk away  
Stop jiving

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