

MURS & 9th Wonder f/ Suga Free

"Let Me Talk"

Visit "[Let Me Talk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro] [MURS talking] Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
YEAH! Aaaah. Shhh shhh shhh shhh shhh Whoa, calm
down, calm down, wh-whoa Whoa, wha-whoa wha-whoa
whoa whoa. Shhhh Let me talk Let me talk. Shhhh. Look.
Whoa whoa [Verse One] [MURS] Calm down What's this
all about? How you raise your voice and yellin' at me in
my house? Look I should kick you out if you want to
scream and shout Cause I'm just not in the mood for a
heavy weight bout Oh, that's what's up then You keep
on interruptin' Like you runnin' thangs, hold up let me
tell you somethin' You can roll your eyes and stomp
your feet But your mouth might put your ass out in the
street Open your mouth again, the story never ends
Talkin' to me crazy like I'm one of your friends I can't
get a word in You should try listenin' I should call you
Tyler Perry since you always dissin' men If you keep on
raisin' hell I'm gonna get up on my cell So when the
Police come, Miss Madea Goes To Jail Well, well, well
Look who changed they tune I think these fights go with
the cycle of the moon Yeah, yeah, yeah I'm talkin'
about PMS And if we had more sex you wouldn't be so
stressed But you like to front like that time of the month
Ain't the reason why you got your panties all in a bunch
And that's figurative and literal The shit you pull is
pitiful For one week a month you always make my life
so miserable So, here we go gettin' loud and obnoxious
When really what you need is some Motrin and
chocolate I'm only jokin' On the low, kinda hopin' That
comedy will calm your ass down for the moment I
wanna turn the game on You busy with the same song
Okay, I'm not right but look, I know I ain't wrong You
ain't goin' nowhere Put them bags down Got your
hands in my face Oh you think you bad now? Okay Let's
just see where that gets you Knock yourself out cause
I'm not the one to hit you And I ain't sleepin' on the
couch My neck's still hurtin' from the last time We gotta
talk now? C'mon, can't it wait till halftime? It's like your
favorite past time You yell and you scream But nothing
comes between a man and his favorite team And look
Don't make me choose cause you just might lose Now,
take your ass to the other room, turn on the news Wait,

wait wait wait wait wait I didn't mean it like that I'm just
excited from the game C'mon baby come back Look I'm
sorry, I'm sorry I got a little silly But c'mon what really
arguin' about now really? You know I love you You know
you love me But why does it always have to get so
ugly? Don't even want to hug me because you wanna
stay mad It's the crazy game that men and women play
since way back But men never win, so forget it man I'm
out Cause I already planned on sleepin' on the couch
[MURS talking] You know what? Know what? Forget it,
forget it. I'm finished. La la la la Where's the remote?
I'm takin' the good covers too You can't take the good-
you sleepin' on the sheets And when you get cold don't
try to snug up on me on the couch Don't try to call me
back in there later either. I'm out this mother! [Verse
Two] [Suga Free] Wait a minute what? What did you
say you gonna do to my Impala? I'll jump out this car so
fast and drop kick you in the medulla oblongata Okay I
see you stupid just like your momma and them Yeah I
said it And I was just as stupid as you for stayin' with
you Cause I regret it So let me get in clean Cause the
game don't change, people do These little niggas
jumpin' out blastin' in them skinny jean And the last
thing I need is your ass to hassle Yeah man she told
the judge I hit her She hit herself in the head with a bag
of apple And I told her, "I hate goin' to your spot"
Cause her daddy can't say nothin' Unless he put that
thing on his neck that make him sound like a robot And
I sound retarded right? I can't lie One day a butterfly
landed on a skull and brought tears to my eye Think I'm
ungrateful and she would never satisfy Keep showin',
they laugh at her cause her daddy got killed going to
the hood tryin' to pay a nigga to pee on me And you
ever been with one or two bitches Just you and her in
the car You know she farted but she lookin' at you like
you did it She kinda dirty to us Man, I can't stand a
woman, act polite, take a shit and never give a
courtesy flush One day we went to apply to a phat loan
She said, "Ah yes." Changed her voice up and said
"Bitch you don't ever talk like that at home" But that's
what woman do Just like that, "This is my husband." Lie
I keep tellin' you, "Quit tellin' people that cause I ain't
nothin' to you."

Visit [MURS & 9th Wonder f/ Suga Free](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.