

U-God

"I'm Talkin' To You"

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[U-God]

I'm that warlord that's out for the gold
Let your scandal leak out, now your cover gets blowned
Shit ain't sweet, son, my mind stays grown
The thirst alone, makes me, burst my chrome
It hurts when I see you, you're my first clone
But, daddy's home on some violator shit
We annihilator, out the alligator pits
Show 'em your strength, breathe easy on them hits
Niggaz get rich, with homes on they head
Throw me in the streets, that's where our grown men
bred
On the corner with the dred, dusty Leon
Fatman in jail, five hundred pound penitentiary still
From the Hills, slapped on the scale
High honor, Shaolin bomber
With the rockstar persona, connect with the largest
You play me, you payin' fifty cent chargers
Put this log in your noggin, he's on a rampage
Cuz he keeps charging, fuck all the arguing
Like bitches, ain't no I in team
That's why we can't get the riches, play your position,
nigga

[Chorus x2: U-God]

Yeah, I'm talkin' to you...

Yeah, I'm talkin' to you...

[U-God]

On my solo destiny, try to shit on me
When I break you chains, all you lames gonna plead
Greed and lie just to get what you need
Feed off my rhymes and my recipe
Can you see that my eyes, I need an extra squeeze
Or a Beck's to relieve all the stress you need
Stop testing me, then set me free
The street fatigue, two keys and a jeep
Buckshot, nine niggaz tried to replace me
I'm a prime time figure to the next degree
Now it's bye-bye, nigga, too weak to play deep
Afraid in your sleep, up the charts I creep

Monologues I speak, stay blowin' out the nostril
Inside you're weak, portrayin' that you're hostile
Swallow your pride, keep my name out your tonsils
I bury you, til they, find your fossil
The rap O.J., in the dusty Bronco
Bang on my chest like the King of Kongo
You and your brother is a dirty combo
You bird ass niggaz, catch thirty, pronto

[Chorus x2]

[U-God]

Big ballers never quit, what can you tell me
But a belly full of lies, stranded on a battlefield
Too many times, with nickel and dime rhyme
One of your best killers, you know that I feel this
Pushin' near my weakness, just Air Max sneakers
Keep feedin' lyrics on big ol' speakers
Peep that performer on the humble, I'm comin' for you
Watch these young boys rumble, what you gonna do?

[Chorus x2]

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