

## Car Talk

OJ da Juiceman

I talk to my car  
Like Michael did Kit  
I'm Alaska in Atlanta  
And I'm iced when selling bricks  
And I talk to my money because my money very funny  
And, since I got that money all my homies turn phony.

Say, I talk to my car  
Tell my car to crank up  
Then I talk to my car  
Tell my car to back up  
Then I tell my car to make a phone call it does it  
Red and black charger  
Black and red buckets  
Pockets on extra  
Juice man stuntin'  
Walkin on ice dog, I'm buzzin  
Raised on the 'crest with a shout-out to my cousin  
Right wrist retarded  
Left wrist buggin'  
And I got that loud back 5 50 onions  
Bentley super-tall like your name was Paul Bunyon  
And I got that gat nicknamed Obama  
Young Juice Man 200 band to my mama

Well I talk to my money and my money extra funny and it sitting  
on my shoulder and it's telling me get money  
And my pinky ring so big and these yellow like some funions but  
I'm bunkin and I'm boomin so today we eat with money  
And I'm shining on the hater with my diamonds super sunny  
And I'm trappin' like a fool so I've never been a dummy  
And ever since a kid all I thought about was money  
So, when I cop the Hummer the same color as the honey

Alaksa in Atlanta and I got the white guys  
Right hand cookin with mo chickety pot pies  
Bouldercrest workin in the trappin green pies  
Juice stamp chickens got me stacking bad guys  
Big face 100s small face dumbers  
Got so much money and don't forget the karma  
Big face 100s small face dumbers  
Got so much money and don't forget the karma