

# Talk

Illy

I hear em' talk, but i'm not listening  
I hear em' talk, but I don't hear a thing  
I hear em' talk, but i'm not listening  
And everywhere I turn turn turn turn...

I feel my ears burning, whispers turn to a roar  
Play games till the curtain call  
Till the truth ain't hurt no more  
Burdens fall like sunlight  
(Seel like brick)  
Watch that word go round, too loud, turn that down  
And face that furnace now, burn them bridges down  
I keep my kicks clean, my name clean  
I aim high, they waist deep  
They play with fire they change themes  
They-They lie, they beg cheap please...  
Leave that trash talk in the gutter  
Ain't fuck to the gutter in a minute yo  
With all there like a back bone  
But I wonder what the motives are but you never know!  
I hear rumours let them be  
I hear that truth sets you free  
Less you want, less you need, just after space, let me breath!  
I'm above that he said she said leave that shit to the gossip coloumn  
They can comb that top to bottom  
Their issue, not my problem  
I don't see how we should care what they speak about  
Fact is they'll always be story tellers as long as there is people to tell  
People gonna take the fact, twist the fact that we package and re-sell  
I don't blink or skip a beat I shake their hand I wish em' well  
I'm yelling

It's an earthquake  
All you can make is noise about my life  
It's a battlefield when shit gets real  
I'll leave you behind!

They tell them white lies, they blindsde  
They drop bombs, they pile drive  
They spark they spread like wild fire  
Same times I light mine up  
We-we move in the same circles  
All work in our own angles  
Note from that gate it'll hurt you  
But you don't earn what you don't handle  
Never in a noose knot  
But if I'm going down i'm going down with my boots on  
Ha, fuck rules brah  
Show me a good loser I show you a loser  
Most of you loyal when it suits you  
But I ain't immune to manoeuvres  
Shit I ain't afraid of a little dirt  
Just say the word we'll do this  
I'm baptised in fire ain't been burnt well  
Once or twice but lesson learnt  
Cold revenge the sweetest thing and;  
Success the best way that served

So Bon appetit you can eat your words and  
Get what you deserve...  
Get what, get what you deserve  
I feel like "gossip, gossip" never the truth  
Ain't got nothing better to do  
After the lowest levels been stooped  
What comes next for you?  
Making room? we can go to battle  
Words are weapons loaded barrel  
Cause if I click this trigger finger watch how fast this travels like...

I can pound, pound, pound on my chest  
I can beat down the dark with my iron fist  
Your shit don't weigh me down no more  
I stand tall and proud while you run your mouth

It's an earthquake  
All you can make is noise about my life  
It's a battlefield when shit gets real  
I'll leave you behind!