

Keep Talkin' (Featuring Skip and Redd Eyezz)

Juvenile

Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (POW!)

Smack the taste right up out of your mouth (POW!)

"I wa-, I wa-" That's what I'm talkin' about (POW!)

Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (POW!)

(Skip)

Since I hit the TV now I'm a hot topic

But that don't mean Skipper won't pop it

Ain't that that dude with the H2 and the nice wallet?

And I got four words - stay off my dick

You wanna make it to where Skip ain't got shit

So you could ride around town and spread your gossip

Make up stories like "U.T.P. done dropped Skip"

"Juve' used the man, paid him and then got rich"

C'mon stop it, you're makin' it up

Damn, how much hate is enough, boy you faker than fuck

"I just saw Skip blazin' it up

With a dime piece, smilin', gettin' head in the truck

Look, right now he headed for us" (Look!)

"You lyin' motherfucker, dude he right behind 'em, you a busta"

Cause that's your old lady he with

Them hoes is for everbody, stop savin' a bitch

(Chorus - 2X)

(Redd Eyezz)

Open my eyes when the sun rise, blazin'

First nigga on the strip, even if my block's hotter than Cajun

I cop them Haitan, Jamaicans, Cubans and Yanks

Program with every race, now I cuts my own steak

Known to take G trips to a town like Wimbledon

Get a bust' down spot and be servin' like Wimbledon

Black John McEnroe, my rap flows are clapped (uh-hu)

Supposed to be hot as Tabasco, look at them assholes now

Homie, when I'm seen there's a crowd

With head bustas off the streets talkin' loud, ready to wild

Get respect for a few things

Deranged, the chopper spit

And the first off the block to cop a new Range

Life is fast, I get cash and write about it

At night it ain't safe in the South, we bout it bout it

Doubt it and get bodied 'cause the shotty will lift -

your big muscleman bodyguard off his shit

(Chorus - 2X)

(Juvenile)

Who lil' daddy with the fitted cap turned back?

Know some of these niggaz got respect, he tryin' to earn that

Hopefully one of these niggaz with yayo will see that

And put him in the right position he tryin' to be at

They talkin' in the wind but they no better than the play though

They could make a carton or a t-shirt in a day though

I ain't tryin' to flex my power bitch but I got say so

And I could make a million; American, yen or peso

They say I got a attitude, that's not the issue at all

Don't get involved when I'm doin' what I have to do

I'm subtle now but I could turn into an animal

Blow it out of proportion and I ain't understandin' you

Not in it for the short, I want the long term

Fuck the government, I'ma take care of my own children

You gon' have to zip your lip up, before a nigga flip up

I don't think they understandin' me, holler at 'em Skipper