

STILL TALK'N THAT SHIT

Killer Mike

All the player haters who been talkin' that shit (South Memphis' finest)
All the, all the player haters who been talkin' that shit
Glizock

Niggas cappin' rappin', all that broke ass shit (Yeah)
I never beefed about a ho 'cause that's some ho-ass shit (Yeah)
I'm never lackin', never catch me with a broke-ass bitch (Never)
They call me, "Glock" and I keep one, you should know that shit (Let's go)
I got this other nigga bitch tryna throat my dick
I took a look in the mirror and said, "Stay on your shit"
I took a look in the mirror and said, "Stay on your grind"
Yeah, I be ballin' on these fuck niggas all the time
Can't chase a bitch 'cause I'm chasin' dollar signs (Dollar signs)
Got twelve whips and all twelve them bitches mine (Bitches mine)
Got twelve whips and ain't none them bitches leased (Ain't none them bitches
leased)
I'm sippin' Texas, rest in peace to Pimp C (Pimp C)

This for all you—, this for all you—, this for all you—
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Talkin' that shit)
This for all you—, this for all you—, this for all you— (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Dedicated to you pussy niggas, bitches with ya
Doctor jammin', mister, mister
You still a nigga and you a niggress
Actin' like you gon' be master, mistress
Bad-mouthin' on a Black man, I hear went in
And I don't know what you think this is, but bitch, this pimpin'
You gon' respect me like the democrats do big Clinton
You gon' respect me like a motherfuckin' Grammy winner
Like I cooked your favorite rapper like a granny dinner (Yeah)
I been looked at, I been followed, I been suspected (Yeah)
Used and abused, I been accused, bitch, I been arrested
And if a nigga know some secrets, bitch, I ain't tellin'
I finally get it, all my haters, they was just jealous
They wrote they papers, gave they speeches, no one gave a fuck
I walk in a room and smile, and applause erupts

Fuck you, fuckin' pussy, fuck you, I would hate me too
'Cause you ain't never seen a nigga do the shit I do
That take that street shit and that scholarship, and run a mall
I'm in attendance at the player's and the mayor's ball
It's Michael

This for all you—, this for all you—, this for all you— (Talk that shit)
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Talkin' that shit)
This for all you—, this for all you—, this for all you— (Talk that shit, tal
k that shit)
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Talkin' that shit)

A pole mane is never hurt, that's ecclesiastic (Huh)
Money flippin' 'round here, kind of like gymnastics (Huh)
Some of y'all talkin' sassy, need some clean underwear (Mm)
Yo' opinion doesn't matter here, don't even got burger fair (Not all)
While you smile, you see a glare, talkin' all that roo-roo
From dirt to diamonds, you see me shinin', this ain't voodoo

Drivin' haters coo-coo, you can get a blessing too-too
If you ain't hoppin' on this money train, ain't blessin' you-you
Money flippa, flashin' like the Big Dipper
My dog country, keep one in chamber, on the hip-ah
Big tipper, red bottoms, I never slip-ah
Louis on my face and waist, a big dripper

Talkin' that, talkin' that, talk, talk, talk, talk
This for all you-, this for all you-, this for all you-
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Talkin' that shit)
This for all you-, this for all you-, this for all you-
This for all you player haters who be talkin' that shit (Talkin' that shit)