

Talk About It

Mark Battles

Thug it with a real one, I'm tired of bein' numb, I'm tryna feel somethin'
(Soulless)

Five degrees on this coat, ayy
Sorry, shorty, but I had to find myself first
Said it was love, I ain't budge and you felt hurt
No more commotions, smell the roses, let the birds chirp
Now don't be crazy, you my baby, you my Gerber
Your father told me, "Don't you push it, don't you hurt her"
It's been a while, mommy, we could take it further (Yeah)
I might just tease you with the tip, come be my server
Uh-huh

It's four degrees on these cold nights
Please forgive me, was addicted to the road life
Want me to nibble on her ear, feel like the old Mike
Then after that I knock it out just like a pro fight
And don't you get it, only happened 'cause it's mental
But no excuses for the stupid shit we been through
I'm here to fix it, heal your spirit like a sensu (Bean)
Been dreamin', it's only us at every venue, uh-huh

It's three degrees on these early days
Man, I'm sick of all these niggas in they girly ways
They say I lost it since my brother touched her early grave
R.I.P my nigga Duck, he in them pearly gates (What?)
Uh
Life is harder than you think it is (Yup)
If you don't think so quick to thinkin' or just think again
'Cause on the spot you get one shot, you gotta sink it in (Right)
It be all good, then it go bad before you blink again, uh

It's two degrees in my own heart, uh
It's two degrees in my own heart (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
It's two degrees in my-
It's two de- look, look, look

It's two degrees in my own heart
You usually find the right person at the wrong part
I guess I hit the right target with the wrong dart
It's hard for me to talk about it 'til the song start, yeah, damn
Uh, aw damn

Come and thug it with a real one (Real one)
I'm tired of bein' numb, I'm tryna feel somethin' (Feel somethin')
Come and thug it with a real one (Real one)
I'm tired of bein' numb, I'm tryna feel somethin' (Feel somethin'), aw damn

Yeah
Yeah