

Chamillonaire Feat. David Banner, Talkin That Talk

David Banner, ay!, Houston, Texas
Chamillonaire, The Mixtape Messiah
Haha, I feel like niggaz need to show some respect off in here maybe
Tell 'em the name, tell 'em the name, Chamillitary maybe
I hear ya talkin' that talk, I heard you was talkin' bout me
Soon as I ask who you talkin' to? You reply wit' nah it's not me
No bite for all of that barkin', cow mad that y'all ain't got me
They ain't keepin' it real like they talkin', pussy niggaz is all that I see
You could be hungry, ugly, chubby, homeless, crippled and blind
And still be better off than niggaz talkin' lip to a nine
I hit that track wit' David Banner, talk that lip to me now
Pussy niggaz like to hide, pop up on 'em surprise
Tired of lettin' niggaz ride gave 'em too many times
I'm sick of tryin', sick 'em huh, flippin' and flyin'
Now they got me yellin' out, 'What? Like a skit from Jon
Chamillitary ain't gon' ride, y'all need to quit ya lyin'
'Cuz ya know that ya falsifyin' niggaz know they can't stop the giant
It just shows that'll stop the cryin', move over this spot is mine
Take over it's about the time, I'ma put all these boys in line
Couldn't walk a inch in my shoes but you know can drop and tie em'
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If it jumps off, it jumps off, let the front of the pumps off
Sumthin' that'll knock ya fuckin' lump off
Think I'm bama, think I'm country well I'am bitch
And I got bullets I can share and I ain't selfish
Dirty boy I got just what you need
Them slugs that'll fly through trees and knock off knees
Knock off kids, knock off peers
Got beats that'll knock by [Incomprehensible] wrong buck get ya throat cut
Catch a buck 5th, watch yo chest lift
Dope rhymes, 'cuz the small lines take a sniff
Bitch I'm tryna make ya nose bleed
Like Russians bustin' the shit out Apollo creed, I'ma ride
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Respect the messiah, ay where the hell is ya manners man?
Knock ya off of ya hinges like you got hit wit a batter ram
You'll be stupid for challengin', knock ya outta ya skeleton
You'll be down on the floor like a Lil' Flippa or Banner fan
The hustle man, I hustle a grand, that dude in Atlant' it
Then what I do wit it? Flip it, kinda like that dude that he mad at
I'm talkin' stops when I rocket, it's sendin' you out the planet
You'll be just timber in a lake like that dude feelin' Janet
That could get you shot at damaged, I bet that you cry or panic
That could get you cut, beat the hell up, then goodbye or vanish
Put ya feet on the concrete, I hope that you got 'em planted
Now stand flat, so I can blaas, make you loose all your balance
Koopas
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