

Partners N Crime, Talk That Shit Now

[Chorus: x2]

[Crowd] Talk that shit now!

[Kangol Slim] The U is for Unknown!

[C] Talk that shit now!

[KS] The N is for Nothing!

[C] Talk that shit now!

[KS] The L is for Lowlife!

[C] Talk that shit now!

[KS] The V is for Virgins!

[First Verse: Kangol Slim + Misdemeanor]

[Misdemeanor]

Tec-9 what'cha like???

[Kangol Slim]

I like room and shit

[Misdemeanor]

Tec-9 what'cha like???

[Kangol Slim]

Man I smoke rocks in clips

[Misdemeanor]

Tec-9 what'cha like???

[Kangol Slim]

Man I'm a clucka bitch, Meanor pop that bitch, ask him to suck your dick

[Misdemeanor]

Well Tec-9 get'cha wave back boy, you look bad

Do yourself a favor, and hit the rehab

It's a shame that you rap, and still gotta rob

[Strange Voice]

Ay yo, peel yourself off, we might give you a job

[Misdemeanor]

Ol' clucka muthafucka, been said it ass sucka

Probably burnt your lady fuckin' junkies with a rubber

Boy where your son at? Pussy ass Ya Fat

Still smokin' crack? Hope you got your mind back

Tryin' to diss my nigga Third, jockin' his ex

All in her face, trickin' off your crazy check

You'z a hoe, I know you know, let your colors show

Or should I beat that up like Glenn beat you after four?

Well beep beep beep, there goes that little red elite

We used to play schoolers back in elementary

Yella Boy back at Eastern, you used to be a dancer

But now in '94 I guess them golds make you gangsta

First the Eddie Bow then you tried the Hike

I guess you caught a flat on that little red bike

'Cise break it down, yeah we bout to act a fool

Won't you bring that fuckin' track to that fuckin' old school?

[Chorus]

[Second Verse: Kangol Slim+Prime Time]

[Kangol Slim]

Well if I never knew a clucker now I know one

Got a couple of grams, Tec-9 you wanna score one?

Niggas always tryin' diss, but you know you lookin' pissed

You done made my hit list, you baboon lookin' bitch
Never take shit from a busta
Never take shit from a clucker
You tried to diss my clique? You'z a stupid muthafucka
Went on to bite my style
Give us a towel
Make my Uncle know that you dropped a diss, but it's too late
You shouldn't put out another tape
You say you fucked my boy ol' lady
Then I find out much later that she had your baby
Now I know it may seem a lil' crazy
But is that really his baby? Nigga Maybe
Nigga it's Drama Time, watch yo back
Get your gat
Before I hit your ass, I'm talkin' to the nigga named Ya-Fat
Fuck the UNLV, I'm down with PNC
And I roll with them niggas off that C.A.B
My nigga, Eazy-E, look here and Cat Daddy
And can't forget about the Big Money and G-Money
Yep I'm comin' for your ass so it's best you wear your vest
I forgot this bird than flew the Cuckoo's nest
Always wanna use a gun, lookin' like Fat Albert's son
You better run cuz muthafucka here I come
That's a lil' coward ass Yella Boy
That's a lil' coward ass Yella Boy
That's a lil' coward ass Yella Boy
That's a lil' coward ass Yella Boy

[Prime Time]

I biggedy bounce just like Slim
Don't give me that foolish like Pimp
I ask them hoes like three nine
I'm paid in full like Rakim
I'm knockin' 'em out like E-A-B
Don't love them hoes like P-N-C
I'm down with Bust down, and got beef like Sporty T
Like I told you before, in the deep N.O.
I'm Prime Time and I'll break you off, and that's somethin' I know fa sho
So come your back blown out if you fuckin' wanna
Fuck with P-N-C I'll put your ass up in a corner

[Strange Voice]

Oh it's a Big Boy thang
A power move swang
Don't fuck with our boys cuz you know you can't hang
It's a Big Boy thang
A power move swang
Y'all busta ass niggas can't hang

[Prime Time]

I'll take you bitch off the map
When it's time to strap, bust a cap
That fake ass track, and that fake ass rap
Get off the map
To that bitch Ya-Fat, I'ma make you go get'cha gat
I heard you mouthin' off track
Don't take no time to get smacked
And to that bitch Tec-9, you must don't mind dyin'
Fuckin' with Prime, wrong nigga, you better be packin' that iron
Save the pussy for last, Yella boy you gettin' dissed
Tryin' to rep on the Prime, you albino lookin' bitch
And with that fake ass Eddie Bow, shit is played out of style
I'ma make you worth your while, with a big ass smile
You round here reppin' and stuntin' talkin' bout y'all about it
Tryin' to diss PNC, Misdemeanor I doubt it

From a studio prankster to your label's obsessive gangster
Fuck around and I'll stank ya, might as well spank ya

[Chorus x2]