

Big Pokey, Why Y'all Still Talkin Down

(Answering Machine Message)

man that niggas a hoe man
this ol south ass nigga
you think you throwed
you aint throwed boy
better take that weak shit on boy
this shit aint for kids boy
leave it to the grown men son
hoe ass nigga,weak ass nigga,dick in the booty ass
nigga man,get that weak shit out of here man
niggas don't play games around here boy
fuck get took out in this game son
better stay on the bench where its safe boy
don't fuck around wit these real hawgs{*BEAM*}

(Chorus:Big Moe)

Why Y'all Still Talkin Down
(they still bumpin that trash)
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down
(gonna catch one in the mask)
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down
(we on points percise)
Why Y'all Still Talkin Down
(uh Do that Northside for life)

(Big Pokey)

Niggas know me cause I hawg the track
low vouges on Escalade's I bought me that
and everywhere I go I hall a gat
a platinum plus'll slash all of that
you know me I'm a balla black
I'm a ball till I fall have a ball attack
if I played for southern I'd hawg the swat
and I'm still a D dealer I hawg all the crack
squash the chat I'm a C-E-O
ask wodie for real ya'll ask C he know
peep my steelo I'm off the chain
4 days out the week I'm flossin grain
4 month's did shows sasa (?)
got me a house built (that's awesome mayn)
knocked off the studio house of pain
and I fly first class first off the plane

(Chorus)

(Chris Ward)

I'm Chris Ward I'm off the stone Boulevard
I stay danked out and dranked out full of noise
if a hater got plex I'll pull his cards
unplug ya lights and send you to the Lord
cause I heard threw the hate line you wanna take mine
well pick a number nigga wait in line
go threw jackas like these break em down
for I married the streets I went on dates wit crime
and I don't make club songs I make thug songs
spitt verses and make niggas put they mugs on
you suckas can catch me in Guess jeans and Nugs on
sellin on the same corner that you sell ya drugs on
Chris Ward is on the block and the street is mine
and you don't wanna get caught up when I sweep the dime
I might sweep it early I might sweep at nine
and I don't care if you sleep wit ya heaters
because I creep with mine

(Chorus)

(Big E)

When you talk behind my back you feel you lack
in 2000 Big E the real pitt on the track
chitter chatter it don't matter me myself woman flatter
if you talk down you'll fuckin get ya brain splatter
but we talkin street sweeps and glocks
some thugged out niggas that bring heat to blocks
we some swisha sweet smokers boys rich as Oprah
we in the club smokin okra back of the strip like(?)
party with gardies smoke trees like jet skies
major playas who make goals like Gretsky
why ya'll mad talkin like ya'll turned fed
I know ya'll the type of faker who likes bread
from the dead end section Houston, Texas
get a new car every year don't need a (??)
I'm a C-E-O they wanna see me flow
Northside screwed up makin music go slow

(Chorus)

(talking till end)