

DJ Clue, Talk To Me

[pretty boy]

Yo, tell foxy to hold all that down
Aight, hold on

[foxy]

Uhh, that's cool
First bitch, what

[foxy brown]

There y'all bitches go, straight yappin' again
Oh the tv show f**ked up, got you rappin' again
Ya'll bitches is scared now, got you rhymin' from the heart now
Been talkin' shit, what the f**k you wanna start now
Mad cause he pretty
Seent ya fruity ass straight starin' at my titties
Spendin' chips to get me, who me!
Strickly dickly, f**ks wit' no chicks
Only the thuggest cats, with the, stiffest dicks
Picture this, y'all broke bitches wanna see me diss ya'll
Just to get y'all rich, never
It's simple shit, this little navigator
Litte high heeled gators, be gettin' you sick
What the f**k is this
Ain't y'all bitches supposed to be ceo's, and actresses, whoa

See this dough, this bomb ass face in this
Pretty roll in this, heavy dough
Don't y'all chicks know, I inherit from the best
My nigga jay, so you feelin' the rest
Bnnie and clyde, bitch!
You don't worry bout this, he like this
The way the shit mines, just look at your wrist
Why is she even trippin' off this half ass shit
We rockin' stadiums, splittin' half that shit
He like, huh, here go the keys, go flash that shit
Matter fact, take this birck, and go stash that shit
That's right, I'm bare foot
On the stage with the look
Now you clones, dick ridin' my throne
I'ma let y'all hoes know, for the first and last time
I'm on that brooklyn shit, and I'm takin' what's mine
Yeah, now you made, ain't no royalties left?
Hah, I'll show you royalty
Dead on your royalty, uhh
I'ma stay talkin' about gettin' proper
Yeah, bitch, I said it
I'ma dress dress royal
Talk to me...