

# Hi-C, The Talk

(feat. E-40, Sly Boogy)

Roll somethin (yeah) smoke somethin (right)  
Drank somethin (what) flow somethin (hey)

[Chorus]

Niggaz try to talk that talk (some niggaz try to talk that talk)  
But they really cain't walk that walk (nah they really cain't walk that walk)  
People fuck around and get caught (you gon' fuck around and get caught)  
Find your ass outlined in chalk (you find your ass outlined in chalk)

[Sly Boogy]

I like to smoke on the fine lined sticky  
You don't really wanna try Sly Boogy (nah)  
I got some niggaz that'll ride right wit me  
I'm not a homosexual, I like pussy (yup yup)  
I make the hardest niggaz cry like sissies  
I'm a live walkin sci-fi mystery  
Come on and shine in the limelight wit me  
Let's make it snap, crackle and pop like Rice Krispies  
I put niggaz in fear when I rip shit  
Make sho' my words sound clear when I spit this  
Guzzle up a 40 ounce of beer with the quickness  
If you wanna get bent, here nigga hit this  
It's only been a year since my shit hit  
Now a gang of people got they ear in my bid'ness  
My words pierce like a spear, I'm relentless  
You better hope yo' name don't appear on my hit list

[Chorus]

[Hi-C]

Yeah you niggaz is fixin to get ya brains blew back  
Sly Boogy (whattup?) Where the thang-thang at  
Niggaz be killin me with these gangbang raps  
I got homies so banged out they need a gangbang PATCH  
Guns, knives, and baseball bats  
Nigga! I come from the days of waaaaaaaay back  
And I'm still dope like Ritalin  
Cause I keep shit stankin like a chitlin  
You best to chill with all that yappin you snitch you  
Oh you don't feel it? But I bet you your bitch do! (heyyy)  
You at home eatin TV dinners  
While I roll through the hood wit'cha ho on spinners  
It's my time to shine, I'm fixin to rock next  
And then I'm disappearin again like Loch Ness  
With ten million in cash, and 2 tecs, with a cell phone  
With three young honies with hot sex

[Chorus]

[Hi-C]

Oh yeah monkeyheads, I ain't playin  
Look who the cat drug in

[E-40]

E-40!

Straight from the bottom of the gutter peeeyimp (gutter peeeyimp)  
But then I rose (then I rose)  
Now it's life &quot;bonus golf,&quot; pimp I got extra holes/hoes  
I used to shovel that snow, that powder yo' nose  
The first one on my soil my ninja to ride vogues (ride vogues)  
Now we rhyme and spit verses and rock shows (rock shows)  
And pimp these broads for they purses mayne when I'm on the road (on the road)

I'm a fixture on my block (on my block)  
Before E-40, my named used to be Hubbarock (Hubbarock)  
Hubbarock? Yeah bruiser, Hubbarock  
Bust a unit open, break it down to hundred pops  
Hundred pops? Yeah bruiser, hundred pops  
Feed 'em to my runners, let my runners get 'em off (get 'em off)  
I like to floss and campaign (campaign)  
With the, top down, smokin champagne (champagne)  
And go stupid like a fool (like a FOOL)  
Off Hennessy and Red Bull (Red Bull)

Roll somethin, smoke somethin  
Drank somethin, flow somethin

[Chorus]

[E-40 over Chorus]  
That's right, you squares be talkin that talk mayne  
But cha'll can't walk that walk mayne  
You fools is squares, a box of Apple Jacks  
Fa-shiggadale, boyyyyyy  
Get outline in chalk fool, riggadale'll tell ya  
Why? Uhh

[Hi-C]  
Ay DJ Cokie, get us up out this bitch mayne  
[scratching]  
SHUT UP MONKEYHEAD!