

# Juvenile, Keep Talkin'

(feat. Skip, Redd Eyezz)

[Chorus: Skip - 2X]

Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (POW!)  
Smack the taste right up out of your mouth (POW!)  
"I wa-, I wa-"; That's what I'm talkin' about (POW!)  
Keep talkin' out the side of your mouth (POW!)

[Skip]

Since I hit the TV now I'm a hot topic  
But that don't mean Skipper won't pop it  
Ain't that that dude with the H2 and the nice wallet?  
And I got four words - stay off my dick  
You wanna make it to where Skip ain't got shit  
So you could ride around town and spread your gossip  
Make up stories like "U.T.P. done dropped Skip"  
"Juve" used the man, paid him and then got rich"  
C'mon stop it, you're makin' it up  
Damn, how much hate is enough, boy you faker than fuck  
"I just saw Skip blazin' it up  
With a dime piece, smilin', gettin' head in the truck  
Look, right now he headed for us" (Look!)  
"You lyin' motherfucker, dude he right behind 'em, you a busta"  
Cause that's your old lady he with  
Them hoes is for everbody, stop savin' a bitch

[Chorus - 2X]

[Redd Eyezz]

Open my eyes when the sun rise, blazin'  
First nigga on the strip, even if my block's hotter than Cajun  
I cop them Haitian, Jamaicans, Cubans and Yanks  
Program with every race, now I cuts my own steak  
Known to take G trips to a town like Wimbledon  
Get a bust' down spot and be servin' like Wimbledon  
Black John McEnroe, my rap flows are clapped (uh-hu)  
Supposed to be hot as Tabasco, look at them assholes now  
Homie, when I'm seen there's a crowd  
With head bustas off the streets talkin' loud, ready to wild  
Get respect for a few things  
Deranged, the chopper spit  
And the first off the block to cop a new Range  
Life is fast, I get cash and write about it  
At night it ain't safe in the South, we bout it bout it  
Doubt it and get bodied 'cause the shotty will lift -  
your big muscleman bodyguard off his shit

[Chorus - 2X]

[Juvenile]

Who lil' daddy with the fitted cap turned back?  
Know some of these niggaz got respect, he tryin' to earn that  
Hopefully one of these niggaz with yayo will see that  
And put him in the right position he tryin' to be at  
They talkin' in the wind but they no better than the play though  
They could make a carton or a t-shirt in a day though  
I ain't tryin' to flex my power bitch but I got say so  
And I could make a million; American, yen or peso  
They say I got a attitude, that's not the issue at all  
Don't get involved when I'm doin' what I have to do  
I'm subtle now but I could turn into an animal  
Blow it out of proportion and I ain't understandin' you  
Not in it for the short, I want the long term  
Fuck the government, I'ma take care of my own children

You gon' have to zip your lip up, before a nigga flip up  
I don't think they understandin' me, holler at 'em Skipper

[Chorus - 4.5X]