

Young Jeezy, Talk To Em

Like the person needs his soul uh huh, yeah
Fight the will ay to need his own ay, ay, ay
Just talk to em for a minute, ay just talk to em for a minute
Like the baby ay needs to cry uh huh yeah
if you go ay" I swear yeah ill die ay, ay, ay

How the fuck im free out here and you locked in there
Your whole family acts like I ont care
They dont know about the nights I just lay in my bed
I cant even sleep I just lay in my bed
Eyes full of tears and a heart full of pain
Take deep breathes everytime I hear your name
You was more than family you was like my brother
So when the shit went down its like I lost my brother ay
And I wish we could trade places
Swear to GOD dawg wish we could trade places
Livin a life of crime, but it wasnt your life it was more like mine
I often think about the close calls we had
And I often think about the close brawls we had
And I love my nigga what you know bout that
And ill do anything to get golmourf back talk to em

Like the person needs his soul
Fight the will to need his own
Make em understand, ay, please, make em understand
Like the baby please, look, ay
needs to cry make em understand, ay, ay, ay
if you go I swear ill die
make em understand, yeah, ay, talk to em ay, ay, ay

Mel man you my heart I swear to god swear to god
Knew you was real man I saw it from the start from the start
Even when I was wrong my nigga had my back yeah
Even when I was right my nigga had my back damn right
We used to laugh wouldnt shit funny naw
Late night at my grandma house counting money
I trust you with my life dawg if I was married id trust you with my wife dawg
Any given time a half a mill in your possession
You aint called in two days man I still wasnt stressing naw:
Cause when I talk my nigga listen listened
Switch shit you used to help me with them pigeons
Earnest Earnest T. wont talk to me dawg and it hurts it hurts
She treats a nigga like im the scum of the life scum of the earth
In your eyes I couldnt do no wrong naw so to you I dedicate this song talk to em

Like the person ay needs his soul ay
Fight the will talk to em for me my nigga to need his own
gotta feel me on this one, yeah, ay, talk to em in tongues nigga,
do it make these niggas understand
Like the baby ay needs to I love you Mat Lou
cry uh huh, talk to em
if you go I ont think they understand me my nigga
I swear ill die yeah, talk to em, ay, ay, ay

Mustve bust ten rounds through the strap in your lap
Knew I was a gangsta I wasnt going for that
Pussy nigga in my yard talkin shit
Knowin damn well I was on some G shit
Let the whole clip ride and didnt think
Let the whole clip ride and didnt blink
You told me kindly not to bring the white in your house
And then what I do bring the white in the house
Bricks in the addict and yean know
Your grandson killin em he getting 24

Feds at the door im out of town
Yean tell em shit, you held me down
Now a-days I rock the mic im getting paid for that
And all the shit I been through im getting paid for that
Always said I would make, wish you could see me now
But if I tried to tell her she probably wouldnt believe me now
LOVE YOU MAT LOU!