

Clipse, Lets Talk About It

(feat. Jermaine Dupri, Pharrell Williams)

[Jermaine Dupri]

Uh huh, oh
Oh, damn baby
Shit.....
How you get all that in them jeans?
Nevermind that, you hear this?
It's that Star Trak
Clipse, (get down!)
So So Def

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

Question - ask any nigga
Rapper or a hustler, who rocks is bigger?
(Pharrell Williams) - The rapper!
Naw, dawg, go figure
With the V12, I make that straight killa
I flood the block, I hug the glock
I have a whole neighborhood that seen a thug to stop (Stop!)
Cause I show 'em what Waco see, then hit the district cant visit to Jac-o-b
I like my diamonds colored, watch it smothered (me too)
Show off at the place of jewels, let the white man love it (hahaha)
I'm too much, got bitches out for me
Bring 'em home, give 'em they choice of balcony
She said "We can have more fun"; I said "How can we?"
Then she brought her girl in and ate her out for me, wow (Wow!)
All night sexin', just think, this all came from one question

[Chorus - Jermaine Dupri]

You got a big ass bell? Lemme see you jingle it baby
You got a big ass bell? Lemme see you jingle it baby
Wanna talk about cars? Lets talk about it
Wanna talk about a house? Lets talk about it
Wanna talk about jewels? Lets talk about it
Wanna talk about money? Dont talk without it
Wanna talk about chicks? Lets talk about it
Wanna talk about hits? Lets talk about it
Wanna talk about cris? Lets talk about it
But when you talk about cash, dont talk without it

[Verse 2: Jermaine Dupri]

Now as the game rotates, and my chrome gets bigger
More and more girls wanna fuck this nigga
Hard for a chick not to stick around
When I come through town, layin my dick down
They can tell a true playa by the clothes that I wear
Game that I spit, and the length of my hair (Ok)
The more I come, the more I cum, get it?
What you see now, I been done did it
Every girl around, I been done hit it
Cars been kited, since I was sixteen
And yes, I'm still spendin' that Kris Kross creme (haha)
Big boy moves, big boy shine
Big boy watch tell big boy time
Everybody know I got the recipe, so you know ya'll niggas can't mess with me
Matter of fact, I don't even gotta say no mo' (Oh)

[Chorus: Jermaine Dupri]

[Hook: Pharrell Williams and Jermaine Dupri]

Na na, (OH) na na na na na
(Come on girl)
Na na na na na (Oh)
Na na na na na (Come on girl)

Na na na na na na (Oh)
Na na na na na na (Come on girl)
Na na na na na na (Oh)
(I want you to move your waist for the whistle)
Na na na na na na (Come on girl)

[Verse 3: Malice]

It ain't too many things that exceed my reach
Speedboat, glass floor, let you see underneath
But nevermind that though, I'm just showing off
As I do in the Porshe show with the top lost
I ain't change the game hash, you know the name as
Malice in my wrist, like shattered stain glass
I generate them Franklin's and Grant's
Each ear look like a halogen lamp
I'm high beamin, at the same time leanin'
In the butter soft seat that keep a street thug scheming'
For we compare paper, get your weight up
I need more points than that, don't you play with me, Jacob
You see me on my back, you see me live
I'm every color of the spectrum, like ROY G. BIV
Look dog, get a load of how daddy ball
Wanna talk about cash?
Well I done said it all

[Chorus]