

Talk to Em

Young Jeezy

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 don't 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 wasn't 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 wouldn't 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 daw
g
Any given time a half a mill in your possession
You aint called in two days man I still wasn't 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 couldn't do no wrong "naw" so to you I dedicate this song "ta
lk 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"

Must've bust ten rounds through the strap in your lap

Knew I was a gangsta I wasn't going for that
Pussy nigga in my yard talkin shit
Know'in damn well I was on some G shit
Let the whole clip ride and didn't think
Let the whole clip ride and didn't 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 wouldn't believe me now
LOVE YOU MAT LOU!