

Car Talk

OJ da Juiceman

I talk to my car
Like Michael did Kit
I'm Alaska in Atlanta
And I'm iced when selling bricks
And I talk to my money because my money very funny
And, since I got that money all my homies turn phony.

Say, I talk to my car
Tell my car to crank up
Then I talk to my car
Tell my car to back up
Then I tell my car to make a phone call it does it
Red and black charger
Black and red buckets
Pockets on extra
Juice man stuntin'
Walkin on ice dog, I'm buzzin
Raised on the 'crest with a shout-out to my cousin
Right wrist retarded
Left wrist buggin'
And I got that loud back 5 50 onions
Bentley super-tall like your name was Paul Bunyon
And I got that gat nicknamed Obama
Young Juice Man 200 band to my mama

Well I talk to my money and my money extra funny and it sitting
on my shoulder and it's telling me get money
And my pinky ring so big and these yellow like some funions but
I'm bunkin and I'm boomin so today we eat with money
And I'm shining on the hater with my diamonds super sunny
And I'm trappin' like a fool so I've never been a dummy
And ever since a kid all I thought about was money
So, when I cop the Hummer the same color as the honey

Alaksa in Atlanta and I got the white guys
Right hand cookin with mo chickety pot pies
Bouldercrest workin in the trappin green pies
Juice stamp chickens got me stacking bad guys
Big face 100s small face dumbers
Got so much money and don't forget the karma
Big face 100s small face dumbers
Got so much money and don't forget the karma