

# Can I Talk to You (Radio Mix) [feat. Jadakiss]

## Cassidy

I need to talk to ya

Can I talk to you?

Ay, lemme holla at cha

Yo, stop runnin' from meAyo, this Cassidy and niggaz is not fuckin' wit me man

Yeah, I'm talkin' reckless but you gotta respect it

It's in my DNA man, I was born to be a gangsta

Kiss talk to 'em manYo, you know me K I S S

Kiss of Death LP soon come for ya, bless, bless

Metalic green paint on the apala the S.S.

And I figured the more niggaz dead the less stressYou love how I'm hurtin' the track

You wanna Polly but I'm sort of hard

To reach like the dirt on ya back

Hand to hand like I'm workin' the sack

And I work out on my arms

So I have no problem workin' the mackNever been a toe steppa, side switcher

A fence jumper, I was ten wit ten pumpers

Hustled wit the best of dem

Did whatever it took to make a quarter

I charged niggaz to watch wrestlin'I'm a heavy threat, D-Block, Double R, Full surface

Y'all niggaz ain't ready yet

Yeah, New York is mine, Philly is Cass

Holla backI need to talk to ya

Can I talk to you?

Ay, lemme holla at cha

Yo, stop runnin' from meI need to talk to ya

Can I talk to you?

Ay, lemme holla at cha

Yo, stop runnin' from meYou know me, C A S S, fresh dressed

Just coped some new 4-5's and a fresh vest

I get scout, 'cause a bitch mouth is the best sex

But less talk, you ain't got no heart in ya left breastGo head, get ya beef on, I let my wolves get they eat on

And leave you wit nothin' but ya sneaks on

But it don't matter 'cause ya feets gonn

Now that's restin' in pieces so go meet JesusYou 'lil boys better ease up

'Cause them dudes you think hot, will see Cass and then freeze up

You wanna scrap? Roll ya sleeves up

But I'd rather squeeze 'cause I ain't tryna fuck my trees upOr wrinkle my dickie, I crack the dutch sprinkle the sticky

I know you pissed, I got kiss and them wit me, dig me?

'Cause you dudes is haters  
And if you bet that I was gonn flop, you gonn lose ya paperI need to talk to ya  
Can I talk to you?  
Ay, lemme holla at cha  
Yo, stop runnin' from meI need to talk to ya  
Can I talk to you?  
Ay, lemme holla at cha  
Yo, stop runnin' from meAyo, get it thru ya head it's no stoppin' me  
Nigga the R is Double, the Surface is Full, the Block is D  
All it take is a trey 8 and a mask  
Nigga it's Jada and Cas I vision ya face, watin' to blastIf money was food y'all niggaz be fastin'  
And we stuffin' our face, we eatin' wit passion  
In the hood like we runnin' numbers  
Cass ask these mothafuckas why they runnin' from usThey runnin' from us 'cause they petrified  
I lift guns for the exercise  
And I spray like insectosides  
You bullz better recognizeWhen the weapon rise  
You can catch slugs in ya chest  
Through ya vest and die  
You on some sucka shit  
So I'll leave a scar on ya face longer  
Than the knife that I cut you witI done paid my dews so I'll blow ya brains out  
And then feed it to ya seed like baby foodI need to talk to ya  
Can I talk to you?  
Ay, lemme holla at cha  
Yo, stop runnin' from meI need to talk to ya  
Can I talk to you?  
Ay, lemme holla at cha  
Yo, stop runnin' from me

Songwriters

Phillips, Jason T / Micalizzi, Franco / Reese, BarryPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>