What Cha Talkin Bout

Daz Dillinger

All dem niggas right there
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
Fuck y'allI thought you knew about us
You know what we throw on this
1-87 on rhyme
Anybody killa
Fuck all y'allWe run the streets, come run with my game
We make paper, big paper, all day, it's a thang
And we ride up on the quickness up the side of you
Keep heat, big heat just to drop on you
Nigga we keep the streets hot
It's just us and the cops
And niggas die in shady spots over hustlin rock
Guess money rule the world
Materials and girls, fly
Did ya never seen?
Never, even dreamless, these things
That make the world we live in what it is
And though with paper you would die
It's a shame what is real on these wheels
Foes on a hundred smoke weed
Me and Bad and Tray-Dee
In an ice machine
Big strap that let a nigga have to come out
Flyin down Atlanta, go on, come out
Hit the liquor store when nigga used to run out
Throwin up the gang hollerin What Cha Talkin BoutWhat Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout (I wouldn't have enough in the touch to know everythang)
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout (We run these street teams and big dope sacks)
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout (Mash to maintain, blast gats to gang bang)
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout (Anybody kill a whole mob)Though we all wanna live it up
'fo the lights go out in your house

No one is gon' get there
Fillin all doubts, and hold out
Only when ya sure to take a loss
Otherwise man get yours, 'cause light don't blast
If the guns don't get cha
It's sure to be the cancer
Why ask why? You gonna believe his answer
He made it up and just about to get your chances
It's a baby I've been knowin,
Trust of homage you could go insurin
Gats at close range or betrayal of my trust
Only gave me one change, it's just us
Who banging at the poppa stops
Gangsta network your G shit
Makin million dollar plans
Pullin million dollar scams
It be a trillion dollar man
Fuck y'all, I'm gettin rich
The world make me sick
I really wanna live it up
It's like I'm druck and didn't need, I wanna give it up
I stay calm and stay composed with no doubts
Throwing up Dogg Pound hollerin...What Cha Talkin Bout
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What Cha Talkin Bout (Anybody kill a whole mob)We run these streets 'cause we all tryna live it up
Mashin for this dream and never will we give it up
Puttin up with nothin
The world let us hear with no fury
Holla fuck 'em, filthy rich with a big plan to touch 'em
Talkin nothin
Provin, movin I can make a difference
Any ??? 'll speak louder then
All that y'all jackin at gettin payed
One of the two main reasons I keep rappin
It just happened
The peace so niggas don't know

Sublime would open, how they dyin, I'm just tryin
Till I keep all my times boy, I hit the line
Someone should defy the law
I've forgot what I was looking for
Even though it's hard, you've still gotta go for yours
Smokin, hopin I get into heaven through some open door
Even though it's hard, you've still gotta go for yours
Smokin, hopin I get into heaven through some open door
Even though it's hard, you've still gotta go for yoursWhat Cha Talkin Bout
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What Cha Talkin Bout (Anybody kill a whole mob)Hahaha,
Yeah
We run these streets
And some big dope sacks
Nigga
Smoke some, drink some
That's what I'm talkin about
Yeah
HahaStill blastin at close range
Things ain't changed
We the gang
But we blast and mash to maintain
Like to say what up to Tray Deee, Slip Capone, Soopafly and Mr B-A-D
Gang bangin
But we blast and mash to maintain on all y'all suckers
To my big homeboy C-Style
What up dogg?
Yeah
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout

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