



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  
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)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 ??? 'Il 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  
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What Cha Talkin Bout  
What Cha Talkin Bout  
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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