

# That's What I'm Talking About

WC

They call me dubcudawas the last name  
Money in my lap doin a buck in the fast lane  
The passion of a husler I got it  
And if it aint about money I don't wanna talk about itThe passion of a husler I got it  
And if it aint about money I don't wanna talk about itChorusNow lemme see your fingers in the sky  
And if you like money keep em up high  
Stand up put your hands up  
Show me what you all about  
Real shit nigga  
Yeah that's what I'm talkin' boutGetting' it in out of the concrete boots  
In a coupe a hundred ten  
Blowin like a flute  
Fresh off of lockdown  
Straight out the chute  
Nigga down for whatever  
Still all about the lootThe property of poverty  
The looters of youth  
Now it's denim on the leather  
While removing the roofThe hog on the hog  
With the "D's" on the Deuce  
And you can blame it on the alcohol  
The weed and the juice look.Load up my weaponry  
Starter cap to the left of me  
You know when I rep a "C"  
Dub S to the death of me  
Motherfuckers wasn't respectin' me  
But im all up in your chest with heat  
Givin you sideline bitter niggas vasectomies  
Till I rest in peace  
Hustle the recipe  
Your niggas a bitch baby  
you need to sit next to meDub Cuda the bandana dangler  
O T countin dirty money with the hanky upChorus(?) you  
Shake the (?) off you  
Comin again please  
Gimme something to walk tooI can't leave see  
For all of my niggas  
Who don't wear tight jeans  
up they ass needs mewent independent last CD

still sold a shitload of records  
no radio or TV and I'm stickin to the program  
Chucks on the concrete  
While the Cadillac door slams The "W" was my star symbol  
My jams make niggas get down  
Like barrels out of car windows I'm a nut for Cheese and Chuck T's  
Addicted to big butt cheeks and weaves  
Not a pop artist  
But I'll pop they heezee  
A branch of the same tree as  
Pac & Eazy  
Bumpin Jam Master Jay & Biggie  
Iron on the stove  
Shakin up the starch can  
Sprayin my Dickies Chorus Now who that nigga quick to shoot it  
Cap at the truest  
The closest to the streets to do it  
Me  
The D Fisher in this rap shit I'm a vet  
In a blue pro (?) tied around the neezeck  
Your future baby daddy I might be  
You ain't never been with a nigga like me  
Baby slide me your number  
I'll call you later this weekend  
I can't talk now  
I'm on my way to rob the weed man Love by a few hated by majority  
I'm the reason these rappers keep security  
I go hard kick gears and jump cars  
Chuckin up the hood  
Three wheelin in your front yard You niggas is temporary  
Facebook Gangstas  
I put faces on obituaries nigga Chorus

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