

That's What I'm Talking About

WC

They call me dubcuda was 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 itNow 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' bout
Getting' 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.
Lolo(?)
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 up(?) 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 Im 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 Im a nut for Cheese and chuck T's
Addicted to big butt cheeks an 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 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 im a vet
And a (?) tied around the neezeck
Your future baby daddy I might be
You aint never been with a nigga like me
Baby slide me you number
Ill 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 majurity
Im 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
I put faces on obituaries nigga

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>