

# 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 it  
And if it aint about money I don't wanna talk about it  
Now 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 loot  
The property of poverty  
The looters of youth  
Now it's denim on the leather  
While removing the roof  
The 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 me  
Dub 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 too  
I can't leave see  
For all of my niggas  
Who don't wear tight jeans  
Up they ass needs me  
Went 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

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