

Can I Talk to You

Cassidy

(feat. Jadakiss)

[Chorus]

Yea, I need to talk to you, ok can I talk to you
C'mon c'mon c'mon (hey, let me holla at you)
C'mon c'mon c'mon (yo, stop runnin from me)

[Cassidy]

A yo this Cassidy & niggas is not fuckin wit me man,
And yea, I'm talking wreckless but you gotta respect it,
Its in my DNA man, I was born to be a gangsta,
Yea Kiss talk to em...

[Jadakiss]

You know me K-I-S-S kiss of death
LP soon comin for yall bless bless
Metallic green paint on the impala the S.S.
And I figure the more niggas dead the less stress
You love how I'm hurtin the track
You wanna polly but I'm sort of hard to reach like the dirt on ya back
Hand to hand like I'm workin the sack
And I work out wit my arms so I'll have no problem workin the mac
Uh, never been a toe stepper, side switcher
A fence jumper, I was 10 wit twin pumpers
Hustled wit the best of them
Did whatever it took to make a quarter I charge niggas to watch wrestlin
I'm heavy threat, D-Block double R full surface yall niggas aint ready yet
[talking]
Yea, New York is mine, Philly is Cass holla back.

[Chorus X2]

[Cassidy]

You know me C-A-S-S fresh dressed
Just copped some new 4-5's and a fresh vest
I gets scout cuz a bitch mouth is the best sex
But less tlk you aint got no heart in yo left breast
Go head get yo beef on
I'll let my wolves get they eat on and leave you wit nothing but ya sneaks o
n
But it don't matter cuz ya feets gone
Now that's restin in pieces so go meet Jesus
You little boys better ease up
Cuz them dudes you think hot'll see Cass and then freeze up
You wan' scrap roll ya sleeves up
But I'll rather squeeze cuz I aint tryin to fuck my trees up
Or wrinkle my dickie I crack a dutch sprinkle the sticky
I know you pissed I got kiss & them wit me, dig me
Cuz you dudes is haters & if you bet that I was gon' flop you gon' lose yo p
aper.

[Chorus X2]

[Jada]

A yo, get it through ya head there's no stopping me
Nigga the R is double the surface is full the block is D
All it take is a Trey 8 & a mass nigga its Jada & Cass I vision ya face wait

in to blast
If money was food yall niggas be fastin
And we stuffin our face & eatin wit passion
In the like we runnin numbers
Cass ask these mothafuckas why they runnin from us
[Cassidy]
They runnin from us cuz they petrified
I lift guns for the exercise
And I spray like insecticides
You bugs better rcognize
When the weapon rise you can catch slugs in ya chest through ya vest & die
You on some sucka shit
So I'll leave a scar on ya face longer than the knife that I cut you wit
I done paid my dues so I'll blow ya brains out & then feed it to ya seed lik
e baby food
Bitch!!!

[Chorus X2]