



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 ??? 'll 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 (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

Haha

Still 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