

# That's What I'm Talking About

WC

They call me Dub-Cuda, was the last name  
Money in my lap, doing a buck in the fast lane  
The passion of a hustler, I got it  
And if it ain't about money, I don't wanna talk about it  
The passion of a hustler, I got it  
And if it ain't about money, I don't wanna talk about it

Now let me see your fingers in the sky  
And if you like money, keep them up high  
Stand up put your hands up, show me what you all about  
Real shit nigga - Yeah, that's what I'm talking about

Getting it in out of the concrete boots  
In a Coupé a hundred ten, blowing 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 we're removing the roof  
The hog on the hog, With the Ds 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 respecting me  
But I'm all up in your chest with heat  
Giving you sideline bitter niggaz vasectomies  
Til I rest in peace, Hustle the recipe  
Your niggaz a bitch baby you need to sit next to me  
Dub-Cuda, the bandanna dangler  
OT counting dirty money with the hanky up

Dub got Shake the gators off you  
Coming again please give me something to walk to  
I can't leave see, for all of my niggaz  
Who don't wear tight jeans up their ass needs me  
Went independent last CD  
Still sold a shitload of records no radio or TV  
And I'm sticking to the program  
Chucks on the concrete while the Cadillac door slams  
The W was my star symbol  
My jams make niggaz 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 heezy  
A branch of the same tree as Pac and Eazy  
Bumping Jam Master Jay and Biggie  
Iron on the stove, shaking up the Starch Can spraying my Dickies

Now who that nigga quick to shoot it? (Who?)  
Cap at the truest, the closest to the streets to do it  
Me, The Deep Fisher in this rap shit I'm a vet  
In a blue profile, tied around the neezeck  
Your future baby daddy I might be  
You ain't never been with a nigga like me  
Baby slide me you 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 niggaz is temporary, Facebook Gangsters I put faces on obituaries  
Nigga, Dub-Cuda, the Bandanna dangler  
OT counting dirty money with the hanky up

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about  
Talking.. Talking.. Talking about, Talking about  
Yeah, that's what I'm talking about  
911, it's the Barracuda, wanna loose  
Of the good and a juice  
The passion of a hustler, I got it  
And if it ain't about money, I don't wanna talk about it!