

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!