

W.C. "That's What I'm Talking About"

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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

The passion of a husler I got it
And if it aint about money I don't wanna talk about it

Chorus

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.

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 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

Chorus

(?) 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

Chorus

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

In a blue pro (?) 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
Facebook Gangstas
I put faces on obituaries nigga

Chorus

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