


# Shaquille O'Neal F/ Sauce Money

## "What Cha Talkin Bout"

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All dem niggas right there  
SSS  
Fuck y'all



I thought you knew about us  
You know what we throw on this  
1-87 on rhyme  
Anybody killa  
Fuck all y'all

We run the streets, come run with my game  
We make paper, big paper, all day, it's a thang  
And we ride up on the quickness up the side of you  
Keep heat, big heat just to drop on you  
Nigga we keep the streets hot  
It's just us and the cops  
And niggas die in shady spots over hustlin rock  
Guess money rule the world  
Materials and girls, fly  
Did ya never seen?  
Never, even dreamless, these things  
That make the world we live in what it is  
And though with paper you would die  
It's a shame what is real on these wheels  
Foes on a hundred smoke weed  
Me and Bad and Tray-Dee  
In an ice machine  
Big strap that let a nigga have to come out  
Flyin down Atlanta, go on, come out  
Hit the liquor store when nigga used to run out  
Throwin up the gang hollerin What Cha Talkin Bout

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)

Though we all wanna live it up  
'fo the lights go out in your house  
No one is gon' get there  
Fillin all doubts, and hold out  
Only when ya sure to take a loss  
Otherwise man get yours, 'cause light don't blast  
If the guns don't get cha  
It's sure to be the cancer  
Why ask why? You gonna believe his answer  
He made it up and just about to get your chances  
It's a baby I've been knowin,  
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...

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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 ??? 'Il 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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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  
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