

Catherine Terry

"Talkin' Bout You"

Visit "[Talkin' Bout You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1: Rah Digga]

This's some shit for those that don't know me
My raps be on point and I pull blunts slowly
I drink Reezers when they stored in the freezers
Cool as Black Ceasar, destroy your whole career for my
leisure
Watch tables turn when I set it
Like payin niggas cash for hookin up my bad credit
No Darkside Tales, strictly I's and sales
You be waitin for my shit like niggas waitin for they
bails
I play pro, it's just the pre-season
All y'all asthmatics in the house start WHEEZIN
Cause ain't no tellin what I spew
I bust more rhymes than shots bust Amadou
Ooh - shit be in my head like that
Niggas know me from the ave, be scared to rap
So enjoy the fame now, cause I'm about to make it hard
To your death like that _Different Strokes_ broad

[CHORUS]

Cause ain't no tellin what I spew
Could be talkin bout me, could be talkin bout you
Rappers got no clue of what I do
When I'm talkin bout me, talkin bout you
(Talkin bout you!)

Blame it on the weed, blame it on the brew
Talkin bout me, talkin bout you
(Talkin bout you!)

Every single word be true
When I'm talkin bout me, talkin bout you

[VERSE 2: Rah Digga]

Comin with the rah-rah, I kick it in the alto
Ghetto like Ecko while you're cornier than Southpole
The rugged MC, I be that true head
Shittin on your CD like the Escobar bootleg
Back when I was a dirty girl.. now I be a dirty-ass
woman
Trust me, you don't want no lyrical run-in (I'm dusty,
bitch)

I got metaphors for all y'all rappin-ass ghetto whores
Weak niggas use the same word to rhyme
Got a hold of my demo, started usin punchlines
I captivate whole circuits like the soul circus
Knockin rappers off balance be my sole purpose
Got heads on edge like four quarters
Shit is real in the Ville like the nosey-ass reporters
I'm takin over, that's word to ma du
Gettin dollars, makin customers holler like John Woo

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Rah Digga]

Many can play, but it's only one winnin
I put that on the number of the ciphers I done been in
Pinnin, paddin, lots of roller sheets
Watch the Brick City bitch warm mics like polar fleece
"Put me on the joint, Rah" - Nigga, now who you?
Askin stupid questions when you know I got a crew too
"Come to the show, yo" - all in how you handle it
Askin me the price when that's a question for my
management
Rhymin ain't a game, think it is when it ain't
Like them niggas in a rush to get they money out the
bank
I'ma crush everybody, burn mics with force
Break out to get the cash, take the Turnpike north
Got the Squad's joint, think my shit is hot?
Tell em they ain't heard nothin till my solo drop
And if I strike a nerve, don't even make that a issue
Cause you ain't seen the half if I really wanted to diss
you

[CHORUS]

Visit [Catherine Terry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.