

Cassidy Feat. Jadakiss "Can I Talk To You"

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I need to talk to ya
Can I talk to you?
Ay, lemme holla at cha
Yo, stop runnin' from me

Ayo, this Cassidy and niggaz is not fuckin' wit me man
Yeah, I'm talkin' reckless but you gotta respect it
It's in my DNA man, I was born to be a gangsta
Kiss talk to 'em man

Yo, you know me K I S S
Kiss of Death LP soon come for ya, bless, bless
Metalic green paint on the apala the S.S.
And I figured the more niggaz dead the less stress

You love how I'm hurtin' the track
You wanna Polly but I'm sort of hard
To reach like the dirt on ya back
Hand to hand like I'm workin' the sack
And I work out on my arms
So I have no problem workin' the mack

Never been a toe steppa, side switcher
A fence jumper, I was ten wit ten pumpers
Hustled wit the best of dem
Did whatever it took to make a quarter
I charged niggaz to watch wrestlin'

I'm a heavy threat, D-Block, Double R, Full surface
Y'all niggaz ain't ready yet
Yeah, New York is mine, Philly is Cass
Holla back

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You know me, C A S S, fresh dressed
Just coped some new 4-5's and a fresh vest
I get scout, 'cause a bitch mouth is the best sex
But less talk, you ain't got no heart in ya left breast

Go head, get ya beef on, I let my wolves get they eat
on
And leave you wit nothin' but ya sneaks on
But it don't matter 'cause ya feets gonn
Now that's restin' in pieces so go meet Jesus

You 'lil boys better ease up
'Cause them dudes you think hot, will see Cass and
then freeze up
You wanna scrap? Roll ya sleeves up
But I'd rather squeeze 'cause I ain't tryna fuck my
trees up

Or wrinkle my dickie, I crack the dutch sprinkle the
sticky
I know you pissed, I got kiss and them wit me, dig me?
'Cause you dudes is haters
And if you bet that I was gonn flop, you gonn lose ya
paper

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Ayo, get it thru ya head it's no stoppin' me
Nigga the R is Double, the Surface is Full, the Block is D
All it take is a trey 8 and a mask
Nigga it's Jada and Cas I vision ya face, watin' to blast

If money was food y'all niggaz be fastin'
And we stuffin' our face, we eatin' wit passion
In the hood like we runnin' numbers
Cass ask these mothafuckas why they runnin' from us

They runnin' from us 'cause they petrified
I lift guns for the exercise
And I spray like insectosides
You bullz better recognize

When the weapon rise
You can catch slugs in ya chest
Through ya vest and die
You on some sucka shit
So I'll leave a scar on ya face longer
Than the knife that I cut you wit

I done paid my dews so I'll blow ya brains out
And then feed it to ya seed like baby food

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