

Jadakiss "Talk About It"

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(Cuban...Cuban, what up baby) what up daddy
(Double R, D-Block, yo)

[Jadakiss]

Might catch me in a brownish coupe
be ghetto like fishin' a nigga's 6 l's down in soup
nuke palm size,45, just came chrome
you don't know the streets is mine, you just came home
even though it's def poetry, this ain't no poem
I'm the motherfuckin' champ, nigga, ain't no throne
just a whole, blood and tissue, ain't no bone
because a hallow tip shattered it, but life goes on
number one debut, they think I'm another man
counting so much money, I need me another hand
niggaz is still schemin', atleast they still tryin'
if they ain't doin' nothin' else, atleast they still dyin'
coke is still highin', purple is still movin'
I'm trying to get a better price, papi, I know Cuban
D-Block discipline, Ruff Ryder die with official men
recognize what kind of shit you in (kind of shit you in
3x)

(Jadakiss laughs)

[Chorus: Cuban Link]

when you talk about that money man, let's talk about
g's
when you talk about that hustle game, talk about keys
when you talk about the struggle fam, talk about me
speak out, but watch your mouth when you talk about
me
when you talk about that money fam, let's talk about
g's
when you talk about that hustle game, talk about keys
when you talk about the struggle man, talk about me
Cuban Link, Jadakiss, Double R, M.O.B.

[Cuban Link]

yeah nigga, I'm a threat, a legend that's urban, so for
certain
I'm goin' over ya head like a Muslim turbin
ain't no, comin' to terms son, I'm done with service
Pun's observant, Cuban- but the guns is German

I been urgin' to turn it loose, I got the burden of proof
that'll determine your moment of truth
I return, so concern your troops, now it's my turn to
shoot
I'll make it burn like that Bourbon juice
I earnt my due, nigga you's a made-up name
you dudes is fool's coke, man I'm straight up caine
from the roof to the booth- got that radar aim
Ar-15's that'll fucking tear y'all frame
had to change up the game, got my weight up man
little fame, little chain from that Jacob man
got these dames givin' brains, that's my wake-up plan
from the range to the planes, time to bake up grams (

[Chorus: Cuban Link]

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Cuban Link, Jadakiss, Double R, M.O.B.

You fuckin' around, now, with two of the nicest (nicest)
you 'bout to end up in a crisis (crisis)
cause we don't give a fuck who you know, where you
go
what you know, they can never be like us (like us)
we rep it for our people in Ryker's (Ryker's)
the hood'll show a nigga what life is (life is)
and we don't give a fuck who you know, what you know
where you go, we gon' always be like this (like this)
(Jadakiss laughs) (Cuban, what up baby)

[Chorus: Cuban Link]

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