

## Carentin

### "Talkin' Bout You"

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[ 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 ]

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