## Daz Dillinger "What Cha Talkin Bout"

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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 (I wouldn't have enough in the touch to know everythang)
What Cha Talkin Bout
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

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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What Cha Talkin Bout (Anybody kill a whole mob)

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

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What Cha Talkin Bout (Anybody kill a whole mob)

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
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout
What Cha Talkin Bout

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