

Mr. 3-2 f/ H.A.W.K., Quest, D-Capo

"Whatcha Talkin' Bout"

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(*talking*)

Thugs, bad ass broads

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

Alcoholics, drug addicts

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

[Hook - 2x]

Nigga fool in the club, and they talking loud

Diarreah at the mouth, I'll knock it out

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

What ya talking bout, what ya talking bout

[H.A.W.K.]

In the club tripping, gon have niggaz blood dripping

Slugs hitting, gon have niggaz flesh ripping

I ain't tripping, I'm issuing out ass whippings

And outside I'm on 4's, glass tipping

Just as sho', as I pop my collar

There'll be a hole in your head, big as a half a dollar

I'm hard to swallow, looking bout the size of Kamala

And I'm ready to attack, like two rottweilers

I'm bout that dollar, all the hoes waiting to holla

And when I leave out the club, all the hoes gon follow

Respect the name, also respect my game

The hands will swang, if you disrespect me mayn

The flow is insane, niggaz can't shield my reign

It's your boy Big H.A.W.K., coming through your bang

Stay in your lane, or else I'll inflict pain

I'll rearrange your frame, when you hear bang-bang

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

If ya step on my shoes, I'll slap ya face

Tear up this place, prolly catch a case

Off alcohol, my blood be pumping

You bitch ass niggaz, ain't talking bout nothing

Say some'ing wrong, we gon have to squabble

Fuck your face off, with a champagne bottle

My motto, get this over with fast
Before words pass, I'm all on your ass
Security guards, and rent-a-cops better chill
In the parking lot, a nigga might get killed
For real, I ain't playing with bitch boys
My niggaz, always pack plastic toys
DJ, better turn the music off
I was trying to mack a bitch, y'all done pissed me off
Big Boss, Mr. 3-2 get drunk
Me and H.A.W.K., going hard on these chumps

[Hook - 2x]

[D-Capo]

I pull up to the club, head breeze and two prone
From drink I'm gone, broads on ding-dong
I play like King Kong, I'll get em up off me
Game so smooth, they thinking that I'm salty
But I'm frosty playa, froze up like Alaska
Boys get to tripping, it's gon be a disaster
Faster, than diarrheah mouths can blink
I slide em quick like lightening, then buzz em with a
drink

[Quest]

When I'm in the club, and these niggaz starting to talk
too much
Buster niggaz better chill, 'fore I spark you up
The medics and them folks, gon have to chalk you up
That's the end nigga you caught with some'ing, nigga
you off and drunk
In my ear, and you need to step back
Cause the tools that I pack, are known to stretch fat
Hot slugs, run through that ass like X-Lax
Then I'm make they neck crack, you best respect that

[Hook - 2x]

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