



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 ??? 'll 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  
Even though it's hard, you've still gotta go for yours  
Smokin, hopin I get into heaven through some open door  
Even though it's hard, you've still gotta go for yours

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 (We run these street teams and big dope sacks)  
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)

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