

# Cashis, Talkin' All That

[Ca]

Uh, yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
We&#039;re renegades, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
We&#039;re renegades, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
(Hit me up mayn!)

Bitch I&#039;m from the nine, yo&#039; hood ain&#039;t no realer  
You the pussy ass nigga livin&#039; next to the killer  
I&#039;m the killer that moved out of the block  
And head back to the hood, when I&#039;m movin&#039; my rock  
You can find me, on a dark road, dark clothes  
Lle&#039;, in the console and God knows I make grip off blow  
Shit! I could get rich off blows  
My nation affiliation pitch forks I&#039;ve chose  
What the fuck you gon&#039; do? We bang back hammers  
I&#039;m a six point star, in a gray bandanna  
I&#039;d die for this, nigga you rhyme for this  
Pussy I ride for this, and did time for this  
That&#039;s why I&#039;m convinced you fear, that I&#039;m convicted  
Until elevens in soaps, and some gangsta shit man  
Guess who gorillas leave tats in fragments  
Two shots through your cabbage, and gas from Ca

## CHORUS

Pussy niggaz always talkin that shit  
What you flaggin&#039;, who you bangin&#039; with? (I don&#039;t give a fuck)  
You can live in the hood and shit  
but remember who you bangin&#039; with (I don&#039;t give a fuck)  
Pussy niggaz talkin all that shit  
What you flaggin&#039; in your bangin&#039; whip? (I don&#039;t give a fuck)  
You can live in the hood and shit  
but remember who you bangin&#039; with (cause I don&#039;t give a fuck)

Tip our levels and scarce piece, a meal beast  
We&#039;ll creep one deep, slump seat, dump heat  
Niggaz scream &quot;Fuck me&quot; he lucky, when I blast it  
I left respect enough for an open casket  
Way to go Ca, boost up my ego  
Let loose, out sunroof with my Eagle  
Folk of the century, rollin&#039; with peoples  
The omen the sequel, the more they will see you  
Close kin, Molotov close to no skin  
His momma pretends that she doesn&#039;t, know him  
I&#039;m the reason, for the whole &quot;Say No&quot; slogan  
Doped in folk and loc&#039;ed if provokin&#039;  
Got a brand new thing, with the scope in  
Leave your family, with the wake for hostin&#039;  
I&#039;ll collect enough snow, till my hands the Aspens  
I&#039;m the realest nigga &#039;round here, ask for Ca folk

## Chorus

Loadin&#039; the cup folk, loadin&#039; it up tote  
Hang fire up I, choke from the gun smoke  
That&#039;s on the boss mayn, my Nina Ross came  
Place gang bangers, into a coffin  
This is renegades, Rick not really paid  
Gave Ca pistols, now they milli sprayed  
Full bricks of raw, nigga that&#039;s really weight  
While my workers foldin&#039;, now that&#039;s really cake  
Give it right back to &#039;em, watch it regenerate  
I&#039;m a degenerate black bandit, livin&#039; ape  
Niggaz dig in they pockets like DJ&#039;s dig in crates  
If you cuttin&#039; my profits, you gon&#039; in to dish some cake

Heckler Koch and, glass and vodka  
I&#039;m the independent kingpin, cocaine Koch  
Fo&#039; thief blow weed, plus sold O-Z  
Niggaz never son me, I was born O.G. fo&#039;

Chorus

[Eminem]

Aiyo Alchemist!

Let&#039;s play &#039;em some of that new Stat Quo shit man