

# Can I Talk to You

Cassidy

(feat. Jadakiss)

[Chorus]

Yea, I need to talk to you, ok can I talk to you  
C'mon c'mon c'mon (hey, let me holla at you)  
C'mon c'mon c'mon (yo, stop runnin from me)

[Cassidy]

A yo this Cassidy & niggas is not fuckin wit me man,  
And yea, I'm talking wreckless but you gotta respect it,  
Its in my DNA man, I was born to be a gangsta,  
Yea Kiss talk to em...

[Jadakiss]

You know me K-I-S-S kiss of death  
LP soon comin for yall bless bless  
Metallic green paint on the impala the S.S.  
And I figure the more niggas dead the less stress  
You love how I'm hurtin the track  
You wanna polly but I'm sort of hard to reach like the dirt on ya back  
Hand to hand like I'm workin the sack  
And I work out wit my arms so I'll have no problem workin the mac  
Uh, never been a toe stepper, side switcher  
A fence jumper, I was 10 wit twin pumpers  
Hustled wit the best of them  
Did whatever it took to make a quarter I charge niggas to watch wrestlin  
I'm heavy threat, D-Block double R full surface yall niggas aint ready yet  
[talking]  
Yea, New York is mine, Philly is Cass holla back.

[Chorus X2]

[Cassidy]

You know me C-A-S-S fresh dressed  
Just copped some new 4-5's and a fresh vest  
I gets scout cuz a bitch mouth is the best sex  
But less tlk you aint got no heart in yo left breast  
Go head get yo beef on  
I'll let my wolves get they eat on and leave you wit nothing but ya sneaks o  
n  
But it don't matter cuz ya feets gone  
Now that's restin in pieces so go meet Jesus  
You little boys better ease up  
Cuz them dudes you think hot'll see Cass and then freeze up  
You wan' scrap roll ya sleeves up  
But I'll rather squeeze cuz I aint tryin to fuck my trees up  
Or wrinkle my dickie I crack a dutch sprinkle the sticky  
I know you pissed I got kiss & them wit me, dig me  
Cuz you dudes is haters & if you bet that I was gon' flop you gon' lose yo p  
aper.

[Chorus X2]

[Jada]

A yo, get it through ya head there's no stopping me  
Nigga the R is double the surface is full the block is D  
All it take is a trey 8 & a mass nigga its Jada & Cass I vision ya face wait

in to blast  
If money was food yall niggas be fastin  
And we stuffin our face & eatin wit passion  
In the like we runnin numbers  
Cass ask these mothafuckas why they runnin from us  
[Cassidy]  
They runnin from us cuz they petrified  
I lift guns for the exercise  
And I spray like insecticides  
You bugs better rcognize  
When the weapon rise you can catch slugs in ya chest through ya vest & die  
You on some sucka shit  
So I'll leave a scar on ya face longer than the knife that I cut you wit  
I done paid my dues so I'll blow ya brains out & then feed it to ya seed lik  
e baby food  
Bitch!!!

[Chorus X2]