

Beanie Sigel, Who Want What

What up Sigel? Huh? Yeah
Smash, scrape, scrape, you know the game baby
Who the fuck want what, me and Bleek charmed up
With your town under siege diligent in the sleeve
Who the fuck want what, me and Beans charmed up
Got you niggas arms up my squad be armed up
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Got you niggas arms up my squad be armed up
This one's for the dogs with the 4-4 long
You niggas bust shots but you throw yours wrong
Peep game, niggas leaves stain when it rain
Damped and wont dry we thugs we won't cry
Ayo you know how we play dog, smash and scrape
Pull them real tools out they won't blast them eights
Trust me they start tellin' who blast the weight
Bleek a three time felon I'mma basket case
You 'bout to witness a dynasty like no other
Who flow like Bleek, think, no other
Who rhyme like Sigel, dog, no other
It's Roc-a-Fella twin desert eagle no other
Ayo we outshinin' niggas, two of the finest niggas
Got niggas like damn where'd Jay find them niggas
Rock blocked diamonds niggas, that'll blind you niggas
You know it's Cru Love, just thought we'd remind you niggas
Who the fuck want what, who the fuck want what
Who the fuck want what, who the fuck want what
Who the fuck want what, who want what
Who the fuck want what
Beans and Bleek, Roc baby, don't stop
Ayo I ride with the top down, high with the glock now
War it don't stop now, Memph man hot now
Niggas didn't want that I'm still where you pump at
B. Sigel, M. Bleek, niggas can't front that
Ayo nigga who want that, not a soul
First week, no video, went gold bases loaded, now I'm up to bat
Witness the truth, niggas can't fuck with that
Fuck those who disagree like these streets ain't mine
Like the Roc don't mean somethin', glock won't lean somethin'
Ayo like I won't pop up in fifty shot machine somethin'
Hit you from a half a block, infrared beam somethin'
Niggas don't want it with Mac, trust me
Niggas wanna chill, roll up, and get blunted with Mac
A then we swerve out, blowin' herb out, you heard 'bout
My 'bout it squad, niggas get rowdy and rob
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Ayo you heard the title nigga, who the fuck want what
My bullets you get em free who the fuck want one
Ayo I still throw 4, 5, 6, upset rookies
Set up shop on Flushin', who you can't touch him
I'm still on two birds, two blunts, too hurt
Two of the biggest guns put two in your shirt
You can still get two to your chest
I'll show you what a thug about and let them slugs spit out
I'm that same cat all black crack in my palm
Hop off the B. Franklin with gat in my palm

Yo I still spit a thousand bars, still roam the reservoir with dogs
I still wire your jaw and yeah I smoke weed, I don't give a you know
Pop up on your block and hit it up in the Hugo
To the streets all over, we spot you niggas
Put your feet up Hova, we got you nigga
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