

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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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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