Casual, Who's It On

My name be Pep Love

Over the loop, I scoop, and do a flip

Alleyoup, put a dip in a hula hoop

And spin her as I went in her

Ahe's hot like diner, she sounds like a tenor

Then again I wouldn't know, yo

What is the subject the way that Pep Love check

Mics and throw rights and lefts don't move or budge yet

'Cause Hieroglyphics in the motherfuckin' house

I rips descriptions of MC's duckin' out

As we step in Pep and Del and Casual leave the weapons

'Cause we flippin' this funky shit for the crowds acceptance

I've been around the world and I, I, I never seen

A crew of fresher niggaz that just be actin' all in they teens

Never stallin', as soon as we fill in the scene

I bet ya that I wet ya MC's like a dream

Bringin' a pow pow shootin up like coke in the veins

But now, now I'd rather have smoke in the brain

Who's the pimp? The nigga that profits when I rock shit I spin

Check this shit which I have concocted then you can jock it

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Yeah, it's time I add flavor, and I'm glad I came

Your style is lame, you picked a bad time.

Del will propel rhymes and tell minds to calculate

When it comes to rhymes I know I'll be great

Inside my ride when I get it, I won't have to kid it

I'm right around the corner you mourn or you shitted, bricks

I gets my kicks with my tricks and my treats

The agenda will send ya in and out through my landscape

I will ban fakes, phony figures

No need for alarm 'cause I'm the nigga

You're in the wrong place at the wrong time

And you'll catch a pistol whippin' but if you got a bong fine

Nowadays I don't forget what is flavor, interlockin'

Not meant for mockin, or plagiary I'm the major G, ask your agency

How my pager's free of anguish, ya strange bitch

I never saw you, we all crew so you small crews gets no attention

I commence to blend, within the background

Like a chameleon, revealin' them

This is how I track down traitors and the faders

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I'm comin' phat, so don't mistake dude

Least are a draw that a leit hid III was be a le

I gate crews drop that shit kid I'll make ya kneel

Bow when I reveal real styles

Electrocutin' we wreck the cute scene rappin', adaptin'

'Cause the sacs spend his lifetime, tryin' to bite mine

It's quite funny word to the money that they say we gettin'

My crew's judicial, you're superficial

Need I say more, niggaz get vexed

Now they got me leavin bodies on the floor like homeless

I slice your spleen, I'm twice as mean
Your dome is disconnected, we wreck shit
Niggaz don't know how to flow
That disgusts me, and keeps me bustin'
I must clean the hip-hop scene
I'm aware, no one can compare so I fiend
To hear a nigga who can flow better, you no better
Hieroglyphics runnin' shit from here till after forever
So clever MC's take shorts because John knows who's it on