

# Who Got It

## Inspectah Deck

"He who write the songs." - repeated throughout the intro(Intro: Inspectah Deck)

Festos (who got it, huh, who got it?)

Underdawgz in the building, U.D.'s (who got it, huh, who got it?)

Streetlife, Size/7, what, Johnny Blaze (who got it, huh, who got it?)

Yeah, what, it's a Shaolin thing y'all, get familiar(Inspectah Deck)

Truth scholar, you holla up the few dollars

I work it overtime, whether white or blue collar

I prove my honor, cuz I been through the drama

Wu-Chronicles, and I continue the saga

Chart topper, rhyme tough as body armor

When I speak, I hold the globe like a Dhali Llama

The flow is aqua, pa, you swimmin' wit the known piranha

The soul father, get to know my whole persona

Like Shaquana, from Guyana, stay lace in cabana

For papa, she shake her tata's like maracas

Fiend for the block opera, your top sponsor

Got you locked in the scope of the rocket launcher

Stop your offers, cop mine, I drop it monster

Let the rhyme inside your mind like chocolate ganja, it's the worst

(Chorus: sampled singer (Inspectah Deck))

He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)

He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)

He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)

He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs, he.(Inspectah Deck)

I supply the fire, let your headsets be the bomb

One song, give you pipe dreams like Cheech & Chong

Got dough, cop and go, all else breeze along

Be strong, the high last four weeks long

Get your eat on, she'll hold you til the fever is gone

Got you cold sweatin', and up creepin' til dawn

Wide eyed, off the side, no sleepin' on morn'

O.D.'ing, just the side effects, so, please be warned

Son, I raise your blood pressure like tight jeans and thongs

Guaranteed like throwin' the bomb to Keyshawn

Put your peeps on, I spice it up like Dijon

We be, ease to calm, to the streets we belong

Don't be alarmed, cuz indeed the heat is on

So hot, to touch me, you need tweezers and tongs

If I breathe on the mic, it's left weakened and torn

Til he gone, you'll be leanin' like your sneakers are worn, off the worst

(Chorus)(Inspectah Deck)

I got the works, like a Burger deluxe, you heard it was us

Got You All in Check like Dirty and Bust'  
Play dirty and rough, remain thirsty for bucks  
Seein' dollar signs like today's the first of the month  
Dunn, it hurts when I touch, flames burst off the verses I bust  
Some wanna scuff, but ain't worthy enough  
What? I burn you up rookie, just hang your jersey up  
I'm on the east side, workin' at a Mercury truck  
Seen me servin' up the uncut, that certainly crush  
Murderous, first to bust, expert in the clutch  
That's my word up, loose links, lurk in the cut  
On the re-up, be sure to catch a third degree rush  
Here's your beat up, I keep the cut, verbally plush  
Keep a burnin' Dutch, heat tucked and burgundy chucks  
Won't you turn it up, them wit the girlies, they lust  
It's the dopeman, my jams run your thirty and up, it's the worst(Chorus)(sample to end)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>