

Who Want What

Beanie Sigel

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

This one's for the dogs with the 4-4 long

You niggas bust shots but you throw yours wrong (yeah)

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'ma basket case

You bout ta 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

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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 aint 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 robAyo 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 biggets guns put two in your shirt
You can still get two to your chest
I'll show 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 resevoir 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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