

# 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 rob

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 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