

# Who Got It

## Inspectah Deck

"He who write the songs.." - repeated throughout the intro

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

Truth scholar, you holla up the few dollars  
I work it overtime, whether white or blue collar  
I prove my honor, 'cause 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

Fiend for the block opera, your top sponsor  
For papa, she shake her tata's like maracas  
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

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..

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, 'cause 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

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

[sample to end]