

Who Want It

Looptroop

Evacuate the place! I spit mase.
Switch styles like switchblades put it to your bitch face.
Slice newcomers like cucumbers uhuh,
styles humongous now who want us?
Only a few 'mong us, but we roll like two hundreds,
true brothers. What you want to do fuckers?
You only mad cus I got your boo's numbers.
Well I'm mad cus she gave my crew fungus.
So, your stinkin' ass I sweep under the rug.
Fiendin' for beef I'm deep under the drug.
Keep competition tailormade with razorblades.
Icecold, lampin' Flavor flav's: delicious.
Fulfillin' all your wishes if you wish for me to spit till you swim with the
fishes.
I drown your whole continent.
Saliva drippin' my mouth is incontinent.
You think I'm playing then consider your odds:
to go against me is considered a loss.
The way I write I'm getting rid of the laws,
topics, flows, rhymes, deliveries - all!

Who want it? Come get it, we got it, let's set it,
off right now, I know my whole crew's ready.
If it's on it's on, if it goes down then let it.
You little bitch ass, that's right I said it.

Supreme is, at your service miss, oops, mistress.
Kiss his wack ass goodbye, let's do our business.
Ze troop*? The shiznit, each time you dumb asses,
we shine, make blind people wear sunglasses.
Define a hot crew, that's us right there.
Middle fingers in the air, waving at you queers.
Now cheers, pour a little out for your careers,
slit from ear to ear, by this here cut, you hear?
Supreme's over your head, tomorrow morning,
hung over in your bed, your fling was over she said.
So, dead that diss song, don't ever say my name,
you can't trashtalk me kid, when you ain't game.
Now I'm blamed, cus her arms around me like a necklace,
and you're left one neck less, when it's you that's reckless.
You need stretchers, first aid kits in your riders.
Even if you had hits, you couldn't get with the livest.

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Take two steps back you're too close to this fire arm.
Ring the alarm! Another soundbwoy is gone.
Try to be number one, yeah you wishin'
Looptroop is a nightmare to mc's & politicians.
They run off as soon as we start to bun up,
you little fuck up reachin' for the mic i cut your hand off.
You and your boys want to sound like us.
Used to be dissin', now you want the pounds from us?
Fuck that! We overthrow corrupt sound systems,

underground misfits kill that weak shit from a distance.
Break your resistance easy like toothpicks.
Looptroop is so sick make your whole crew ditch.
The shit we spit is banned from radio stations
cus we tellin' kids to put their mark on end stations.
Intimidation tactics, gain victory instantly.
It's on, David versus the industry

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