

Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor

"Who?"

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Yo yo
What up
One luv
One thug
Know what y'all mutha fuckas need?
What we need nigga?
Know what America need?
What do America need?
A Outlaw as a president
Outlaw
Yeah, you might be right
What you want nigga?
That's exactly what y'all need
You might be fuckin' right guy
Uh

Chorus 2x: Phats Bossilini

What a nigga want?
Mo' cash and mo' bitches
What a nigga need?
No foes and no snitches
How a nigga live?
High speed on the grind
And how a nigga die?
Getting shot by my nine

Verse 1: Young Noble

Hey yo
Who wanna fuck?
Who in the truck?
Who in a rush?
Who in the cuffs?
Nigga, who fucking with us?
Who on the block?
Who was a fiend?
Who was a cop?
Who was on my team?
Nigga, and who was not?
Who was a snitch?

Who was a bitch?
Who in the bricks?
Who the fuck ain't feeling this?
Say what?
Who on my hills?
Who the fuck dumping the pills?
Who the fuck ain't never been down the hill?
Who was the boss?
Who the fuck kicked it off?
Can you tell me?
Who the wrong nigga to cross?
Who was the rat?
Who had the gat?
Who had your back?
Who had the last laugh when the bastard cracked?
Who was the joke?
Who was the hope?
I wonder who croak?
Who the fuck did the shooting?
Who the fuck I smoke?
Who was the raw?
Who was the law?
Who was the dog?
Who the fuck going out win, lose, or draw?
Outlaw

Chorus: 2x

Verse 2: Akwylah

Who wanna dump?
Who wanna play with the pump?
Who wanna piece of this real life?
Say what you want
Who wanna go shot for shot?
Not for not
Top for top
Slanging rock for rock
Who want it nigga?
Who want to face the truth?
Who wanna see what this big ass thing can do?
Bang to few
Who be the man of the hour?
Spit hot shit
Known to fuck bad power
What?
Who be all in your guts?
Fucking you up like pure 'caine
Right for his cut
Who's the one?
Too quick to use a gun

Losing none
This thug shit abuse your son
Who was the cat?
Who stay dressed in black?
Who wanna gamble with a gambler?
Tick for tack
Yeah
Who act like shit is weak?
Who wanna bang with the boss?
Then hold your heat

Chorus: 2x

Verse 3: Young Noble

Hey yo
I was the birth
I was the turf
I was the curse
I was the mutha fucka ready to put in work
I was the bread
I was the dead
I was the lead
I was the nigga that made you eat everything you said
You was the snake
You was the hate
You was the fake
You was the nigga trying to take food off my plate
You was the hater
You was the traitor
You was the mutha fucka that stepped off and never
came back later

Verse 4: Akwylah

You was my man
The intro
Get part of the plan
Splitting the grams
Breaking down pounds and grams
You was the light
I was the crack and pipe
I was the high
You was the lord my life
You was my faith
To whom I pray day to day
I was the way for you to face the pearly gates
I was the one who swore that a bitch was a bitch
A switch was a switch
And a hit was a hit
Nigga

Chorus: 2x

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