

## Casting Crowns

### "Who's It On"

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Verse one: pep love

My name be pep love  
Over the loop, I scoop, and do a flip  
Alleyoup, put a dip in a hula hoop  
And spin her as I went in her  
She's hot like diner  
She sounds like a tenor  
Then again I wouldn't know, yo  
What is the subject  
The way that pep love check  
Mics and throw rights and lefts  
Don't move or budge yet  
Cause hieroglyphics in the motherfuckin house  
I rips descriptions of mc's duckin out  
As we step in  
Pep and del and casual leave the weapons  
Cause we flippin' this funky shit for the crowds  
acceptance  
I've been around the world and i, i, I never seen  
A crew of fresher niggaz that just be actin' all in they  
teens  
Never stallin, as soon as we fill in the scene  
I bet ya that I wet ya mc's like a dream  
Bringin a pow pow  
Shootin up like coke in the veins,  
But now, now  
I'd rather have smoke in the brain  
Who's the pimp?  
The nigga that profits when I rock shit  
I spin  
Check this shit which I have concocted  
Then you can jock it

[bridge:]

"who's it on, who's it on, who's it-on? [repeat]"

Verse two: del the funky homosapien

Yeah, it's time I add flavor, and I'm glad I came  
Your style is lame, you picked a bad time.

Del will propel rhymes and tell minds to calculate  
When it comes to rhymes I know I'll be great  
Inside my ride when I get it, I won't have to kid it  
I'm right around the corner  
You mourn or you shitted, bricks  
I gets my kicks with my tricks and my treats  
The agenda will send ya  
In and out through my landscape  
I will ban fakes, phony figures  
No need for alarm cause I'm the nigga  
You're in the wrong place at the wrong time  
And you'll catch a pistol whippin  
But if you got a bong fine  
Nowadays I don't forget what is flavor, interlockin  
Not meant for mockin, or plagiary  
I'm the major g, ask your agency  
How my pager's free of anguish, ya strange bitch  
I never saw you, we all crew  
So you small crews gets no attention  
I commence to blend, within the background  
Like a chameleon, revealin them  
This is how I track down traitors

[bridge]

Verse three: casual

I'm comin' phat, so don't mistake dude  
I gate crews  
Drop that shit kid  
I'll make ya kneel, bow  
When I reveal real styles  
Electrocutin' we wreck the cute scene rappin, adaptin  
Cause the sacs spend his lifetime, tryin to bite mine  
It's quite funny  
Word to the money that they say we gettin  
My crew's judicial, you're superficial  
Need I say more, niggaz get vexed  
Now they got me leavin bodies on the floor  
Like homeless  
I slice your spleen, I'm twice as mean  
Your dome is disconnected, we wreck shit  
Niggaz don't know how to flow  
That disgusts me, and keeps me bustin  
I must clean the hip-hop  
I'm avare, no one can compare  
I fiend to hear a nigga who can flow better  
You no better  
Hieroglyphics runnin' shit from here till after fo'ever  
So clever mc's take shorts because joooooohn. . .  
Knows who's it on

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