

# Inspectah Deck "Who Got It"

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

[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

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

[Inspectah Deck]

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

[Chorus: sampled singer (Inspectah Deck)]

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..

[Inspectah Deck]

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

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

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

[Chorus]

[sample to end]

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