

Casual "Who's It On"

Visit "[Who's It On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My name be Pep Love
Over the loop, I scoop, and do a flip
Alleyou, put a dip in a hula hoop
And spin her as I went in her
Ahe'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

"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"

"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"

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 and the faders

"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"

"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"
"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it on?"

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 scene
I'm aware, no one can compare so I fiend

To hear a nigga who can flow better, you no better
Hieroglyphics runnin' shit from here till after forever
So clever MC's take shorts because John knows who's it
on

Visit [Casual](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.