

## Looper

### "Who Want It"

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"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 wanna 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!  
Chorus  
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.  
Chorus  
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 wanna 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  
Chorus "

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