

Looptroop "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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