

## Willie Nelson

### "Ya'All Know Who"

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I'm the ultimate, the rhyme imperial  
I'm better but some don't believe though  
But I'm a proven hot  
Y'all know the legendary Roots crew

Here we go Ock, watch my material knock  
Y'all Tonka toys straight out the cereal box  
Down low covert ops feel or not  
Throw your mitts up we 'bout to thicken the plot  
My name is D-U-N-D-S-P, The Mic specialist  
Laid back how it come off it seems effortless  
I mac Nicholas, like a me St.  
Flow excellent, my movement the next testament  
Rhinoceros in the raps of far we  
Y'all weaklings get slapped at the party  
I'm the MC that MC's aspire to be  
Back to do it to death til ya tired of me  
Now who the number one best  
The never pop nuthin sound like the rest  
C'mon you know I am em  
Raw like dark denim, with a soft spot for smart women,  
green trees and white linen  
The black thought was a monster from the beginnin  
Wreak spit venom, raw core shit I pinnin  
It's my time and it's long overdo  
Now who's comin through y'all know who

[Mix] x3

Ya'All know the legendary roots crew

Word up Black Th-idought, code name ??  
Fake MC's get stuck with pitchforks  
From rollerbladin' on thin ice like it's a rink  
Picklehead cats is join, they don't think  
Ya not sleepin that a long ass blink money  
Ya little chicken thick but her breath stink  
Nuthin y'all spittin is interesting  
Ya'all not Black Thought, nor the next best thing  
Plug bullshit start a kid thuggish  
Go ahead get ya thing off son, I just love it  
It manifests a style thou shall not covet

And none of y'all rappers want no parts of it  
Who the steppin razor, like Peter Ti-dosh  
My nine speak soft my thoughts is Molotov  
You cut like that then fuck it we all can toss  
And who gonna shine when all y'all take a loss  
It's the boar, it's similar tan as Dice Raw  
Its big spawn kids cohap the quick draw  
We heavyweight blowin' 'em out the picture  
For real, For real  
Who comin' to get y'all

Mix

Step into the spot the venue is empty  
5 minutes later the crowd is in a frenzy  
Packed up to the maximum occupancy  
Give me the mic I got a Jones like Quincy  
Break down the barriers don't try to fence me  
Let the ladies in the front get pressed against me  
Peepin, brothers on stage ten deep-an'  
24 out the 18 straight leapin  
Duck season, Thought bust the heat seakin  
Mission make y'all feel this and keep leakin  
Bang this in the hoods  
Like stolen goods, keep reachin  
New soundwave street sweepin  
I walk upon water like Run D 'em  
Cash Money maintainin' the cut  
It's our time and it's long overdue  
Who comin' through y'all know who

Mix 'til fade

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