

Nas F/ Aaliyah, Timbaland**"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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