

Belle Epocque

"Who's It On"

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Verse One: Pep Love

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
she'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

[Bridge:]

"Who's it on, who's it on, who's it-on? [Repeat]"

Verse Two: Del the Funky Homosapien

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 plagiarism
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

[Bridge]

Verse Three: Casual

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
I'm aware, no one can compare
I fiend to hear a nigga who can flow better
You no better
Hieroglyphics runnin' shit from here till after fo'ever
so clever Mc's take shorts because Joohhn. . .
knows who's it on

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