Wrekonize (Remix)

Smif-n-Wessun

What up? I heard that you got a little prob'
Wit the way that we roll and the heads we done robbed
Stickin' and flickin' the bangers, thrown them out through ya neck
Another beat down inflicted by that nigga TekAnd for ya back, establish, yea I got a sharp dagger
And a left hook that'll cause ya jaw bone to shatter
Whose skilled enough to come test the weeded two
Titans from Bucktown, that'll burn through ya crewI got a vibe from the session in the back
When niggas is shaft on the ground puffin' meth and kickin' raps
Smif-N-Wessun comin' wit nuff buds and skunk
Fake the funk and get found dead in the trunkAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeBack again, make room for the boom
Puffin' the lye, gettin' high to a beat minus two
Choke my yak, is where I lives at and lotta rats
Cooch and pain is my brain, so I don't sweat that
Instead I mack wit a Tek and a Dog, my man Ruckus and Rock
And yo Rippa, what up doc?The deals going down like this
None affect the mouth, watch ya lips and my boots do a French kiss
Puttin' an end to those who tend to get me aggravated
I'm tired of countin' dues and addin' up the years we waited
Be on the lookout for these mad blunts smokin'
Keep ya girl away from me, 'cause I won't hesitate to stroke itAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeI'm feelin' the rush from the cannabis plant
But I can't lamp 'cause niggas get me amped
Talkin' this and that but my raps formats phat
And I slap cats that come miss the stand backsNever could I ever agree on

Cuttin' loose a lot of mic troops that I roll wit for eons
Be on ya tippy top or ya crisply crop
By them crooked cops or the local cop blockers on ya blockI watch my back when for delf
Some say the buzz, but I say the fuzz bad for my health
Huh, critics could get banged like did it
Bowl, first I get lifted wit my click before up in a showSo, I say what I mean, mean what I say
Do what I do, and me not play
Say young God for punks who play hard
Don't be surprised, I'm pullin' ya card, ya better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Real heads on the rise, wrekonize
You better wrekonizeAll heads realize, wrekonize
Smif-N-Wessun on the rise
You better wrekonize

Songwriters
RALPH MACDONALD, WILLIAM SALTER, BILL WITHERS, D. YATES, TEKOMIN B. WILLIAMS, P.HENDRICKSPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/