

# 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://damlyrics.com/>