

# Who Want What

## Beanie Sigel

What up Sigel? Huh? Yeah  
Smash, scrape, scrape, you know the game baby  
Who the fuck want what, me and Bleek charmed up  
With your town under siege diligent in the sleeve  
Who the fuck want what, me and Beans charmed up  
Got you niggas arms up my squad be armed up  
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Got you niggas arms up my squad be armed up  
This one's for the dogs with the 4-4 long  
You niggas bust shots but you throw yours wrong  
Peep game, niggas leaves stain when it rain  
Damped and wont dry we thugs we won't cry  
Ayo you know how we play dog, smash and scrape  
Pull them real tools out they won't blast them eights  
Trust me they start tellin' who blast the weight  
Bleek a three time felon I'mma basket case  
You 'bout to witness a dynasty like no other  
Who flow like Bleek, think, no other  
Who rhyme like Sigel, dog, no other  
It's Roc-a-Fella twin desert eagle no other  
Ayo we outshinin' niggas, two of the finest niggas  
Got niggas like damn where'd Jay find them niggas  
Rock blocked diamonds niggas, that'll blind you niggas  
You know it's Cru Love, just thought we'd remind you niggas  
Who the fuck want what, who the fuck want what  
Who the fuck want what, who the fuck want what  
Who the fuck want what, who want what  
Who the fuck want what  
Beans and Bleek, Roc baby, don't stop  
Ayo I ride with the top down, high with the glock now  
War it don't stop now, Memph man hot now  
Niggas didn't want that I'm still where you pump at  
B. Sigel, M. Bleek, niggas can't front that  
Ayo nigga who want that, not a soul  
First week, no video, went gold bases loaded, now I'm up to bat  
Witness the truth, niggas can't fuck with that  
Fuck those who disagree like these streets ain't mine

Like the Roc don't mean somethin', glock won't lean somethin'  
Ayo like I won't pop up in fifty shot machine somethin'  
Hit you from a half a block, infrared beam somethin'  
Niggas don't want it with Mac, trust me  
Niggas wanna chill, roll up, and get blunted with Mac  
A then we swerve out, blowin' herb out, you heard 'bout  
My 'bout it squad, niggas get rowdy and rob  
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Ayo you heard the title nigga, who the fuck want what  
My bullets you get em free who the fuck want one  
Ayo I still throw 4, 5, 6, upset rookies  
Set up shop on Flushin', who you can't touch him  
I'm still on two birds, two blunts, too hurt  
Two of the biggest guns put two in your shirt  
You can still get two to your chest  
I'll show you what a thug about and let them slugs spit out  
I'm that same cat all black crack in my palm  
Hop off the B. Franklin with gat in my palm  
Yo I still spit a thousand bars, still roam the reservoir with dogs  
I still wire your jaw and yeah I smoke weed, I don't give a you know  
Pop up on your block and hit it up in the Hugo  
To the streets all over, we spot you niggas  
Put your feet up Hova, we got you nigga  
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