

# Who Want It (feat. Eminem)

## Trick Trick

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

yeah  
we back baby  
(yea lets go)  
i told yall i was commin back  
(we done time)  
detroit  
what  
??  
its trick trick  
(yeah)  
and motherfuckin slim shady (hahahahaaaa)  
(what)  
gettin back yoa!  
get your moterfuckin hands upwe been the killas with everything  
from chest wets  
to death treaths  
the best yet  
and niggas gettin their neck check  
best check to protectdetroit is only known know  
for the best threats  
so bet  
we got decks  
and heckscollect debt  
and rest the goon squad  
we reck your whole set  
we rep the midwest  
you reppin niggas get wrong  
speak on your songy songs  
sendin them home  
stone sprone  
and broken bones  
better leave us the fuck alonekeep it runnin thru niggas

cant even stomach what  
the D got comin  
waitin until they frontin and poppin off at the chops boy  
we poppin off shots  
guaranteeing a spot at the topfirst place for niggas gettin guys who think you fuckin with trick and eminem  
no you not mother fucker  
so next time you see us  
be sure that you make a hole  
and when they mention the D  
get down on all fours got big killas with big guns (who want it)  
come to my hood  
get some (who want it)  
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)  
touched up (who want it)  
fucked up (who want it)  
X2Ooh wow, look at the bitches up in this club  
Man im gettin me some digits fo i leave up out this mug  
And it's like oh pal, wam, bam, thank you ma'am  
I ain't kissin you on the lips, but ill be glad to shake your hand  
Now lets get blew out, lets start some shit tonight  
Just let me pick the chick that I'ma leave here with tonight  
Before we get the fighting, and Throughout  
This music makes me rally, how they gonna play that new trick trick  
And expect no-one to get their shit spit  
It's just too wild, and one more shot of hypnotic  
And I am not in control of my body, I go robotic and blow a fuse out  
Homies is like you're startin to static  
And I'm nah that's just my swagger but I'm dancing with micheal jackson  
And gettin Loose now, I don't wanna fight, I feel like partying  
Till' this idiot dumps his bacardi on my cardigan and knocks my screws out  
It never fails, I'm know I'm going to jail  
I might as well take the laces out my shoes now got big killas with big guns (who want it)  
come to my hood, get some (who want it)  
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)  
touched up (who want it)  
fucked up (who want it)  
X2i hear them screamin  
god damn it  
there goes the eminem  
there aint no hidden hymn  
that think that we just cranked up  
but he been w themits trick and them  
goon squad gangstas  
you cant get to him we down for the bang and the brawl  
but now we killin him

see ever since we started  
you might of had to pardon our hardest  
from the largest city  
they sayin that we retarded  
and charges brought us overnude and stop  
some of their artists got dropped  
you think im playin  
then bring it  
come on lets see what you got  
we make the club go bang (gun shot)  
you got that light noise  
see ain't nobody fucking with this nigga and this white boy  
that been through the realest and the pros  
street ?? just like hoes  
we put the thugs on  
and make him beat it out of them clothes we dont give a f\*\*k about nothin you used to do  
your record is equalient to high scool musical  
no blaming jimmy lovine paul or dre  
blame me for everything i say  
cause i got him niggagot big killas with big guns (who want it)  
come to my hood, get some (who want it)  
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)  
touched up (who want it)  
fucked up (who want it)  
X2no damn body (hell no)  
fuckin around cuttin these niggas heads of

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